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WILLIAM PENN.

THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

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BRITISH WORTHIES.

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CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

BRITISH WORTHIES.

WILLIAM PENN was born in London, October 14, 1644. He was the son of a naval officer of the same name, who served with distinction both in the Protectorate and after the Restoration, and who was much esteemed by Charles II. and the Duke of York. At the age of fifteen, he was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Christchurch, Oxford. He had not been long in residence, when he received, from the preaching of Thomas Loe, his first bias towards the doctrines of the Quakers; and in conjunction with some fellow-students he began to withdraw from attendance on the Established

Church, and to hold private prayer meetings. For this conduct Penn and his friends were fined by the college for nonconformity; and the former was soon involved in more serious censure by his ill-governed zeal, in consequence of an order from the king, that the ancient custom of wearing surplices should be revived. This seemed to Penn an infringement of the simplicity of Christian worship: whereupon he with some friends tore the surplices from the backs of those students who appeared in them. For this act of violence, totally inconsistent, it is to be observed, with the principles of toleration which regulated his conduct in after-life, he and they were very justly expelled.

Admiral Penn, who like most sailors possessed a quick temper and high notions of discipline and obedience, was little pleased with this event, and still less satisfied with his son's grave demeanour, and avoidance of the manners and ceremonies of polite life. Arguments failing, he had recourse to blows, and as a last resource, he turned his son out of doors; but soon relented so far as to equip him, in 1662, for a journey to France, in hope that the gaiety of that country would expel his new-fashioned and, as he regarded them, fanatical notions. Paris, however, soon became wearisome to William Penn, and he spent a considerable time at Saumur, for the sake of the instruction and company of Moses Amyrault, an eminent Protestant divine. Here he confirmed and improved his religious impressions, and at the same time acquired, from the insensible influence of those who surrounded him, an increased polish and courtliness of demeanour, which greatly gratified the admiral on his return home in 1664.

Admiral Penn went to sea in 1664, and remained two years on service. During this time the external effects of his son's residence in France had worn away, and he had returned to those grave habits, and that rule of associating only with religious people, which had before given his father so much displeasure. To try the effect of absence and change of associates, Admiral Penn sent William to manage his estates in Ireland, a duty which the latter performed with satisfaction both to himself

and his employer. But it chanced that, on a visit to Cork, he again attended the preaching of Thomas Loe, by whose exhortations he was deeply impressed. From this time he began to frequent the Quakers' meetings; and in September, 1667, he was imprisoned, with others, under the persecuting laws which then disgraced our statute-book. Upon application to the higher authorities he was soon released.

Upon receiving tidings that William had connected himself with the Quakers, the admiral immediately summoned him to England; and he soon became certified of the fact, among other peculiarities, by his son's pertinacious adherence to the Quakers' notions concerning what they called Hat Worship. This led him to a violent remonstrance. William Penn behaved with due respect; but in the main point, that of forsaking his associates and rule of conduct, he yielded nothing. The father confined his demands at last to the simple point, that his son should sit uncovered in the presence of himself, the king, and the Duke of York. Still William Penn felt bound to make not even this concession; and on this refusal the admiral again turned him out of doors.

Soon after, in 1668, he began to preach, and in the same year he published his first work, 'Truth Exalted,' &c. We cannot here notice his very numerous works, of which the titles run, for the most part, to an extraordinary length: but 'The Sandy Foundation Shaken,' published in the same year, claims notice, as having led to his first public persecution. In it he was induced, not to deny the doctrine of the Trinity, which in a certain sense he admitted, but to object to the language in which it is expounded by the English Church; and for this offence he was imprisoned for some time in the Tower. During this confinement, he composed 'No Cross, No Crown,' one of his principal and most popular works, of which the leading doctrine, admirably exemplified in his own life, was, that the way to future happiness and glory lies, in this world, not through a course of misery and needless mortification, but still through

labour, watchfulness, and self-denial, and continual striving against corrupt passions and inordinate indulgences. This is enforced by copious examples from profane as well as sacred history; and the work gives evidence of an extent of learning very creditable to its author, considering his youth, and the circumstances under which it was composed. He was detained in prison for seven months, and treated with much severity. In 1669 he had the satisfaction of being reconciled to his father.

William Penn was one of the first sufferers by the passing of the Conventicle Act, in 1670. He was imprisoned in Newgate, and tried for preaching to a seditious and riotous assembly in Gracechurch Street; and this trial is remarkable and celebrated in our criminal jurisprudence, for the firmness with which he defended himself, and still more for the admirable courage and constancy with which the jury maintained the verdict of acquittal which they pronounced. He showed on this, and on all other occasions, that he well understood and appreciated the free principles of our constitution, and that he was resolved not to surrender one iota of that liberty of conscience which he claimed for others, as well as for himself. "I am far from thinking it fit," he said, in addressing the House of Commons, "because I exclaim against the injustice of whipping Quakers for Papists, that Papists should be whipped for their consciences. No, for though the hand pretended to be lifted up against them hath lighted heavily upon us, and we complain, yet we do not mean that any should take a fresh aim at them, or that they should come in our room, for we must give the liberty we ask, and would have none suffer for a truly sober and conscientious dissent on any hand." His views of religious toleration and civil liberty he has well and clearly explained in the treatise entitled 'England's present Interest,' &c. published in 1674, in which it formed part of his argument that the liberties of Englishmen were anterior to the settlement of the English church, and could not be affected by discrepancies in their religious belief. He maintained that "to live honestly, to do no injury to

another, and to give every man his due, was enough to entitle every native to English privileges. It was this, and not his religion, which gave him the great claim to the protection of the government under which he lived. Near three hundred years before Austin set his foot on English ground the inhabitants had a good constitution. This came not in with him. Neither did it come in with Luther; nor was it to go out with Calvin. We were a free people by the creation of God, by the redemption of Christ, and by the careful provision of our never-to-be-forgotten, honourable ancestors: so that our claim to these English privileges, rising higher than Protestantism, could never justly be invalidated on account of nonconformity to any tenet or fashion it might prescribe."

In the same year died Sir William Penn, in perfect harmony with his son, towards whom he now felt the most cordial regard and esteem, and to whom he bequeathed an estate computed at 1500*l.* a-year, a large sum in that age. Towards the end of the year he was again imprisoned in Newgate for six months, the statutable penalty for refusing to take the oath of allegiance which was maliciously tendered to him by a magistrate. This appears to have been the last absolute persecution for religion's sake which he endured. Religion in England has generally met with more toleration in proportion as it has been backed by the worldly importance of its professors: and though his poor brethren continued to suffer imprisonment in the stocks, fines, and whipping, as the penalty of their peaceable meetings for Divine worship, the wealthy proprietor, though he travelled largely, both in England and abroad, and laboured both in writing and in preaching, as the missionary of his sect, both escaped injury and acquired reputation and esteem by his self-devotion. To the favour of the king and the Duke of York he had a hereditary claim, which appears always to have been cheerfully acknowledged; and an instance of the rising consideration in which he was held appears in his being admitted to plead, before a Committee of the House of Commons, the request of

the Quakers that their solemn affirmation should be admitted in the place of an oath. An enactment to this effect passed the Commons in 1678, but was lost, in consequence of a prorogation, before it had passed the Lords. It was on this occasion that he made that appeal in behalf of general toleration, of which a part is quoted in the preceding page.

Penn married in 1672, and took up his abode at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire. In 1677 we find him removed to Worminghurst, in Sussex, which long continued to be his place of residence. His first engagement in the plantation of America was in 1676: in consequence of being chosen arbitrator in a dispute between two Quakers, who had become jointly concerned in the colony of New Jersey. Though nowise concerned, by interest or proprietorship (until 1681, when he purchased a share in the eastern district in New Jersey), he took great pains in this business; he arranged terms, upon which colonists were invited to settle; and he drew up the outline of a simple constitution, reserving to them the right of making all laws by their representatives, of security from imprisonment or fine except by the consent of twelve men of the neighbourhood, and perfect freedom in the exercise of their religion: "regulations," he said, "by an adherence to which they could never be brought into bondage but by their own consent." In these transactions he had the opportunity of contemplating the glorious results which might be hoped from a colony founded with no interested views, but on the principles of universal peace, toleration, and liberty: and he felt an earnest desire to be the instrument in so great a work, more especially as it held out a prospect of deliverance to his persecuted Quaker brethren in England, by giving them a free and happy asylum in a foreign land. Circumstances favoured his wish. The Crown was indebted to him 16,000*l.* for money advanced by the late Admiral for the naval service. It was not unusual to grant not only the property, but the right of government, in large districts in the uncleared part of America, as in the case of New York and New Jersey

respectively to the Duke of York and Lord Baltimore: and though it was hopeless to extract money from Charles, yet he was ready enough, in acquittal of this debt, to bestow on Penn, whom he loved, a tract of land from which he himself could never expect any pecuniary return. Accordingly, Penn received, in 1681, a grant by charter of that extensive province named Pennsylvania by Charles himself, in honour of the Admiral: by which charter he was invested with the property in the soil, with the power of ruling and governing the same; of enacting laws, with the advice and approbation of the freemen of the territory assembled for the raising of money for public uses; of appointing judges and administering justice. He immediately drew up and published 'Some Account of Pennsylvania,' &c.; and then 'Certain Conditions or Concessions,' &c. to be agreed on between himself and those who wished to purchase land in the province. These having been accepted by many persons, he proceeded to frame the rough sketch of a constitution, on which he proposed to base the charter of the province. The price fixed on land was forty shillings, with the annual quit-rent of one shilling, for one hundred acres: and it was provided that no one should, in word or deed, affront or wrong any Indian without incurring the same penalty as if the offence had been committed against a fellow planter; that strict precautions should be taken against fraud in the quality of goods sold to them; and that all differences between the two nations should be adjudged by twelve men, six of each. And he declares his intention "to leave myself and my successors no power of doing mischief; that the will of one man may not hinder the good of a whole country."

This constitution, as originally organised by Penn, consisted, says Mr. Clarkson, "of a Governor, a Council, and an Assembly; the two last of which were to be chosen by, and therefore to be the Representatives of, the people. The Governor was to be perpetual President, but he was to have but a treble vote. It was the office of the Council to prepare and propose bills; to see that

the laws were executed; to take care of the peace and safety of the province; to settle the situation of ports, cities, market-towns, roads, and other public places; to inspect the public treasury; to erect courts of justice; to institute schools for the virtuous education of youth; and to reward the authors of useful discovery. Not less than two-thirds of these were necessary to make a quorum, and the consent of not less than two-thirds of such quorum in all matters of moment. The Assembly were to have no deliberative power, but when bills were brought to them from the Governor and Council, were to pass or reject them by a plain Yes or No. They were to present Sheriffs and Justices of the Peace to the Governor; a double number, for his choice of half. They were to be chosen annually, and to be chosen by secret ballot." This groundwork was modified by Penn himself at later periods, and especially by removing that restriction which forbade the Assembly to debate, or to originate bills: and it was this, substantially, which Burke, in his 'Account of the European settlements in America,' describes as "that noble charter of privileges, by which he made them as free as any people in the world, and which has since drawn such vast numbers of so many different persuasions and such various countries to put themselves under the protection of his laws. He made the most perfect freedom, both religious and civil, the basis of his establishment; and this has done more towards the settling of the province, and towards the settling of it in a strong and permanent manner, than the wisest regulations could have done on any other plan."

In 1682 a number of settlers, principally Quakers, having been already sent out, Penn himself embarked for Pennsylvania, leaving his wife and children in England. On occasion of this parting, he addressed to them a long and affectionate letter, which presents a very beautiful picture of his domestic character, and affords a curious insight into the minute regularity of his daily habits. He landed on the banks of the Delaware in October, and forthwith summoned an assembly of the freemen of the province, by whom the frame of government, as it had

been promulgated in England, was accepted. Penn's principles did not suffer him to consider his title to the land as valid, without the consent of the natural owners of the soil. He had instructed persons to negotiate a treaty of sale with the Indian nations before his own departure from England; and one of his first acts was to hold that memorable Assembly, to which the history of the world offers none alike, at which this bargain was ratified, and a strict league of amity established. We do not find specified the exact date of this meeting, which took place under an enormous elm-tree, near the site of Philadelphia, and of which a few particulars only have been preserved by the uncertain record of tradition. Well and faithfully was that treaty of friendship kept by the wild denizens of the woods: "a friendship," says Proud, the historian of Pennsylvania, "which for the space of more than seventy years was never interrupted, or so long as the Quakers retained power in the government."

Penn remained in America until the middle of 1684. During this time much was done towards bringing the colony into prosperity and order. Twenty townships were established, containing upwards of 7000 Europeans; magistrates were appointed; representatives, as prescribed by the constitution, were chosen, and the necessary public business transacted. In 1683 Penn undertook a journey of discovery into the interior; and he has given an interesting account of the country in its wild state, in a letter written home to the Society of Free Traders to Pennsylvania. He held frequent conferences with the Indians, and contracted treaties of friendship with nineteen distinct tribes. His reasons for returning to England appear to have been twofold; partly the desire to settle a dispute between himself and Lord Baltimore, concerning the boundary of their provinces, but chiefly the hope of being able, by his personal influence, to lighten the sufferings and ameliorate the treatment of the Quakers in England. He reached England in October, 1684. Charles II. died in February, 1685. But this was rather favourable to Penn's credit at court; for, be-

sides that James appears to have felt a sincere regard for him, he required for his own church that toleration which Penn wished to see extended to all alike. This credit at court led to the renewal of an old and assuredly most groundless report, that Penn was at heart a Papist—nay, that he was in priest's orders, and a Jesuit: a report which gave him much uneasiness, and which he took much pains in public and in private to contradict. The same credit, and the natural and laudable affection and gratitude towards the Stuart family which he never dissembled, caused much trouble to him after the Revolution. He was continually suspected of plotting to restore the exiled dynasty; was four times arrested, and as often discharged in the total absence of all evidence against him. During the years 1691, 1692, and part of 1693, he remained in London, living, to avoid offence, in great seclusion: in the latter year he was heard in his own defence before the king and council, and informed that he need apprehend no molestation or injury.

The affairs of Pennsylvania fell into some confusion during Penn's long absence. Even in the peaceable sect of Quakers there were ambitious, bustling, and selfish men; and Penn was not satisfied with the conduct either of the Representative Assembly, or of those to whom he had delegated his own powers. He changed the latter two or three times, without effecting the restoration of harmony: and these troubles gave a pretext for depriving him of his powers as governor, in 1693. The real cause was probably the suspicion entertained of his treasonable correspondence with James II. But he was reinstated in August, 1694, by a royal order, in which it was complimentarily expressed that the disorders complained of were produced entirely by his absence. Anxious as he was to return, he did not find an opportunity till 1699: the interval was chiefly employed in religious travel through England and Ireland, and in the labour of controversial writing, from which he seldom had a long respite. His course as a philanthropist on his return to America is honourably marked by an endeavour to ameliorate the condition of Negro slaves. The society of

Quakers in Pennsylvania had already come to a resolution, that the buying, selling, and holding men in slavery was inconsistent with the tenets of the Christian religion: and following up this honourable declaration, Penn had no difficulty in obtaining for them free admission into the regular meetings for religious worship, and in procuring that other meetings should be holden for their particular benefit. The Quakers therefore merit our respect as the earliest, as well as some of the most zealous emancipators. Mr. Clarkson says, "When Penn procured the insertion of this resolution in the Monthly Meeting book of Philadelphia, he sealed as assuredly and effectually the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and the Emancipation of the Negroes within his own province, as when he procured the insertion of the minute relating to the Indians in the same book he sealed the civilization of the latter; for, from the time the subject became incorporated into the discipline of the Quakers, they never lost sight of it. Several of them began to refuse to purchase Negroes at all; and others to emancipate those which they had in their possession, and this of their own accord, and purely from the motives of religion; till at length it became a law of the society that no member could be concerned, directly or indirectly, either in buying and selling, or in holding them in bondage; and this law was carried so completely into effect, that in the year 1780, dispersed as the society was over a vast tract of country, there was not a single Negro as a slave in the possession of an acknowledged Quaker. This example, soon after it had begun, was followed by others of other religious denominations."

In labouring to secure kind treatment, to raise the character, and to promote the welfare of the Indians, Penn was active and constant, during this visit to America as before. The legislative measures which took place while he remained, and the bickerings between the Assembly and himself, we pass over, as belonging rather to a history of Pennsylvania than to the biography of its founder. For the same reason we omit the charges preferred against him by Dr. Franklin. The union in one

person of the rights belonging both to a governor and a proprietor, no doubt is open to objection; but this cannot be urged as a fault upon Penn; and we believe that it would be difficult to name any person who has used power and privilege with more disinterested views. That he was indifferent to his powers, or his emoluments, is not to be supposed, and ought not to have been expected. He spent large sums, he bestowed much pains upon the colony: and he felt and stated it to be a great grievance, that, whereas a provision was voted to the royal governor during the period of his own suspension, not so much as a table was kept for himself; and that, instead of contributing towards his expenses, even the trivial quit-rents which he had reserved remained unpaid: nay, it was sought by the Assembly, against all justice, to divert them from him, towards the support of the government. It is to be recollected that Franklin wrote for a political object, to overthrow the privileges which Penn's heirs enjoyed.

The Governor returned to England in 1701, to oppose a scheme agitated in Parliament for abolishing the proprietary governments, and placing the colonies immediately under royal control: the bill, however, was dropped before he arrived. He enjoyed Anne's favour, as he had that of her father and uncle, and resided much in the neighbourhood of the court, at Kensington and Knightsbridge. In his religious labours he continued constant, as heretofore. He was much harassed by a law-suit, the result of too much confidence in a dishonest steward: which being decided against him, he was obliged for a time to reside within the Rules of the Fleet Prison. This, and the expenses in which he had been involved by Pennsylvania, reduced him to distress, and in 1709 he mortgaged the province for 6,600*l*. In 1712 he agreed to sell his rights to the government for 12,000*l*., but was rendered unable to complete the transaction by three apoplectic fits, which followed each other in quick succession. He survived however in a tranquil and happy state, though with his bodily and mental vigour much broken, until July 30th, 1718, on

which day he died at his seat at Rushcomb, in Berkshire, where he had resided for some years.

His first wife died in 1693. He married a second time in 1696; and left a family of children by both wives, to whom he bequeathed his landed property in Europe and America. His rights of government he left in trust to the Earls of Oxford and Powlett, to be disposed of; but no sale being ever made, the government, with the title of Proprietaries, devolved on the surviving sons of the second family.

Penn's numerous works were collected, and a life prefixed to them, in 1726. Select editions of them have been since published. Mr. Clarkson's 'Life,' Proud's 'History of Pennsylvania,' and Franklin's 'Historical Review, &c. of Pennsylvania,' for a view of the exceptions which have been taken to Penn's character as a statesman, may be advantageously consulted.

JOSEPH ADDISON was the eldest son of the Reverend Lancelot Addison, and was born at the parsonage of Milston in Wiltshire, of which his father was then rector, on the 1st of May, 1672. It is asserted by Thomas Tyers, in his 'Historical Essay on Mr. Addison,' that he was at first supposed to have been born dead; and it appears that even after he revived he was thought so little likely to live, that they had him baptized the same day. He was put to school, first at the neighbouring town of Amesbury, then at Salisbury, then, as Dr. Johnson was informed, at Lichfield, though probably only for a short time, on his father being made dean of Lichfield, and removing thither with his family in 1683; and thence he was sent to the Charter-house (not however upon the foundation) either in that or the following year. At the Charter-house he made his first acquaintance with Steele, whose name their long friend-

ADDISON.

ship and the literary labours in which they were associated have for ever united with his.

In 1689 he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford (the same to which his father had belonged); but two years after he was elected a demy (or scholar) of Magdalen College, on the recommendation of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards provost of Queen's, who had been struck by some of Addison's Latin verses which he accidentally met with. To a date not long subsequent to this belong some both of his Latin and of his English poems that have been preserved, though they were not all published till many years afterwards. His first printed performance was a short address to Dryden, in English verse, which is dated Magd. Coll. Oxon, June 2, 1693, and which Dryden inserted in the 3rd vol. of his 'Miscellany Poems,' published in that year (p. 245 of the fourth edition, 1716). The 4th vol. of the 'Miscellany Poems' contains (pp. 6—17) 'A Translation of all Virgil's Fourth Georgic, except the story of Aristæus, by Mr. J. Addison, of Magd. Coll. Oxon.;' (pp. 20—22). 'A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, at Oxford, by Mr. J. Addison;' and (pp. 288—292). 'An Account (in verse) of the greatest English Poets,' by the same, dated April 3, 1694, and addressed to Mr. H. S., whom the writer styles his "dearest Harry," and who is no other than Sacheverell, the afterwards famous high-church parson. A verse translation by Sacheverell, of a portion of the first Georgic, dedicated to Dryden, is given in the same volume of the 'Miscellany Poems' (p. 148), in which Addison's first printed verses appeared. Spence (*Anecdotes*, edited by Singer, p. 50) reports Pope to have stated that the letter to Sacheverell was not printed till after Addison's death; and this account has been commonly repeated. Pope is said to have added, "I dare say he would not have suffered it to be printed had he been living; for he himself used to speak of it as a poor thing. He wrote it when he was very young; and, as such, gave the characters of some of our best poets in it only by hearsay. Thus, his character of Chaucer is diametrically opposite to the truth;

he blames him for want of humour. The character he gives of Spenser is false too; and I have heard him say that he never read Spenser till fifteen years after he wrote it." It was not likely that the poem should have thus become the subject of conversation between Pope and Addison if it had not been printed, and if Addison, as is intimated, would gladly have concealed its existence. In other respects also the account here attributed to Pope is incorrect. Chaucer is not blamed for want of humour; he is expressly called a "merry bard;" and it is only affirmed that his wit has become obscure and his jests ineffective from the rust that has grown over his language. Spenser certainly is treated as a mere barbarian, and without the most distant suspicion of any of his real qualities. The most ambitious passage is that relating to Milton, beginning—

> "But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
> Unfettered in majestic numbers walks:"

a part of which has often been quoted. It is worth notice as evincing that the Paradise Lost was generally appreciated (for it has all the air of expressing a common or universal opinion) long before the appearance of the critical papers in the 'Spectator,' which many people suppose first taught the nation to understand and admire their great epic poet. To this period of Addison's life is also assigned his short and superficial 'Essay on the Georgics,' which Dryden published, in 1697, with his translation of Virgil, stating (in the dedication to the Æneis) that it had been given him by a worthy friend who desired to have his name concealed; and the prose arguments throughout the translation, similarly acknowledged, were likewise furnished by Addison. Although he did not name Addison in reference to these contributions, Dryden in his 'Postscript to the Reader,' printed at the end of his translation, pays a compliment to "the most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford," after whose bees, he says, his own later swarm is scarcely worth the hiving, alluding to the version of the fourth Georgic. About this time also were written some, at least, of the

Latin poems which were first printed, under Addison's own care, in the second volume of the 'Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta,' published in 1699:—the 'Barometri Descriptio;' 'Πυγμαιογερανομαχία, sive Prælium inter Pygmæos et Grues commissum;' 'Sphæristerium' ('The Bowling Green'); 'Machinæ Gesticulantes' ('The Puppet Show'); and two or three other shorter pieces. That on the peace of Ryswick, entitled 'Pax Gulielmi Auspiciis Europæ reddita,' also contained in that collection, had, we believe, been printed before in 1697.

Addison took his degree of M.A. 14th February, 1693; and at this time it was his intention to enter the church, as he intimates in the conclusion of his letter to Sacheverell. There has been some dispute about the motives which changed this purpose; his friend and literary executor, Tickell (Preface to his collected works), represents him as having been actuated by a "remarkable seriousness and modesty," which made him think the duties of the priesthood too weighty for him. Steele, however (Preface to the second edition of *The Drummer*), insists that the true reason was the interference of Lord Halifax (then Mr. Charles Montague), who held out more inviting prospects to him in another direction. Appealing to Congreve, to whom the preface is addressed, Steele says, "As you were the inducement of his becoming acquainted with my Lord Halifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm instances that noble lord made to the head of the college, not to insist upon Mr. Addison's going into orders." Soon after this introduction to Montague, he addressed, in 1695, a poem to Lord Keeper Somers on one of King William's campaigns, which was followed in 1697 by the Latin verses on the peace of Ryswick, already mentioned; but it was not till after two years more of expectation, or, at least, of getting nothing, that he at last obtained through Somers a pension from the crown of 300*l.* a-year, to enable him to travel. He first took up his residence for above a year at Blois, probably, as Johnson suggests, to learn the French language. Spence (*Anecdotes*, p. 184) gives the follow-

ing account as received from the Abbé Philippeaux, who remembered him there: "He would rise as early as between two or three in the height of summer, and lie abed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful; sometimes so lost in thought that I have come into his room and staid five minutes there before he has known any thing of it. He had his masters generally at supper with him, kept very little company beside, and had no amour whilst there that I know of; and I think I should have known it if he had had any." It must have been before his going abroad, we may here observe, that Addison acquired his habit of indulgence in wine, if what Spence was told by Dennis (*Anecdotes*, p. 45) be true, that although Dryden was generally an extremely sober man, for the last ten years of his life, during which he was much acquainted with Addison, he drank with him more than he ever used to do, "probably so far as to hasten his end." But this account would carry us back to Addison's nineteenth year, which seems an early date for either his hard drinking, or so great an intimacy with Dryden.

Addison remained abroad, principally in Italy, till the death of King William, in the spring of 1702, deprived him both of his pension and of an appointment which he expected to receive as secretary to Prince Eugene. Swift, in some lines quoted by Tyers, affirms that he was compelled by his pecuniary difficulties to become the tutor of a travelling squire; and the meanness of his appearance when he returned to England is said to have given visible testimony of his poverty. While abroad, he wrote, in 1701, his "Letter from Italy" to Montague, which has generally been regarded as the happiest of his poetical productions. During his residence in Italy, also, he is said to have written his 'Dialogues on Medals,' which, however, were not published till after his death. Signor Ficoroni told Spence (*Anecdotes*, p. 93) that he did not go any depth in that study: "All the knowledge he had of that kind," said Ficoroni, "I believe he had from me, and I did not give him above

twenty lessons upon that subject." Here, too, according to Tickell, he wrote the first four acts of his Cato; and Tonson told Spence (*Anecdotes*, p. 46) that he actually saw them when he met Addison accidentally, on his return, at Rotterdam. But Dr. Young, in a note which Spence has appended to this statement, assures us that, to his knowledge, all the five acts were written at Oxford, and sent from thence to Dryden. If so, it would have been interesting to know what Dryden thought of the play, of which, when the author brought it to Pope, as just finished, many years after, that poet gave it as his opinion that he had better not act it, and that he would get reputation enough by only printing it, thinking the lines well written, but the piece not theatrical enough (Spence, p. 196). Notwithstanding Young's confident assertion, it seems certain that the fifth act was either not written at all till long after the time of which he speaks, or was, at least, entirely re-written at a much later date.

Very soon after his return from Italy, Addison published his 'Travels,' inscribing the volume to Lord Somers. It was at first received somewhat coldly; but Tickell states that the price rose to five times its original amount before the second edition appeared. His friends, however, being now out of power, nothing was done for Addison for some time, and how he managed to subsist we are not informed. The first thing we hear of him is his engagement by Godolphin, on the recommendation of Lord Halifax, to celebrate the victory of Blenheim, gained in August, 1704, which produced his poem entitled 'The Campaign,' published in the end of that or beginning of the following year. This performance brought him a great accession of fame; and it also opened to him a career of prosperity which was never interrupted. While the poem was still unfinished, being advanced only to the celebrated simile of the angel, which occurs a little past the middle, it was read or communicated to Godolphin, who was so pleased with it that he immediately appointed the author to the place of one of the excise commissioners of appeal, just become

vacant by the death of Locke. Locke died on the 28th of October, and it appears that the new commission in which Addison's name was inserted was made out on the 16th of November. (Beatson's *Political Index*, ii. 375.) This post, it may be presumed, was very nearly or altogether a sinecure; Addison, whose duties were perhaps done for him by the other four commissioners, continued to hold it till he lost all his appointments on the change of ministry in 1710. In 1705 he is said by Niceron, in 'Mémoires des Hommes illustres' (xxxi. 71), to have attended Halifax to Hanover; but the fact, though it has been generally admitted, would seem to be more than doubtful if it rest only on that authority. In the following year, 1706, according to Tickell, he was selected to be under-secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, secretary of state; and when Hedges was, in December of that year, succeeded by the Earl of Sunderland, Addison continued to serve under the new secretary. The 'Biographia Britannica,' however, is mistaken in representing Hedges as having been newly appointed to office when Addison became under-secretary: he had been secretary of state since May, 1702. In 1707 Addison published, anonymously, a pamphlet in support of the government, entitled 'The Present State of the War,' which, although he is not known to have acknowledged it during his life, is printed in Tickell's edition of his collected works. This year, also, he wrote and published his opera of 'Rosamond,' by way of an attempt to supersede or cope with the Italian opera by a similar combination of music and recitative in the vernacular tongue; but, although the poetry has since been greatly admired, the piece was unsuccessful when brought out upon the stage, principally, it is said, owing to the indifferent style in which the songs were set to music. It has since been reset by Arnold. Besides his primary or more professed object of rivalling the Italian opera, Addison took an opportunity, in this production, of paying his court to the master of the ministry, the Duke of Marlborough, whose praises it celebrated in a very flattering strain, and to whose wife, the celebrated

Duchess Sarah, the author inscribed it on its publication. About the same time, the 'Biographia Britannica' states, he assisted Steele in his comedy of the 'Tender Husband;' but that drama was published two years before 'Rosamond.' Addison wrote the prologue spoken when it was acted at Drury Lane; and when it was soon after published, Steele dedicated it to his friend, in an address in which he acknowledges that he had been indebted to him for several of the most successful scenes. In the beginning of the year 1709, when the Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Wharton, father of the more notorious duke, who some years later became, for a short time, the patron of Young, went over as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, he took Addison with him as his secretary; and the latter was, at the same time, appointed to the sinecure office of keeper of the records in Birmingham Tower, with a salary augmented to 300*l.* a year. He was in Dublin when the 'Tatler' was commenced in London by Steele, on the 12th of April; and Addison is said to have detected his friend by a remark on Virgil in one of the papers, which he recollected having communicated to him: it may be found in No. 6, published the 23rd of April, 1709. Addison soon after became a contributor; his first paper formed part of No. 20, which appeared on the 26th of May, and he soon took a larger share in the work than any other writer, except Steele. In his preface to the first collected edition, Steele acknowledged his obligations with his characteristic generosity and warmth of expression: "I have only one gentleman, who will be nameless, to thank for any frequent assistance to me, which, indeed, it would have been barbarous in him to have denied to one with whom he has lived in an intimacy from childhood, considering the great ease with which he is able to despatch the most entertaining pieces of this nature. This good office he performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid: I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." Yet Addison's contributions to the 'Tatler'

scarcely amount to a fourth part of Steele's. We may here complete the account of the literary partnership of the two friends in the other periodical papers to which the success of this first undertaking in that line gave birth. The 'Tatler,' published thrice a week, was dropped with the 271st number, published the 2nd of January, 1711; the first number of the 'Spectator' appeared on the 1st of March following, and it was continued at the rate of a paper every day, except Sundays, till the 6th of December, 1712, when it was concluded with No. 555. The quantity of Addison's contributions to this first series of the 'Spectator' probably rather exceeds that of Steele's, and does not amount to much less than half of the work. To the first volume of the 'Guardian,' extending also at the rate of six papers a week, from the 12th of March, 1713, to the 15th of June in the same year, he contributed one paper only; but of the ninety-two papers composing the second and concluding volume, about fifty are assigned to Addison. The 'Guardian' terminated with No. 175, published the 1st of October, 1713; and then the 'Spectator' was revived on the 18th of June, 1714, and carried on, as a thrice-a-week paper, till the 20th of December. Of the eighty papers composing the second series of the 'Spectator' (to which Steele did not contribute), Addison is understood to have written twenty-four, all published before the 1st of October; he is not supposed to have had any concern with the work for the remaining three months of its existence.

A change in the political world had left him abundant leisure for literature during the greater part of the time that these publications were going on. The ministerial revolution which took place in the summer of 1710, although it was not completed till the dismissal of Godolphin in the beginning of August, appears to have jerked Addison out of office at the first shock: a new board of commissioners of appeal was appointed on the 25th of May, from which he was left out, and we may conjecture that he lost his Irish secretaryship and his place of keeper of the records about the same time. From this date he remained without any public employment for more than

four years; which interval, however, offers a few matters requiring notice besides his connexion with the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian.' In September and October, 1710, he took his revenge on the new Tory ministry in a series of anonymous papers, five in all, published under the title of 'The Whig Examiner,' which are, of all the effusions of his wit and humour, perhaps the most exuberant and the most caustic. In 1711 he purchased an estate at Bilton, in Warwickshire, for 10,000*l.*: it is difficult to understand where he got the money, or any part of it, although he is said to have been assisted by his brother Gulston, who was governor of Madras. Gulston had obtained the appointment, according to Oldmixon, through his brother's interest; and this writer adds that when he died Addison got six or seven thousand pounds by the sale of his effects. "The first printed account of Addison's," says Tyers, alluding perhaps to the article in the 'General Biographical Dictionary,' "supposes that the death of his brother in the East Indies put him into plentiful circumstances. Early in 1712 his acquaintance with Pope commenced; he had already lived on intimate terms with Pope's friend Swift, while in Ireland, notwithstanding the opposition of their politics; and Pope and he were probably now brought together by Steele. In April, 1713, occurred one of the most memorable events in Addison's history—the performance and publication of his tragedy of 'Cato.' The 'Biographia Britannica,' Johnson, and most of the accounts state that it had a run of thirty-five successive nights; but, according to Baker's 'Biographia Dramatica' (Reed's edition), the number of times it was acted during its first run was only eighteen. Be this as it may, there is no doubt about its having been received with immense applause; to which it is equally undoubted that the political feeling of the moment contributed no inconsiderable share. "The Whigs," as Johnson puts it, "applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories; and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt." This year, too, Addison wrote another political pamphlet, 'The late Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff,' an

attack upon the French commercial treaty, which, although published without his name, has been authenticated as his by being included in the complete edition of his works published by his executor after his death.

After the death of Queen Anne, in August, 1714, he was appointed secretary to the lords of the regency; and when King George came over it is said that there was some thought of making him secretary of state, if he could have been prevailed upon to accept the post. This is distinctly asserted by Tyers, and some particulars are given confirmatory of the story in his 'Historical Essay,' pp. 53-55. He was, in fact, reappointed in the first instance to his former office of secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland, now the Earl of Sunderland, under whom he had already served in another department; and when this arrangement was broken up by the almost immediate removal of Sunderland, Addison was made one of the lords of trade early in 1715. It was in the month of June of that year that the memorable incident occurred of the publication by Tickell of a translation of the first book of the Iliad, suspected to have been written by Addison, at the same moment at which the first volume of Pope's translation came out; a proceeding which turned a coldness that had for some time subsisted between Addison and Pope into a complete separation, and is understood to have prompted the well-known lines in which the character of Addison is sketched with so much severity by Pope, now inserted in the Prologue to the Satires, which was not published till after Addison's death, although this particular passage was certainly written and also handed about some years before that event. The most minute and elaborate investigation of the circumstances of this curious affair is contained in a long note on the article 'Addison' in Kippis's edition of the 'Biographia Britannica,' which is known to have been drawn up by Sir William Blackstone. (See also Spence's 'Anecdotes,' pp. 146-149.) In this same year (1715), too, was published, and likewise brought out on the stage, though with no success, the comedy of 'The

Drummer, or the Haunted House,' which Addison gave to Steele, and which the latter reprinted in 1722, with a preface addressed to Congreve, stating his conviction of its being by Addison, after it had been omitted in Tickell's collection. No doubt is now entertained that Addison is really the author of this piece: indeed, we have direct evidence of his having acknowledged it as his; Theobald, in a note upon the first act of Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Scornful Lady,' speaking of the character of Savil, states that Addison told him he had sketched out his character of Vellum in 'The Drummer' purely from that model. These speculations on the public discernment, however, did not occupy all his leisure. On the 23rd of September in this year, soon after the breaking out of the rebellion, he commenced a political periodical paper, in defence of the established government, under the title of 'The Freeholder,' which he kept up with great spirit, at the rate of two numbers a week, till the 29th of June in the next year. On the 2nd of August, 1716, he married Charlotte, Countess Dowager of Warwick and Holland (who had been a widow for fifteen years), after a long suit, which Johnson quotes Spence's MS. as representing to have commenced in Addison's acting as tutor to her son, the young earl; although it does not appear at what time of his life he could well have been employed in that capacity, unless, indeed, we are to adopt the notion of Tyers, who seems to think that the earl may have been the person to whom Swift speaks of Addison having acted as travelling tutor before his return from Italy in 1702. In the printed edition of Spence's 'Anecdotes,' all that we find (p. 48) is an assertion of Tonson, the bookseller, that he had thoughts of getting the lady "from his first being recommended into the family." The marriage made him nominal master of the mansion now called Holland House, but is understood to have added nothing to his happiness; the countess, it seems, holding it to be her right, or her duty, to make up for her condescension in giving him her hand by never

forgetting the difference of their rank in her after-behaviour.

On the 16th of April, 1717, after the breaking-up of the administration of Walpole and Townshend, Addison was elevated to a place in the new cabinet as one of the principal secretaries of state, Sunderland being the other. Pope told Spence ('Anecdotes,' p. 47) that Addison accepted this appointment "to oblige the Countess of Warwick, and to qualify himself to be owned for her husband." It was, in his opinion, "the worst step Addison ever took"—even his marriage itself is not stated to have been mentioned as an exception. Tyers gives a passage from a letter written about the time by Lady M. W. Montague to Pope, in which she says, "I know that the post was almost offered to him before. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the countess, do not seem to be in prudence eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both." Addison was first returned to parliament for Lostwithiel, at the general election in 1708; but, after sitting from 18th November, 1708, to 20th December, 1709, he was declared to have been not duly elected; he was then returned for Malmesbury, on a vacancy occurring for that place, in March, 1710, within a month of the close of the same parliament; and he continued to represent Malmesbury till his death, having been re-elected in 1710, 1714, 1715, 1716 (on his being made a lord of trade), and 1717 (on being made secretary of state and a privy councillor). It was the Marquis of Wharton, Young told Spence, who first got him a seat in the House of Commons (*Anecdotes*, p. 350). But he never spoke in the House (although there are traditions of his having once made the attempt); and, with all his readiness as a writer in his proper line, he is said to have proved almost equally inefficient in the ordinary business of his office. The consequence was, that, after bearing up under these discouraging circumstances for not quite a twelvemonth, he resigned his secretaryship on the plea of ill health, and retired on a pension of

1500*l.* (Tyers says 1700*l.*) a year. His friend Craggs was appointed his successor on the 14th of March, 1718. In thus relinquishing, however, somewhat ingloriously, the race of political ambition, he did not cease to take an interest in the politics of the day. In the early part of the following year he engaged in a public controversy with his old friend Steele on the subject of the government bill for the limitation of the peerage, in defence of which, and in reply to Steele's paper called 'The Plebeian,' he published two pamphlets, under the title of 'The Old Whig,' Nos. 1 and 2. They were published anonymously, and were not reprinted by Tickell; but no doubt has ever been entertained of their having been written by Addison: Steele himself, in his rejoinder at the time, plainly intimated that he took them to be his; and the contemptuous style in which 'The Old Whig' spoke of his antagonist as "little Dickey," is understood to have broken off the friendly intercourse which had subsisted between them from boyhood. An unfinished treatise on the 'Evidences of the Christian Religion,' which was printed in Tickell's edition of his works, was another fruit of Addison's leisure after he retired from office; composed, according to Pope, when, having broken down, or sunk in character, as a politician, he thought of returning to the profession for which he was originally designed, and had an eye to the lawn (Spence's *Anecdotes*, p. 192). But his health soon completely gave way; he was attacked by a shortness of breath, which was followed by a dropsy; and he expired at Holland House on the 17th of June, 1719. Tyers mentions that Tacitus Gordon (that is, Gordon the translator of Tacitus) used to say that he killed himself drinking the Widow Trueby's water (for a eulogy upon the virtues of which the reader may consult the 'Spectator,' No. 329). By the Countess of Warwick (Charlotte, only daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton, of Chirk Castle, Denbighshire, and a grand-daughter of Sir Orlando Bridgman, keeper of the great seal in the reign of Charles II., who survived him several years) Addison left a daughter, who died unmarried in 1797. Tyers

(p. 56) quotes Oldmixon as stating, in his 'History of England,' that to this daughter and to Lady Warwick he left his fortune, amounting to about 12,000*l.*; and he further mentions (p. 63) that Mr. Symonds, professor of Modern History at Cambridge, had told him that Miss Addison was then (in 1783) in the enjoyment of an income of more than 1200*l.* a year. The accounts we have of this lady differ somewhat. "She inherited her father's memory," says the notice of her death in the 'Annual Register' (xxxix. 12), "but none of the discriminating powers of his understanding: with the retentive powers of Jedediah Buxton, she was a perfect imbecile. She could go on in any part of her father's works, or repeat the whole, but was incapable of speaking or writing an intelligible sentence." In the 'Beauties of England,' however (Warwickshire, p. 81), it is said, "She is mentioned with love and veneration by the neighbouring peasantry; and several articles in her will creditably evince her charitable disposition. She left her estate to a younger son of Lord Bradford, to whom she was related through her mother. Addison's library, which had remained entire throughout her lifetime, was sold by Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, in May, 1799, in 856 lots, for 456*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*

Anecdotes of Addison's private life, and traits of his habits and character, have been handed down in great abundance by Spence and others; so that, although there is little or nothing avowedly autobiographical in his own writings, we have, perhaps, as complete a picture of the man as of any other individual of that age of celebrated wits. He was, undoubtedly, accounted one of the principal figures of his time; and even now there is scarcely any other name of that day with which the world is more generally familiar. That he occupied so much of the eye of the world in his own day, he owed in part to the eminence of his social position; and there were also some points both in his moral and intellectual nature that were especially fitted to establish him in the favour of the most numerous class of the reading public. Neither his writings nor his conduct offered anything to startle

or discompose commonly received notions. The conventional proprieties, which make so large a part of the general morality, were in no danger of being rudely disturbed by anything he was likely either to write or to do. Some of the social habits attributed to him would seem to betray a greater cordiality or robustness of original nature than he commonly showed; but even his love of wine is not recorded to have ever been suffered to carry him beyond a safe limit; he went to the length he did in that indulgence, because, perhaps from the coldness of his constitution, he could stand more hard drinking than the generality of other men without losing his caution and regard to appearances. The strongest testimony has been borne by those who knew him intimately to the charms of his conversation when he felt himself free from all restraint. "He was," says Steele, "above all men in that talent called humour, and enjoyed it in such perfection that I have often reflected, after a night spent with him apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature, heightened with humour more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed." (Preface to *The Drummer*. Lady Mary Wortley Montague told Spence that "Addison was the best company in the world." *Anecdotes*, p. 232.) Dr. Young's account was, that though he was rather mute in society on some occasions, "when he began to be company, he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble stream of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him" (p. 335). "Addison," said Pope, "was perfect good company with intimates; and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man" (p. 50). But this was only when there was no one by of whom he was afraid. "With any mixture of strangers," Pope added "and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence." Young admitted that he "was not free with his superiors." Johnson quotes Lord Chesterfield as somewhere affirming that "Addison was the most

timorous and awkward man that he ever knew." Coarser minds, again, from the formality and stiffness of manner in which he wrapped himself up from their inspection, were led to set him down for a mere piece of hypocrisy and cant. Mandeville, the author of the 'Fable of the Bees,' after an evening's conversation with him, characterized him as a "parson in a tye-wig;" and Tonson, who hated parsons in any kind of wigs as much as Mandeville, and who, besides, had quarrelled with Addison, and did not like him, used to say of him after he had quitted his secretaryship, "One day or other you 'll see that man a bishop! I 'm sure he looks that way; and, indeed, I ever thought him a priest in his heart." (Spence, p. 200.) It must be acknowledged that this caution and cowardice spoiled Addison's character in some points of great importance; he was not a man on whom his friends could rely; and the way in which he lost or offended more than one of them was not to his credit. In his conduct both to Pope and to Steele, there was something underhand and treacherous—something of the "willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," which the former has imputed to him. To Gay, again, he seems to have behaved ill without having been either detected or suspected at the time. A fortnight before his death he sent Lord Warwick for Gay, who had not gone to see him for a great while; and when they met, Addison told him "that he had desired this visit to beg his pardon; that he had injured him greatly; but that if he lived he should find that he would make it up to him." (Spence, p. 150.) Here again we see the conscientiousness of the man struggling with, and in the end, very nobly mastering, his more ignoble propensities; for it would be a great mistake to conclude from these instances of deceit and littleness, that the regard he professed for virtue was not both real and deeply felt. In part the restraint he put upon his outward behaviour may be attributed to his dread of public opinion, and his desire to stand well with the very numerous class whose judgment is principally swayed by such decorum and propriety of mere demeanour: in part he seems to have

done violence in this way to higher qualities which were in his nature, and to have checked the growth both of principles and powers which might have made his whole humanity a finer and higher thing than it really was; but there can be no doubt whatever, for all that, that he was a sincere and zealous friend both to morality and religion. He had his weaknesses, like all men; and in some respects, he even led a somewhat free life, when he was out of the public eye; but "of his virtue," as Johnson has observed, "it is a sufficient testimony that the resentment of party has transmitted no charge of any crime." The pious composure in which he died, as evinced by the anecdote of his parting interview with the young nobleman, his step-son,—first told by Dr. Young in his 'Conjectures on Original Composition,' published in 1759, though previously alluded to by Tickell, in his Elegy on Addison—is known to most readers. Dr. Young's words are:—"After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper, he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend. He came; but, life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, 'Dear Sir, you sent for me; I believe and hope that you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred.' May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply. Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.' He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired." Lord Warwick did not long survive his step-father: he died at the age of twenty-three, in August, 1721. Tyers says that "he was esteemed a man of great parts."

Addison's writings present something of the same struggle of opposite principles or tendencies which we find in his character as a man, resulting likewise in the same general effect, of the absence of everything offensive combined with some qualities of high, but none

perhaps of the highest, excellence. Notwithstanding all the hesitation and embarrassment he is said to have shown on some occasions in the performance of his official duties, so that a common clerk would have to be called in to draw up a despatch which could not wait for his more scrupulous selection of phraseology, he usually wrote easily and rapidly. "When he had taken his resolution," Steele has told us, "or made his plan for what he designed to write, he would walk about a room and dictate it into language with as much freedom and ease as any one could write it down, and attend to the coherence and grammar of what he dictated." (Preface to *The Drummer*.) Pope told Spence, however, that, though he wrote very fluently, "he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting." "He would show his verses," said Pope, "to several friends, and would alter almost everything that any of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself, and too much concerned about his character as a poet; or, as he worded it, 'too solicitous for that kind of praise, which, God knows, is but a very little matter after all.'" (*Anecdotes*, p. 49.) By this way of expressing himself, he probably meant to mortify Pope, as well as to make amends, by a piece of moral profession, for his too anxious pursuit of an object which he had neither the self-control to relinquish, nor the heart to enjoy. To Pope he seemed to value himself more upon his poetry than his prose. (*Spence*, p. 257.) Except, however, in some of his Latin poems, he has scarcely given any example in verse of that easy humour and lively description in which he certainly most excelled. As a writer of serious and elevated poetry, he must be ranked, even without reference to the claims of the school to which he belongs, as standing only a little way above ordinary writers. His 'Cato,' his most ambitious effort, has some stately rhetoric in the principal scenes; but scarcely anything either of true poetic fire, or of the dramatic spirit. Even of strength and beauty of imagination, he has shown much more in his prose than in his poetry; so much, indeed, in one or two instances, as to seem to prove that what he most wanted

to make him a much greater poet was only more self-confidence and daring. There is far more poetry in his prose 'Vision of Mirza' and his 'Roger de Coverley,' than in all the verse he ever wrote. But his most remarkable and peculiar quality, and that in which he most overflowed, was undoubtedly his light, graceful, delicate humour; never, indeed, rising to anything very subtle or aërial; seldom pouring itself out in any rush of mere derisive mirth; not dazzling us with its sparkles of wit and fancy; but with its quiet, even, smiling stream refreshing and illuminating all things, and awakening a pleasurable sense of the ludicrous probably in a larger number and greater variety of minds than any other writer ever succeeded in touching with that emotion. It is the only humour, perhaps, that is perfectly to the satisfaction of the great multitude of reading men and women, who find Swift and Sterne revolting, and Shakspere unintelligible, but to whom Addison enlivens the picture of their familiar daily life, or the general aspect of human society and human nature, with a bright transparent varnish, the effect of which has nothing in it to startle the most simple understanding. A great change of manners, however, and a considerable change of taste, are fast diminishing the once universal popularity of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator;' and they will probably very soon be little read. Addison's prose has been praised by Johnson as "the model of the middle style;" and, while it is eminently easy, unaffected, and perspicuous, it has a fair degree of purity, and often considerable melody and grace of expression. But, with all its merits, it has scarcely character enough to maintain itself as a model; and it may be apprehended that it is a rare thing now for any one "to give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison," as Johnson recommends, whatever description of English style he wishes to attain. (From the *Biographical Dictionary* of the Society of Useful Knowledge.)

JOHN CHURCHILL, Duke of Marlborough, the restorer of the tarnished lustre of British arms, the ablest general and one of the most consummate statesmen of his times, was born at Ashe in Devonshire, on the 24th of June, 1650, just five days before Oliver Cromwell marched into Scotland, to open that memorable campaign which was terminated by his great victory at Dunbar. As devoted royalists, the Churchills were at this time under a cloud.

Our hero was the second son of Sir Winston Churchill, a gentleman of ancient family (said to have been settled in the West of England ever since the Norman conquest) whose fortunes had suffered severely during the civil wars, through his steady adherence to Charles I. Sir Winston's wife, and the mother of his numerous family, was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Drake of Ashe, who came of the same good old Devonshire stock as Sir Francis Drake, that illustrious warrior and circumnavi-

gator of the Elizabethan age. It should appear that during their season of eclipse, the Churchills were almost entirely dependent on the more fortunate Drakes, who had sided with the Parliamentarians. During his childhood and boyhood John Churchill was familiarised with straits and privations, and with many of the unpleasantnesses attendant on poverty. This may have strengthened his character, and have quickened his reflection and mental resources; but it may also have implanted in his nature that love of money with which he was very generally reproached in after life. One day, in his old age, when he was wealthy as well as famous, as he was looking over some papers in his scrutoire with General Lord Cadogan, he opened one of the little drawers, took out a green purse, turned some broad pieces out of it, and, after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that appeared very visibly in his face, he said, "Cadogan, observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed! There are just forty of them: 't is the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept them always unbroken from that time to this day." "This," adds Pope, who told the anecdote, "shows how early and how strong this passion must have been upon him." But it may also show that Marlborough's first forty pieces had been obtained with vast difficulty. On the restoration in 1660 his father was among the vast crowd of suffering royalists who put in their claims of compensation or reward to an extravagant and heartless prince. Sir Winston Churchill was far more successful than the majority of these impatient supplicants, and than many men who had not suffered less, and who had done far more than he for the royal cause. He was rewarded with a place at the Board of Green Cloth, and sundry small offices under the crown for himself, and with the more questionable benefit of appointments for his children in the profligate court of Charles II. Arabella Churchill, his daughter, became, in the first place, maid of honour to the Duchess of York (Anne Hyde), and next, mistress to her husband the Duke, afterwards James II.; and John Churchill, our hero, who was appointed page

to the same prince, indisputably owed his early advancement to his sister's disgraceful connexion with royalty. They were a remarkably handsome race. Arabella Churchill was the only one of James II.'s many mistresses that had any pretension to beauty. Charles II. said that his brother chose his ugly favourites as penances. One of the moral favourites is reported to have said herself, "I know not for what he chose us; we were none of us handsome, and if any of us had wit he was too dull to find it out!" It is remarkable that one of the fruits of the connexion between James and Arabella Churchill, James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, proved a commander of renown only less illustrious than his maternal uncle Marlborough.

The natural genius and merits of young John Churchill were, however, of far too high an order to be solely dependent on the patronage which had sullied the honour of his house. He would have found his way to greatness if James had never seen his sister. Not even a neglected education could dwarf his abilities or stop his rise. Except the practical self-tuition he afterwards gave himself, his education was confined to a short residence at St. Paul's school, London; but here he gave early indications of spirit and intelligence, although he failed to acquire that taste and love of literature which must ever form one of the elements of a *completely* great man. This deficiency, and his want of sympathy with men of letters, added to his want of liberality, were not without their seriously injurious effects on his fortune and reputation in after-life. Except Addison and Prior, the poets bestowed but a forced and stinted praise on his great exploits when his political party was all prevalent in the state and omnipotent at court; and when that party fell, through a court intrigue, they were nearly one and all banded against the duke,—as, also be it said, against patriotism, honour, and common sense.

His desire for a military life having been gratified, at a very early age, by his patron the Duke of York, Churchill did not play the easy part of a carpet-knight, or courtly soldier. He entered upon active service;

he was eager to learn his profession in actual warfare, and he distinguished himself in each of his early campaigns. In the brave defence of Tangiers against the Moors, he gained his first laurels. He had his part in the successive operations in which the English troops shared as auxiliaries to the armies of Louis XIV., during the unprincipled alliance of Charles II. with that monarch against the Dutch and William Prince of Orange (subsequently William III. of England). Here he witnessed the operations—the sieges and campaigns—of some of the most accomplished generals of modern Europe, and began to learn the art of handling great masses of troops,—an art not to be possessed by intuition or to be acquired by brief practice, and which few English-born commanders had then (*or have now*) the means of acquiring. The wickedness of the cause apart, Churchill could not have been placed in a better school. On the great theatre of continental warfare—the Low Countries, where he afterwards gained immortal renown as a soldier—he continued to serve from 1672 to 1677. His brilliant courage and ability, and attention *to the details of duty* (without which no officer will ever achieve greatness) no less than the singular graces of his person, attracted the notice of the French marshals, and the illustrious Turenne predicted that "his handsome Englishman" would one day be a thorough master of the art of war.

On the conclusion of the peace of Nimeguen, Churchill, with the rank of colonel, returned to England, where he was soon happily rescued from a career of dissipation and licentiousness (the habitual life of all the men of fashion of that generation) by an ardent and constant attachment for the celebrated woman who became his wife, and who, for good and evil, influenced the whole tenor of his subsequent life. This was Sarah Jennings, a young lady of birth, genius, and exquisite beauty, whose irreproachable purity in a most vicious age, and in the very midst of the temptations of the court, would have rendered her worthy of the uxorious love of the hero, if her imperious temper had not disgraced his submission to

its tyranny, cooled or alienated his political friends, and finally embittered his own domestic peace. She was daughter and co-heir of Richard Jennings, Esq., of Sandridge, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire. She had been placed, like Churchill himself, at an early age, in the household of the Duke and Duchess of York, where she had become the favourite associate of their daughter the Princess Anne, and had acquired over the future queen that commanding influence which it belongs to the stronger to exercise over the weaker mind. Her marriage separated neither her husband nor herself from their services in the ducal household. Churchill was confidentially employed by the Duke of York on many political occasions, and was the secret agent in whom he most trusted; and when his daughter the Princess Anne was married to George, Prince of Denmark, Lady Churchill was, by the princess's express desire, made a lady of her bedchamber. According to Anne's own passionate declarations, she could not live without her charming friend,—the chosen and constant companion of her girlhood. Previously to this royal marriage Churchill had been raised, through the interest of James, to a Scotch barony. On the accession of James to the throne, he was further promoted to an English peerage by the title of Baron Churchill, of Sandridge. In 1685 he contributed by his effectual military service to the speedy suppression of the Duke of Monmouth's insane rebellion, and was rewarded with his master's unbounded reliance on his fidelity.

But James's infatuated policy soon made the crown shake on his head. Between motives of self-interest, of religion, and of patriotism, he was openly abandoned or secretly betrayed by nearly every man in his service. Among these men were many who had been deeply indebted to his bounty and patronage; for James, though a bad king, and a bitter enemy, had generally been a good, warm friend. Churchill basely betrayed his confidence, before and after the landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay, with a deliberate, unbounded treachery, which all the sophistry of political and religious party

has vainly laboured to justify, and the infamy of which can scarcely be so much as palliated even by the difficult circumstances of the times. After clandestinely offering his services to William, he accepted the command of a large body of James's troops to oppose him; and after accepting that command he deserted to William. Lady Churchill also played her part at this terrible crisis, in which the ties of filial duty were broken asunder like all others. She induced her mistress, the Princess Anne, to flee from Whitehall to join the revolutionists at Nottingham; and, with the Earl of Dorset, and Compton, Bishop of London, she smuggled Anne out of the palace in a hackney-coach and at the midnight hour. The Prince of Denmark, Anne's husband, had deserted before her: on the 24th of November he supped with King James at Andover, and, straight from the royal table, he got to horse and rode over to the Prince of Orange. The illustrious Dane, though little given to talking, had been profuse in his declarations of fidelity, and had been wont to say, with an expression of the utmost astonishment, when he heard of the desertion of any of those whom James had delighted to honour,—"*Est-il possible?*"—Is it possible? Upon learning his nocturnal evasion, the king merely said, "How? *Est-il possible* gone too!" But when, on the morrow of his flight, James arrived at Whitehall and found that his daughter Anne had followed her husband's example, he exclaimed in an agony and with tears, "God help me! My very children have forsaken me."

When the revolution of 1688 was so easily and speedily completed, and when—in February, 1689—William, by the Act of Settlement, became king, Churchill received the reward of his ingratitude, being created Earl of Marlborough, and appointed to the offices of privy-councillor, and lord of the bed-chamber. Yet, like so many others, he was either dissatisfied with his recompense, or apprehensive of a counter-revolution, which would restore the dethroned king; and, throughout the reign of William III. he corresponded with James, and intrigued with the Jacobites at home and abroad. By

this double treason and perjury, he for ever took from his former desertion of his deluded sovereign all extenuation of a conscientious principle; he broke his allegiance to his new king whose favours he had accepted; and he branded his own inconsistency with the meanest motives of self-interest and self-preservation.

If having numerous companies and accomplices in crime could be pleaded in diminution of guilt, Marlborough might very well have advanced that plea. More than half of the men who had made the revolution of 1688 laboured and plotted to unmake it before it was a year old. The *Honourable* Admiral Russell, Godolphin, Admiral Herbert (by the gratitude of William made Earl of Torrington), Admiral Delaval, Admiral Killigrew, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Lord Rochester, Sir James Montgomery, the Earl of Sunderland, and a score more individuals, eminent in station, who had promoted the revolution of 1688 as much as Marlborough, and who (for the most part) had profited as much by it, treacherously corresponded with the court of St. Germain, and betrayed the political secrets and military plans of the new king, to James and the ministers of Louis XIV.

When, in March, 1689, the Jacobites raised the standard of civil war in Ireland, Marlborough's military reputation pointed him out for employment; but he did not proceed to that country until the autumn of the following year, when King William had driven James back to France and had all but finished the war by his victory on the Shannon. Marlborough's mission was to take Cork and Kinsale, through which, principally, the desperate Irish Jacobites kept up their communications with France; and this duty he performed in a soldier-like manner, returning to England with triumph in little more than a month. Yet, in the course of this year (1690) we find him writing a letter to King William, who was then on the Continent, which proves he was suspected of peculation.* In the spring of 1691 he

* See the remarkable letter, dated 17th of June, 1690, in Appendix to Dalrymple's Memoirs.

accompanied William to the wars in Flanders, and was treated with every outward show of esteem and confidence. In the spring of 1692 he was suddenly disgraced, dismissed from all his employments, and prohibited from appearing at court. Evelyn, who hated the man, and who took the very worst view of the case, says, without mincing the matter, "Lord Marlborough, lieutenant-general of the king's army in England, gentleman of the bed-chamber, &c., dismissed from all his charges, military and other, for his *excessive taking of bribes, covetousness and extortion on all occasions from his inferior officers.*" Lord Basil Hamilton, in a letter to the Duke of Hamilton, written at the moment when all London was wondering at the sudden disgrace, says, "Everybody make their guesses what are his crimes. Some say he was endeavouring to breed divisions in the army, and to make himself the more necessary, besides his endeavouring to make an ill correspondence betwixt the Princess [Anne] and the court; but everybody have their different thoughts."* Marlborough's wife, in the defence of her conduct which she published in her old age, insists that the disgrace proceeded from a court intrigue and the animosities of William's favourites; and that it was mainly intended to remove her from the Princess Anne, who was constantly differing with the king and her sister the queen. Part, at least, of the truth may be contained in these assertions. As the Princess Anne espoused the cause of the husband of her friend, and joined Lady Marlborough in styling the great William "a Dutch abortion," "a monster," &c., the quarrel between her and the queen became irreconcilable. Lady Marlborough was commanded to remove from the palace of Whitehall; and thereupon Anne, disdaining to continue in the royal residence, removed to Sion Hill, whence, in a short time, she repaired to Berkeley House, which became her permanent residence, and the resort of all who were friendly to the Marlboroughs and inimical to the court. But in the meanwhile, on the 5th of May, of this same eventful

* Dalrymple, Appendix

year 1692, the Earl of Marlborough was arrested and thrown into the Tower on a charge of high treason. The defeat of the French fleet, in the great battle of La Hogue, dissipated the fears of invasion and of civil war in England. On the 15th of June he was admitted to bail; but on the 23rd of that month his own name and the names of two of his sureties—the Earl of Shrewsbury and the Marquis of Halifax—were struck out of the list of privy-councillors. After some vehement debates in the House of Lords, the King terminated the business by himself discharging Marlborough and others in the same predicament from their recognizances; and ministers were exonerated by a bill of indemnity. Marlborough renewed his intrigues with the agents of King James, begging all the while for employment from King William. Knowing equally well how to estimate the *capacity* and *sincerity* of Marlborough, William alternately imprisoned and employed, cashiered and re-commissioned the man whom he is said to have recommended on his death-bed to his successor Anne as the fittest person "to lead her armies and direct her councils." After the death of Queen Mary a sort of reconciliation was made between William and the very troublesome heir-apparent Anne. In 1697 when Anne's only surviving child, the Duke of Gloucester, attained the age of eight years, Marlborough was appointed his governor. "Teach him," said William, "to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments." As if to balance the Toryism of the governor—for Marlborough was as yet a hot-professing Tory—the King gave the preceptorship to the celebrated Dr. Burnet, the historian, a Whig of the first water. The very evening after this appointment the Earl was restored to his military rank, and to his place in the council; and, striking up a sudden friendship for the Whig bishop, he divided with Burnet the care of the Duke of Gloucester, who, like all princes or heirs to crowns that die young, is represented as a prodigy of virtue and genius.

But it was not until the accession of Queen Anne, in March, 1702, that Marlborough occupied that foremost

post in the nation to which he had long and impatiently aspired. His fidelity to the new sovereign was as undoubted as his military genius or as his capacity for business and diplomacy; but he was assailed by many interests and opposed by a very powerful party; and but for the favour and complete ascendancy of his beautiful and imperious wife, he assuredly would not have been entrusted with the supreme command of our armies on the Continent. Thus, if his final downfall was owing to the pride and violent temper of his consort, his rise—his opportunity of obtaining an imperishable name as one of the greatest captains of the modern world—proceeded directly from her influence over the queen. Anne, though in her thirty-eighth year, was as completely under the tutelage of Lady Marlborough as she could have been if she had been a girl of fifteen, or of still tenderer years.

Obtaining the command of the allied forces in the war of the Spanish Succession, Marlborough immediately entered on a course of glorious achievement, which, since the days of Henry V., had never been equalled, and which was never surpassed by a British commander until the time of WELLINGTON.

At the opening of his first campaign of 1702, the French, under the skilful Marshal Boufflers, by their superior force and the vigour of their preparations, had already been able to assume everywhere the offensive; the very frontiers of the Seven United Provinces were threatened; and it was feared that the efforts of the English general must be restricted to the defence of the republican territory. Nearly everything seemed against Marlborough: the French army was *one;* his was composed of *many;* he had to encounter the narrow views, petty jealousies, and disobedience of the other allied commanders, and the almost constant opposition or absolute dictation of the Dutch field deputies, whom the States-General unwisely sent into the field to control the movements of their troops, and whose prejudices, ignorance of the art of war, and dread of responsibility were grievous impediments to every bold or great enter-

prise. Yet notwithstanding these and other obstacles which tried his temper and most heavily taxed his patience and forbearance, he succeeded, by a series of masterly movements, in compelling the French armies to retreat in all quarters, delivered the Dutch frontiers from their presence, and closed the campaign by the sieges and capture of Venloo, Ruremond, Stevenswaert, and Liege. These services were so far beyond the most sanguine expectation of the allies, that the States-General loaded him with eulogy, and Queen Anne elevated him to the ducal rank. He had also enabled an army of the Empire to act on the offensive; and, during his own operations, those Imperialists, under the command of Joseph, the young king of the Romans, had reduced Landau and threatened the whole of Alsace. As Marlborough, on his return home, was descending the Meuse in a barge, he was surprised by a French partisan from Guelder, who, with thirty-five men, seized the tow-rope, hauled up the boat, and made all in it prisoners. The object of the party, however, seems to have been mere plunder, for, after pillaging the boat and the passengers, they let them go on the production of false French passports, not knowing the person of the English general and the great prize that was in their hands, and very probably not knowing how to read. At the Hague, however, Marlborough was for a time given up as lost. "Till they saw me," he writes to his wife, "they thought me a prisoner in France."

The following campaign of 1703 presented a repetition of the same trials of temper, and of the same vexatious obstacles to the enterprising spirit of Marlborough. He arrived in the Low Countries on the 17th of March. Death had delivered him from the jealousies of the Prince of Saarbruch, and of Ginckell, the old Dutch earl of Athlone; but, arrested by the timidity of the field deputies, and harassed by the misconduct of the Dutch generals, he was allowed to effect nothing in the Netherlands beyond the reduction of Bonn, Huy, Limburg, and Guelder; while the Elector of Bavaria, with his own troops, and his allies the French under Marshal Villars,

broke into the Imperial dominions on the Danube, signally defeated the forces of the Emperor, pointed the heads of their columns towards Vienna, and, by a blow on that capital, threatened dissolution to the grand alliance. These dangers (the fruits of the obstinacy and folly of others) roused Marlborough to attempt the master-stroke of his military career. The Queen advanced him money even out of her privy purse, the Pensionary Heinsius entered cordially into his schemes, which were carefully concealed from others, as they were sure of being opposed by the States, and as, somehow, it had generally happened, that when a scheme of operations was laid, and produced in the Dutch cabinet, in the allied camp, or in conferences with the ministers of the confederated powers, it was forthwith communicated, partially or entirely, to the court of Versailles, or to the French generals commanding in the field!

Early in the campaign of 1704 the great captain, after providing for the safety of the Netherlands, secretly, and upon his own responsibility, executed the bold startling design of marching to the Danube and into the heart of Bavaria. The only one of the generals of the allied powers that was intrusted with the secret was the illustrious Prince Eugene of Savoy, who had been appointed to the command of the Emperor's army on the Upper Danube. The whole of Marlborough's march was, for that time, a prodigy in war. It could never have been performed but for his close attention to detail and the unceasing care he had bestowed upon the commissariat and upon all other departments and dependencies of the army, which no English general had properly attended to before *his* day, and which have been but too frequently neglected by commanders even in *our own*. In the two preceding campaigns he had won the affection of his troops by the care he took of their comforts, and he had brought them into an admirable condition both of *tenue* and discipline. Now, on their reaching Mentz or Mayence, the astonished Elector of the State exclaimed, "These gentlemen seem to be all dressed for a ball!"

Overcoming every obstacle, Marlborough formed a

junction with the Imperialists on the Danube, stormed the strong Gallo-Bavarian lines at Donauwerth on the 2nd of July, and finally, in concert with that kindred spirit, Prince Eugene of Savoy, attacked the enemy on the 13th of August, at and near the village of Blenheim on the Danube, with such skill and impetuosity as to inflict on them a total defeat. In this memorable battle the French and Bavarians, who were commanded by the Elector of Bavaria in person and the French Marshals Tallard and Marsin, lost above 30,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners (Marshal Tallard himself being among the latter), all their cannon, a prodigious number of colours and standards, and all their tents and equipages. This, the greatest and completest disaster they had ever sustained in these wars, carried astonishment and consternation to the proud court of Versailles. Instead of trembling for his own capital, the Emperor saw the whole of Bavaria laid at his feet, and its Elector a fugitive and almost a pauper. But the moral and political effects of the victory were yet greater: it dimmed the lustre which the successes of Louis XIV. had shed upon his arms, it broke a prestige, it destroyed that charm of invincibility which the French have so often pretended to, and which the nations of the Continent have but too often stood in awe of. The Gallo-Bavarians were from 4000 to 5000 stronger than their adversaries, and they had an immense advantage over the confederates in the ground they occupied, and in their fortified positions. At the critical moment Marlborough was in the very midst of the fight, surrounded by the killed and wounded: his personal bravery was quite as conspicuous as his skill.

For this great exploit the greatest captain of his age was rewarded with the conveyance to himself and heirs of the poor crown lands at Woodstock, on which it was also resolved to erect for him a palace at the royal cost. This noble design to perpetuate the memory of his services was ultimately realized under the direction of the poet, playwright, and architect Vanbrugh, in the majestic pile which bears the name of Blenheim; but the public

enthusiasm which had dictated so splendid a monument was stifled in faction, and the completion of the work is indebted more to the care of Marlborough's high-spirited widow, and to the disbursements she made, than to the good faith of the crown and the munificence of the nation. No right-hearted Englishman that knows the real history of the building can stand in the park and look at the palace or château of Blenheim without a blush. The gratitude of the Imperial House of Hapsburg, for the preservation of its capital and dominions, was neither less loud at the moment nor more durable afterwards. In its first heat—when the escape from ruin was a recent benefit, when the field of Blenheim was covered with the dead, and the current of the Danube was wafting down to Vienna the bodies of the once victorious French and Bavarians—the Emperor Leopold addressed a letter to "THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE OF US AND THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE, JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH," &c., announcing in form his elevation to a place among the princes of the Empire, &c.; and shortly after the territory of Mindelheim in Bavaria was conferred upon him; but, though the premature death of his only son left Marlborough without heirs male, the dignity was not allowed to descend in the female line; and when the lands of Mindelheim were included in the districts restored to Bavaria at the peace, the Imperial Court had the meanness to withhold any compensation from its deliverer.

Upon his return, to carry on the war in the Netherlands, Marlborough was again subjected to the paralyzing control of the Dutch field deputies, to the wretched intrigues of their officers, and to all the old impediments and annoyances; and, in the campaign of 1705, though he skilfully forced the French lines between Namur and Antwerp, he was once more restrained from striking any decisive blow upon the enemy. Perhaps the quality which this great soldier possessed in the most marvellous perfection was *patience*. Almost any other mortal man would have been thrown into despair and uncontrollable rage by the phlegmatic perverseness and obsti-

nacy of these Dutchmen; but he appears never, for a single moment, to have lost his temper or to have relaxed in his exercise of persuasion, conciliation, and gentle flattery. His letters and dispatches must be read to form any notion of how perfect a master he was of these winning arts and of his own temper. He entered upon this campaign of 1705 with the highest expectations. "I never," says Burnet, "knew the Duke of Marlborough go out so full of hopes as in the beginning of it; but things had not answered his expectations." At one moment he had got the French in a position where he might have annihilated them; but the Dutch deputies had refused to let their troops act. That position was on the field of WATERLOO, which was thus reserved to be the field of the last and greatest victory of the Duke of WELLINGTON.

In the campaign of 1706 the vast efforts and confident movements of the French in the Low Countries under Villeroy, enabled Marlborough to tempt them to an encounter; and in the great battle of Ramilies, fought on Whit-Sunday, May the 23rd (N. S.), he gained a second victory, so complete that the enemy, with the loss of 13,000 men, 80 standards, and all their cannon, were compelled to evacuate the whole of Spanish Flanders. During charges made by the British upon some heavy batteries which Villeroy had placed in front of the village of Ramilies, Marlborough's life was repeatedly jeopardized. Riding close up in person to cheer his soldiers under a murderous fire, he was recognised by the French dragoons, while talking apart with a few of his men who had recoiled from the guns, and in a moment he was almost surrounded: he put spurs to his horse and went off at a gallop; in leaping a ditch he was thrown and in great danger of being taken, but Captain Molesworth, one of his aides-de-camp, dismounted and supplied him with his horse: as Marlborough was mounting, a cannon-ball struck off the head of Colonel Binfield, who was holding the stirrup for him; but the fortunate general rejoined his lines in safety, with no other hurt than a slight bruise from his fall.

After his glorious victory of Ramilies, Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and Oudenarde opened their gates to the conqueror, and the strong fortresses of Ostend, Menin, Dendermonde, and Ath were reduced by regular sieges. The Emperor and the Archduke Charles, the Austrian claimant to the Spanish crown and its dependencies, made Marlborough an offer of the government of the country—the Spanish Netherlands—which he had thus conquered for them; but there were various views and interests which jarred with his; and, by the obstinate opposition of the Dutch, he found himself obliged to decline the offer.

Through the apathy of the Dutch the brilliant campaign of 1706 was followed by a year of inaction. Moreover, during 1707, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were seriously alarmed by the influence a waiting-woman—a relation of the duchess, and once a humble protégée of their own—was acquiring over the mind of the queen, and by the clandestine intrigues she was engaging in with Harley, St. John, and other political and personal enemies to the great captain. The letters which Marlborough wrote to his wife from the Continent in the summer of this inglorious year, intimate his inward conviction that the fate of Europe, the final success of the war, and his own good fame and after glory, were all dependent on the caprice of the queen, the malice of a bedchamber woman, and the intrigues of a few unprincipled adventurers. The duchess, by violently endeavouring to displace Mrs. Masham, and regain her old ascendancy or absolute dictation, only made matters at court still worse.

In the campaign of 1708 the French, being 100,000 strong, and commanded by their king's grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, by Marshal Vendôme, and by the Duke of Berwick, the natural son of James II. by Arabella Churchill, assumed the offensive, and, as if with a full assurance of success, made an attempt to recover possession of Spanish Flanders; but their rash movements laid them open to the attack of Marlborough and Eugene, who, with less than 80,000 men, gave them a

most thorough defeat on the 11th of July, at Oudenarde. The French fled in disgraceful confusion from the field, leaving behind them 15,000 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and more than 100 standards. The forcing of the passage of the Scheldt, the capture of the great fortress of Lille, a place of first-rate strength and defended by a garrison of 15,000 men under Boufflers, and the reduction of Ghent just before the setting in of a terribly inclement winter, were the chief fruits of the victory of Oudenarde. All these advantages were obtained by the happiest combination of perseverance, courage, and consummate skill; yet the maligners of Marlborough set them all down as pieces of sheer luck, and Matthew Prior, who had sold his wit and his pen to Harley and that party, wrote pages to prove that Marlborough, by his conduct in this campaign, had merited not praise but censure. Such is the mad unscrupulousness of political faction, which is restrained by no fact and abashed by no exposure. "Among party men in England," says Voltaire, "I have heard Marlborough called a coward, and Pope a blockhead!" At the beginning of the campaign of 1708 Harley and the Tories generally had revelled in the momentary successes of the French, and predicted that the English general would lose in one short summer all that it had cost him so many years to gain. If we change 1708 into 1812, and Tories into Whigs, and shift the scene from the Low Countries to Spain, we shall find a perfect historical parallel, or the same factious soothsayings attendant on the career of the Duke of Wellington.

The year 1709 was distinguished by the sanguinary combat of Malplaquet, which was fought on the 12th of September, and which is commonly considered as the most dubious of Marlborough's exploits; since, though he was undoubtedly victorious, the assault of an immense army under Villars, in a position of tremendous strength, has exposed him and his colleague Eugene to the charge of reckless temerity; and the result scarcely produced advantages equivalent to the frightful carnage by which it was purchased. The bloody tragedy of Malplaquet,

however, induced Louis XIV. to sue again for peace, and to propose humbler terms than he had hitherto done.

The next campaign (of 1710) was opened with another successful passage of the enemy's lines by Marlborough, which was followed by the reduction of Douay, Bethune, and some other posts on the French frontier. But the duke's spirits were depressed by the bad news which daily reached him from England, or by the assured triumph of his political adversaries, who had enlisted Dr. Sacheverell into their service; several sinister accidents embarrassed his movements, and he found himself under the necessity of giving up the bold notion, which had been warmly recommended by his friend my Lord-Treasurer Godolphin, of attacking Boulogne and opening the road to Paris. On his arrival at court, during the Christmas holidays, he met with the coldest reception; and the usual motion in parliament of thanks to him had been dropped by his friends for fear of its being negatived.

Marshal Villars employed the autumn and winter in constructing a series of strong lines near the Flemish frontiers, to cover the interior of France against the farther advance of the victorious allies; and so confident was he in the impregnable character of these works, that he openly boasted of having "at last brought Marlborough to his *ne plus ultra*." The futility of this vaunt was disgracefully exposed, and never did the valour and genius of Marlborough break forth with more splendour than in this, which was destined to be his last, campaign, and during the progress of which his mind was distracted and his resources were crippled by the malignant influence of Harley and St. John, the first being now prime minister of England, the second secretary of state. After various admirable movements, he, on the 5th of August, 1711, by a sudden, an unexpected and brilliant manœuvre, burst through the lines of his able though gasconading antagonist at Arleux, near Bouchain, without losing a man, formed the siege of that strong fortress, and reduced it in twenty days, under the eyes of Villars and his numerically superior French army. The capture of

Bouchain was Marlborough's last achievement, and, in point of military skill, one of his greatest. It, however, only tended to forward the secret negotiations for a dishonourable peace which Harley and St. John had long been carrying on with the agents of King Louis.

At the beginning of the year 1712 the great captain was dismissed from all his employments; in the month of April the irritated British army in the Netherlands was put under the command of the incompetent Duke of Ormond, who, in the month of May, when he took the field with Prince Eugene, received secret and positive orders from Secretary St. John not to fight the French, but to look upon Marshal Villars as a friend; and, at the close of the year, after a base abandonment of the Emperor and others of our allies, and after occurrences highly dishonourable both to our arms and policy, the terms of the treaty of Utrecht were arranged by St. John, now my Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. And thus was lost the most favourable opportunity of realizing the grand scheme of William III., or of reducing France to her proper limits. The proud, arrogant, overbearing temper of the Duchess of Marlborough, the personal piques and prejudices of the Queen, the intrigues of Harley and Bolingbroke, two of the most perfidious of all political adventurers, and the machinations of a bedchamber woman, had defeated this great object, and had been sufficient to change the political aspect of Europe.

The sudden hatred of the queen for the duchess—a hatred the hotter from the warmth of the affection and the all-confiding friendship which had preceded it—was soon unjustly and ungratefully extended to the man who had achieved the principal glories of her reign, and whose great merits were wholly innocent of personal offence to her majesty. The abject entreaties to which Marlborough descended to spare his duchess the mortification of her dismissal from her place in the royal household present the most humiliating scene of his life. The next blow struck by his enemies was his own removal from command, at a moment when victory was fixed on his crest, and when Louis XIV. was humbled

almost to the dust; and this measure was envenomed by the malignity of the triumphant faction with a compound charge of peculation, which can now be proved to have been utterly unfounded. The charges were got up merely for the occasion, by his unscrupulous foes, who never proved them, and who, indeed (their immediate purpose being served), can hardly be said to have attempted to substantiate them. The great soldier, as we have hinted, was meanly fond of money. He had made the most of fees and perquisites, and all those irregular allowances then allowed in the very defective administration of our army (and not yet, to our disgrace, entirely done away with); but he had, in no one instance, exceeded usage and precedent. Ever since the Revolution of 1688, as also before that time, every English commander-in-chief of the army in the Low Countries had been allowed to accept of perquisites on the conclusion or renewal of contracts for provisions, etc. These perquisites and others stood in lieu of the proper, adequate, and fixed salaries which they *ought* to have had, and which they *had not*. The worst charge of all—or that the contractor Sir Solomon de Medina, in consideration of the sums he paid annually to Marlborough, had been permitted to feed the soldiers with very bad and unwholesome bread—was disproved by the indignant denial of the whole army. That army had never anything meriting the name of a Commissariat, until Marlborough created one; no English troops had ever before been so well fed, clothed, accoutred, and quartered; no general-in-chief had ever bestowed so minute and incessant an attention to the comforts of his men (Marlborough's Dispatches, Letters Public and Private, and General Orders, will best prove this scrupulous care); and thence it was that those men had excited the admiration of Europe by their appearance, had borne with cheerfulness the toils of the long march, and their occasional and inevitable privations, and had carried, in the highest perfection, their native strength and courage into the battle and the charge.

At first it was given out that the duke was removed from his high command merely that the charges brought

against him might have an impartial examination. But then the Queen herself wrote him a letter, attributing his disgrace to ill treatment which she had received personally. Marlborough told her majesty that this was an ill reward for his long services—that the inveteracy of his enemies had been more powerful with her than any other consideration;—and shortly after he and his duchess withdrew to the Continent, where he was honoured as he merited, and where they remained until Queen Anne was assailed by her last and mortal malady. While Harley and Bolingbroke were traitorously plotting to bring in the Pretender, Marlborough kept up a correspondence with his personal friends the court of Hanover, and (notwithstanding some inexplicable by-play with the Stuart emissaries) he indisputably aided in smoothing the way to the accession of George I. to the English throne. Upon that event—in August, 1714, so short had been the Duke's disgrace!—Marlborough was restored to his military rank as Captain-General and Master of the Ordnance; Harley, now Earl of Oxford, was clapped up in the Tower; Bolingbroke fled, and was exiled and outlawed; and the Duke of Ormond, attainted of treason, was soon driven to end his days in poverty and a foreign land.

Marlborough passed the remaining eight years of his life in the undisturbed enjoyment of his dignities. In this interval, two paralytic strokes shook his strength, but without at all seriously impairing his faculties; and the line which Johnson inserted in the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,'—

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,"

was, at least, a poetical exaggeration. For he continued to be consulted on all affairs of war or of policy, and to attend his parliamentary and other duties until a few months before his death, which occurred when he was in the full possession of his senses, and in the seventy-second year of his age, on the 16th of June, 1722.

On the premature death of his only son, the Marquis of Blandford, the reversion of the ducal title and estate

of Blenheim had been settled on Marlborough's daughters and their heirs male; and the eldest, who thus succeeded her father, having died leaving no son, the family honours descended through her next sister, the lady of Charles Spencer, earl of Sunderland, to the house which still inherits them, and which, in our own age, has assumed the name of Churchill.

Not less as a statesman than as a warrior, Marlborough was indisputably the most distinguished personage of his country and times. As a statesman, he was unrivalled in personal address and diplomatic skill, in the arts of persuasion and conciliation, and the powers of combination and arrangements. Had he not been so accomplished—so perfect a diplomatist, he could never have have had the opportunities of winning his high renown as a general; for the European coalition would have fallen to pieces through the bickerings, the jealousies and distractions of the princes and powers who composed it. In personal conferences, the charm of his manner is said to have been irresistible. He was trusted and admired, if not beloved, by well nigh every prince and prime minister on the Continent. He was the life and soul of the grand alliance which (though it might have done more) arrested the ambitious career of Louis XIV., and gave temporary security to the liberties of Europe; his influence pervaded every continental court; and by his energetic hand was set in motion every spring of that vast confederacy which centred its only real point of confidence in his spirit. Bolingbroke, one of his bitterest enemies and ablest contemporaries, was not ashamed to acknowledge, after the grave had closed over him, that Marlborough was the greatest minister this country had ever possessed.

As a general, Marlborough is not to be numbered with the few, such as Maurice of Nassau, Gustavus Adolphus, or Frederic of Prussia, whose genius has stamped its impress upon the warfare of their times, and made a distinct epoch in military history. He left the art which he practised with unrivalled ability, in the same state in which he had found it; nor is there a single change or

improvement in strategy attributed to his master-mind. But if this absence of inventive power may seem to detract from his claim to the very highest order of military merit, it must not the less be remembered that he was beyond comparison the most accomplished commander of his warlike age. It was an age of formal tactics and deliberate sieges; which had produced Vauban and Coehorn, raised the art of fortifying to an apparent perfection, and exaggerated the importance of regular fortresses and long drawn lines of intrenchment. In the system of operations which naturally grew out of such circumstances, Marlborough greatly excelled; and of six conspicuous occasions on which he is recorded to have penetrated the intrenched positions of his opponents, *five* were nearly bloodless triumphs of his tactical skill. In all these, his success equally proclaims his own superiority over his antagonists, and the vicious practice of the age, which in attempting to cover an assailable country with extended chains of intrenchments, laboriously invited as many points of attack as it multiplied works. But Marlborough himself, in his own practice, adhered to the same rules of defence, of which his success might have shown him the futility. Once, indeed, after the victory of Oudenarde, he broke through the pedantry of rules, and proposed to Eugene, by masking Lille and Tournay with a corps of observation, to penetrate into the interior of France and strike at the heart: a plan which, instead of consuming the remainder of a victorious campaign in the siege of two fortresses, might have triumphantly ended the war under the walls of Paris. But the bold proposal seemed too hazardous even to Eugene.

Each, however, of Marlborough's great battles, and of the operations which preceded it, will testify that his skill comprehended much more than the conduct of a war of sieges and intrenchments. The consummate adroitness with which the objects of his memorable march into Germany in 1704 were concealed from the enemy, and their fears successively misdirected to the Moselle, to Alsace, and to Landau, until it was too late

to prevent his real designs on the Danube, must ever be numbered among the most perfect efforts of military science. The beautiful manœuvres by which the battle of Ramilies was won, may also be cited with equal admiration. And when it is considered that the successes of Marlborough were gained with an army in which the native British contingent seldom amounted to 20,000 men, and of which three-fourths or four-fifths were composed of a motley roll of Hanoverians, Hessians, Wirtemburgers, Prussians, Danes, and Dutchmen, and moreover, that his plans were in almost every enterprise marred by the timidity or obstinacy of the Dutch deputies, our estimate of his genius must be wondrously elevated. His undisturbed concord and warm enduring friendship with his illustrious colleague, Prince Eugene, were beautiful as they were rare. Perhaps no other instance can be found in the annals of the whole world, of such a lasting friendship existing between two commanders in the like situation and circumstances—two men, different in nation, in education, and character, serving governments whose interests or immediate views so frequently clashed, and having a joint command over so heterogeneous an army, which included within itself so great a variety of national and local prejudices. In the united operations of these two generals, the Imperialists and the continental troops generally were disposed to confer the greater share of praise on Eugene, while the British troops claimed that share for their countryman: but neither Marlborough nor the Prince seems ever to have felt the slightest jealousy of the other, each, after a battle or at the close of a campaign, applauding his colleague with a simplicity and warmth which evidently came from the heart. This is about the best proof which can be given that both were truly great minds. Eugene—somewhat of a spendthrift himself—was accustomed to smile at Marlborough's parsimony; but, under every other possible aspect—and whether in the field, in the heady fight, in the cabinet, or in the calm retirement of private life, he regarded the character of his colleague and friend with reverence and

affection. When the duke was sacrificed to a faction, the prince, commissioned by the emperor, came over to London to expostulate with the queen, and to prove that the war—which she had not yet announced her intention of abandoning—could not be successfully prosecuted without her great general, whose name had become a word of terror to the French, and an assurance of victory to his own troops. Eugene failed in his mission, and witnessed, with an almost incredulous astonishment, the lengths and excesses, the calumny and the ribaldry into which party spirit could transport Englishmen; but he had the enviable satisfaction of passing much of his time with his old comrade in arms and councils, and of testifying, in that season of eclipse and disgrace, the veneration in which he held him.

Whatever may have been his political duplicity and previous tergiversations, from the time Marlborough assumed the supreme command of Queen Anne's forces in the War of Succession, his course, both as a statesman and soldier, appears to have been honest and direct. The late and much-lamented General Sir George Murray (than whom a better military authority could not be quoted), while engaged in editing the Marlborough Dispatches, said that, after an attentive study of the whole matter, or of all the campaigns from 1702 to 1712, he could not detect a single instance in which the duke had not acted most honourably by England and her allies, or one in which he had not done his very utmost as a soldier for the cause in which he was engaged, and for the great object held in view—a satisfactory, an honourable, and a *lasting* peace, based upon a fixed and durable limit to the power and ambition of France. And, shortly afterwards, Sir George Murray, in concluding his editorial labours with a brief sketch of the disgraceful events on the theatre of war, which followed the dismissal of Marlborough, said that the duke's letters and dispatches, which authentically detailed the separate transactions of the war, "would exhibit on the part of the British general, who was the soul of the confederacy, a union of extraordinary abilities, of indefati-

gable activity, of *unvarying steadfastness of purpose, and undeviating rectitude of conduct.*"*

Admitting all his faults, it will still be easy to prove that Marlborough had many of the qualities of a good patriot and a good man. His friend the Lord Treasurer Godolphin and himself appear, of all their contemporaries, to have been most free from the virulent spirit of faction and most sincerely devoted to the true honour and interests of their country. The attachment of Marlborough to the tenets and principles of the Church of England was sincere and pure; he was unaffectedly a person of strong religious feeling; and the example which, as a commander, he held out to his troops and enforced in his camp, of a piety without fanaticism, was as salutary as it has been infrequent. His high personal courage, which the inconceivable baseness of faction affected to doubt, assumed in his later years the calm and collected spirit of the Christian hero. In public action he was ever as humane and merciful as towards personal enemies he was placable and magnanimous. The profligacy of the court and *beau monde*, which Charles II. had made fashionable, did not cease with the Revolution; it was, in fact, but little amended until the accession of George III. Yet, in private life, if we except the stain of parsimony, Marlborough's conduct, at least after his marriage, was a pattern of moral virtue. His temper was imperturbably sweet, gentle, and affectionate; and he was but too fond a husband, too confiding a friend, and too indulgent a master.

The biographies of the great general are rather numerous, though not one of them can be cited as a very able or thoroughly satisfactory work. In 1808, there was published at Paris, 3 vols. 8vo., 'Histoire de Jean Churchill, Due de Marlborough,'—a signal foreign tribute to his greatness, since it was composed by order of Napo-

* "The Letters and Dispatches of John Churchill, First Duke of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1712. Edited by General the Rt. Hon. Sir George Murray, five vols. 8vo. London, 1845." Vol. v., p. 590.

leon Bonaparte, and written, with a few exceptions, in a fair and candid spirit. In 1818-19 the late venerable Archdeacon Coxe published, in London, in three large quarto volumes, his 'Memoirs of John duke of Marlborough'—a work of which the chief value consists in a great mass of original correspondence, published from the family papers at Blenheim and other sources. But the best existing monument to Marlborough's fame is the collection of his own letters and dispatches, published from the originals, by Sir George Murray. Official occupation and his rapidly declining health rendered it impossible for Sir George to do much in an editorial capacity; nor did he, indeed, consider that very much was necessary to be done. His notions were—that the best service to be rendered to Marlborough's reputation would be to print fully and correctly the dispatches and correspondence bearing on the War of Succession, by the exploits in which the great captain won his imperishable fame;—that the work should serve as a book of reference for soldiers and statesmen, and as a contribution of the most authentic materials for the use of future historians and biographers. And, in these respects, the work is invaluable. We have but too few published materials of the kind. In every extensive library Sir George Murray's five volumes will find a place by the side of the Wellington Dispatches, published by Colonel Gurwood. The wonderful resemblance between the style and matter of the two greatest of our military heroes will strike every reader; nor will the following facts be uninteresting in military and literary history:—the able Quarter-Master-General of the Duke of Wellington, the sharer in the glories of the Peninsular war, and one of the most accomplished, scientific soldiers of the nineteenth century, so soon as these original Marlborough dispatches were discovered in the lumber-room of an old house at Woodstock—to which the culpable and well-nigh criminal negligence and indifference of the successors of the great man had consigned them—devoted all his leisure time to the subject, and urged on the publication as a tribute due to Wellington's illustrious predecessor; he corrected by

himself—and often while suffering the agonies of disease —every proof-sheet as it was sent him; he saw the whole work through the press,—and saw that it was correctly printed; and then, a few months after the completion of his task, Sir George Murray died.

CHRISTOPHER WREN, the most celebrated of British architects, was born at East Knoyle in Wiltshire, October 20, 1632. His father was Rector of that parish, Dean of Windsor, and Registrar of the Order of the Garter: his uncle, Dr. Matthew Wren, was successively Bishop of Hereford, of Norwich, and of Ely; and was one of the greatest sufferers for the royal cause during the Commonwealth, having been imprisoned nearly twenty years in the Tower without ever having been brought to trial. The political predilections of Wren's family may be sufficiently understood from these notices; but he himself, although his leaning probably was to the side which had been espoused by his father and his uncle, seems to have taken no active part in state affairs. The period of his long life comprehended a series of the mightiest national convulsions and changes that ever took place in England—the civil war—the overthrow of the monarchy—the domination of Cromwell—the Restoration

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—the Revolution—the union with Scotland—and, finally, the accession of a new family to the throne; but we do not find that in the high region of philosophy and art in which he moved, he ever allowed himself to be either withdrawn from or interrupted in his course by any of these great events of the outer world.

His health in his early years was extremely delicate. On this account he received the commencement of his education at home under the superintendence of his father and a domestic tutor. He was then sent to Westminster School, over which the celebrated Busby had just come to preside. The only memorial which we possess of Wren's schoolboy days is a dedication in Latin verse, addressed by him to his father in his thirteenth year, of an astronomical machine which he had invented, and which seems from his description to have been a sort of apparatus for representing the celestial motions, such as we now call an orrery. His genius is also stated to have displayed itself at this early age in other mechanical contrivances.

In 1646 he was sent to Oxford, and entered as a gentleman commoner at Wadham College. Of his academical life we can say little more than that it confirmed the promise of his early proficiency. He was especially distinguished by his mathematical acquirements, and gained the notice and acquaintance of many of the most learned and influential persons belonging to the university. Several short treatises and mechanical inventions are assigned to this period of his life: but as these have long ceased to interest any but curious inquirers into the history of literature or science, we can only indicate their existence, and refer to other and more comprehensive works. In 1650 Wren graduated as Bachelor of Arts. He was elected Fellow of All Souls on the 2nd of November, 1653, and took the degree of Master of Arts on the 12th of December in the same year. Of the subjects which engaged his active and versatile mind at this time, one of the chief was the science of Anatomy; and he is, on apparently good grounds, thought to have first suggested and tried the interesting

experiment of injecting liquids of various kinds into the veins of living animals,—a process of surgery, which, applied to the transfusion of healthy blood into a morbid or deficient circulation, has been revived, not without some promise of important results, in our own day. Another subject which attracted much of his attention was the Barometer; but he has no claim whatever either to the invention of that instrument or to the detection of the great principle of physics of which it is an exemplification. The notion which has been taken up of his right to supplant the illustrious Torricelli here has arisen merely from mistaking the question with regard to the causes of the fluctuations in the height of the barometrical column, while the instrument continues in the same place, for the entirely different question as to the cause why the fluid remains suspended at all; about which, since the celebrated experiments of Pascal, published in 1647, there never has been any controversy. It was the former phenomenon only which was attributed by some to the influence of the moon, and which Wren and many of his contemporaries exercised their ingenuity, as many of their successors have done, in endeavouring to explain.

In carrying on these investigations and experiments, Wren's diligence was stimulated and assisted by his having been admitted a member, about this period, of that celebrated association of philosophical inquirers, out of whose meetings, begun some years before, eventually rose the Royal Society. But, like several others of the more eminent members, he was soon removed from the comparative retirement of Oxford. On the 7th of August, 1657, being then only in his twenty-fifth year, he was chosen to the Professorship of Astronomy in Gresham College. This chair he held till the 8th of March, 1661, when he resigned it in consequence of having, on the 31st of January preceding, received the appointment of Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. On the 12th of September, 1661, he took his degree of Doctor of Civil Law at Oxford, and was soon after admitted *ad eundem* by the sister university. During all this time he had continued to cultivate assiduously

the various branches of mathematical and physical science, and to extend his reputation both by his lectures and by his communications to the 'Philosophical Club,' as it was called, which, in 1658, had been transferred to London, and usually met on the Wednesday of every week at Gresham College, in Wren's class-room, and, on the Thursday in that of his associate Rooke, the Professor of Geometry. The longitude, the calculation of solar eclipses, and the examination and delineation of insects and animalcula by means of the miscroscope, may be enumerated among the subjects to which he is known to have devoted his attention. On the 15th of July, 1662,* he and his associates were incorporated under the title of the Royal Society; and Wren, who drew out the preamble of the charter, bore a chief part in the effecting of this arrangement.

The future architect of St. Paul's had already been called upon to devote a portion of his time to the professional exercise of that art from which he was destined to derive his greatest and most lasting distinction. Sir John Denham, the poet, had on the Restoration been rewarded for his services by the place of Surveyor of the Royal Works; but although, in his own words, he then gave over poetical lines, and made it his business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to his Majesty, and he hoped more lasting, it soon became apparent that his genius was much better suited to "build the lofty rhyme" than to construct more substantial edifices. In these circumstances Wren, who was known among his other accomplishments to be well acquainted with the principles of architecture, was sent for, and engaged to do the duties of the office in the capacity of Denham's assistant or deputy. This was in the year 1661. It does not appear that for some time he was employed in any work of consequence in his new character; and in

* In the Life of Boyle this event is stated to have occurred in 1663. A *second* charter was granted to the Society, in that year, on the 22nd of April.

1663 it was proposed to send him out to Africa, to superintend the construction of a new harbour and fortifications at the town of Tangier, which had been recently made over by Portugal to the English Crown, on the marriage of Charles with the Infanta Catherine. This employment he wisely declined, alleging the injury he apprehended to his health from a residence in Africa. Meanwhile, the situation which he held, and his scientific reputation, began to bring him something to do at home. Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was Chancellor of the University of Oxford, had resolved to erect at his own expense a new theatre, or hall, for the public meetings of the University; and this building Wren was commissioned to design. The Sheldonian Theatre, celebrated for its unrivalled roof of eighty feet in length by seventy in breadth, supported without either arch or pillar, was Wren's first public work, having been begun this year, although it was not finished till 1668. About the same time he was employed to erect a new chapel for Pembroke College, in the University of Cambridge, to be built at the charge of his uncle, the Bishop of Ely.

But, while he was about to commence these buildings, he was appointed to take a leading part in another work, which ultimately became the principal occupation of the best years of his life, and enabled him to afford to his contemporaries and to posterity by far the most magnificent display of his architectural skill and genius. Ever since the Restoration, the repair of the Metropolitan Cathedral of St. Paul, which during the time of the Commonwealth had been surrendered to the most deplorable desecration and outrage, had been anxiously contemplated; and on the 18th of April, 1663, letters patent were at length issued by the King, appointing a number of commissioners, among whom Wren was one, to superintend the undertaking. Under their direction a survey of the state of the building was taken, and some progress was made in the reparation of its most material injuries, when, after the sum of between three and four thousand pounds had been expended, the great fire,

which broke out on the night of Sunday, the 2nd of September, 1666, on the following day reduced the whole pile to a heap of ruins.

A considerable part of the year before this Wren had spent in Paris, having proceeded thither, it would seem, about Midsummer, 1665, and remained till the following spring. The object of his visit was to improve himself in the profession in which he had embarked, by the inspection and study of the various public buildings which adorned the French capital, where the celebrated Bernini was at this time employed on the Louvre, with a thousand workmen under him, occupied in all the various departments of the art, and forming altogether, in Wren's opinion, probably the best school of architecture to be then found in Europe. He appears accordingly to have employed his time, with his characteristic activity, in examining everything deserving of attention in the city and its neighbourhood; and lost no opportunity either of making sketches of remarkable edifices himself, or of procuring them from others, so that, as he writes to one of his correspondents, he hoped to bring home with him almost all France on paper. The terrible visitation, which a few months after his return laid half the metropolis of his native country in ashes, opened to him a much wider field whereon to exercise the talent which he had been thus eager to cultivate and strengthen by enlarged knowledge, than he could, while so engaged, have expected ever to possess. He was not slow to seize the opportunity; and while the ashes of the city were yet alive, drew up a plan for its restoration, the leading features of which were a broad street running from Aldgate to Temple Bar, with a large square for the reception of the new cathedral of St. Paul; and a range of handsome quays along the river. The paramount necessity of speed in restoring the dwellings of a houseless multitude prevented the adoption of this project; and the new streets were in general formed nearly on the line of the old ones. But they were widened and straightened, and the houses were built of brick instead of wood.

Soon after the fire, Wren was appointed Surveyor-General and principal Architect for rebuilding the parish churches; and on the 28th of March, 1669, a few days after the death of Sir John Denham, he was made Surveyor-General of the Royal Works, the office which he had for some time executed as deputy. On the 30th of July he was unanimously chosen Surveyor-General of the repairs of St. Paul's (another office which Denham had also held) by the commissioners appointed to superintend that work, of whom he was himself one. At first it was still thought possible to repair the cathedral; and a part of it was actually fitted up as a temporary choir, and service performed in it. After some time, however, it became evident that the only way in which it could ever be restored was by rebuilding the whole from the foundation. Before the close of the year 1672, Wren had prepared and submitted to the King different plans for the new church; and his Majesty having fixed upon the one which he preferred, a commission for commencing the work was issued on the 12th of November, 1673. On the 20th of the same month, Wren, who had been re-appointed architect for the work, and also one of the commissioners, was knighted at Whitehall, having resigned his professorship at Oxford in the preceding April.

During the space of time which had elapsed since the fire, the Surveyor-General of Public Works had begun or finished various minor buildings connected with the restoration of the city, and also some in other parts of the kingdom. Among the former may be mentioned the fine column called the Monument; the church of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside, the spire of which is considered the most beautiful he ever constructed, and a masterpiece of science, both begun in 1671, and finished in 1677; and the church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, begun in 1672, and finished in 1679, the interior of which is one of the most exquisite specimens of architectural art which the world contains, and has excited, perhaps, more enthusiastic admiration than anything else that Wren had done. During the whole of this time,

too, notwithstanding the little leisure which his professional avocations must have left him, he appears to have continued his philosophical pursuits, and his attendance on the Royal Society, of which, from the first, he had been one of the most active and valuable members. His communications, and the experiments which he suggested, embraced some of the profoundest parts of astronomy and the mathematics, as well as various points in anatomy and natural history, and the chemical and mechanical arts.

The design which Wren had prepared for the new Cathedral, and which had been approved by the King, being that of which a model is still preserved in an apartment over the Morning-Prayer Chapel, did not in some respects please the majority of his brother-commissioners, who insisted that, in order to give the building the true cathedral form, the aisles should be added at the sides as they now stand, although the architect is said to have felt so strongly the injury done by that alteration, that he actually shed tears in speaking of it. This difficulty, however, being at length settled, his Majesty, on the 14th May, 1675, issued his warrant for immediately commencing the work; and accordingly, after a few weeks more had been spent in throwing down the old walls and removing the rubbish, the first stone was laid by Sir Christopher, assisted by his master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong, on the 21st of June. From this time the building proceeded steadily till its completion in 1710; in which year the highest stone of the lantern on the cupola was laid by Mr. Christopher Wren, the son of the architect, as representing his venerable father, now in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

The salary which Sir Christopher Wren received as architect of St. Paul's was only 200*l.* a year. Yet in the last years of his superintendence a moiety of this pittance was withheld from him by the Commissioners, under the authority of a clause which they had got inserted in an act of parliament entitling them to keep back the money till the work should be finished, by way of thereby ensuring the requisite expedition in the architect. Even after the building had been actually com-

pleted, they still continued,' on the same pretence, to refuse payment of the arrears due, alleging that certain things yet remained to be done, which, after all, objections and difficulties interposed by themselves alone prevented from being performed. Like his great predecessor, Michael Angelo, Wren was too honest and zealous in the discharge of his duty not to have provoked the enmity of many persons who had their private ends to serve in the discharge of a great public duty. He was at last obliged to petition the Queen on the subject of the treatment to which he was subjected; but it was not till after a struggle of some years that he succeeded in obtaining redress. The faction by whom he was thus opposed even attempted to blacken his character by a direct charge of peculation, or at least of connivance at that crime, in a pamphlet entitled 'Frauds and Abuses at St. Paul's,' which appeared in 1712, and in reference to which Sir Christopher deemed it proper to appeal to the public in an anonymous reply published the year after, wherein he vindicated himself triumphantly from the aspersions which had been thrown upon him.

The other architectural works which he designed and executed during this period, both in London and elsewhere, are far too numerous to be mentioned in detail. Among them were the parish-church of St. Bride, in Fleet Street, which was finished in 1680, and the beautiful spire of which, originally two hundred and thirty-four feet in height, has been deemed to rival that of St. Mary-le-Bow; the church of St. James, Westminster, finished in 1683, a building in almost all its parts not more remarkable for its beauty than for its scientific construction; and of which the roof especially, both for its strength and elegance, and for its adaptation to the distinct conveyance of sound, has been reckoned a singularly happy triumph of art; and the church of St. Andrew, Holborn, a fine specimen of a commodious and imposing interior: besides many others of inferior note. In 1696 he commenced the building of the present Hospital at Greenwich, of which he lived to complete the greater part. This is undoubtedly one of the most splendid

erections of our great architect. Among his less successful works may be enumerated Chelsea Hospital, begun in 1682, and finished in 1690, a plain, but not an inelegant building; his additions to the Palace of Hampton Court, carried on from 1690 to 1694, which are certainly not in the best taste; and his repairs at Westminster Abbey, of which he was appointed surveyor-general in 1698. In his attempt to restore and complete this venerable edifice, his ignorance of the principles of the Gothic style, and his want of taste for its peculiar beauties, made him fail perhaps more egregiously than on any other occasion. In 1679 he completed the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the most magnificent of his works; and in 1683, the Chapel of Queen's College, and the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford. The same year he began the erection of the extensive pile of Winchester Castle, originally intended for a royal palace, but now used as a military barrack. To these works are to be added a long list of halls for the City companies, and other public buildings, as well as a considerable number of private edifices. Among the latter was Marlborough House, Pall-Mall. Indeed scarcely a building of importance was undertaken during this long period which he was not called upon to design or superintend. The activity both of mind and body must have been extraordinary, which enabled him to accomplish what he did, not to speak of the ready and fertile ingenuity, and the inexhaustible sources of invention and science he must have possessed, to meet the incessant demands that were made for new and varying displays of his contriving skill. It appears, too, in addition to all this, that the duties imposed upon him by his place of Surveyor of Public Works, for which he only received a salary of 100*l.* a year, were of an extremely harassing description, and must have consumed a great deal of his time. Claims and disputes as to rights of property, and petitions or complaints in regard to the infringement of the building regulations in every part of the metropolis and its vicinity, seem to have been constantly submitted

to his examination and adjudication; and Mr. Elmes has printed many of his reports upon these cases from the original manuscripts, which afford striking evidence both of the promptitude with which he gave his attention to the numerous calls thus made upon him, and of the large expenditure of time and labour they must have cost him.

The long series of years during which Wren was occupied in the accomplishment of his greatest work, and which had conducted him from the middle stage of life to old age, brought to him also of course various other changes. He had been twice married, and had become the father of two sons and a daughter, of whom the eldest, Christopher, was the author of 'Parentalia, or Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens.' In 1680 he was elected to the Presidency of the Royal Society, on its being declined by Mr. Boyle; and this honourable office he held for two years, during which, notwithstanding all his other occupations, we find him occupying the chair in person at almost every meeting, and still continuing to take his usual prominent part in the scientific discussions of the evening. In 1684 there was added to his other appointments that of Comptroller of the Works at Windsor. In May, 1685, he entered parliament as one of the members for Plympton; and he also sat for Windsor, both in the convention which met after the Revolution and in the first parliament of William III. He afterwards sat for Weymouth in the parliament which met in February, 1700, and which was dissolved in November of the year following.

The evening of Wren's life was marked by neglect and ingratitude. In the eighty-sixth year of his age he was removed from the office of Surveyor-General, which he had held for forty-nine years, in favour of one Benson, whose incapacity and dishonesty soon led to his disgrace and dismissal. Fortunately Wren's temper was too happy and placid to be affected by the loss of court favour, and he retired to his home at Hampton Court, where he spent the last five years of his life chiefly in the study of the Scriptures and the revision of his philoso-

phical works. He died February 25, 1723, in the ninety-first year of his age.

More minute accounts of his life are to be found in the 'Parentalia,' already mentioned, and in Mr. Elmes's quarto volume. We may also refer the reader to a longer memoir in the 'Library of Useful Knowledge.'

A BIOGRAPHY of Newton, intended for such a collection as this, must necessarily be much condensed; the account of his discoveries must be little more than allusion, and a perfect list of his writings and their editions is out of the question. The only life which exists on any considerable scale (as justly remarked by the author), is that by Sir David Brewster in the Family Library (No. 24): this will be our chief reference on matters of fact. On those of opinion, particularly as to the social character of Newton, we must differ in some degree from our guide, as well as from all those (no small number) whose well founded veneration for the greatest of philosophical inquirers has led them to regard him as an exhibition of goodness all but perfect, and judgment unimpeachable. That we can follow them a long way will sufficiently appear in the course of this sketch.

Isaac Newton was born at Woolsthorpe, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, on Christmas Day, 1642; a weakly and diminutive infant, of whom it is related, that,

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

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at his birth, he might have found room in a quart mug. He died March 20, 1727, after more than eighty-four years of more than average bodily health and vigour: it is a proper pendant to the story of the quart mug to state that he never lost more than one of his second teeth. His father, Isaac Newton, though lord of the poor manor of Woolsthorpe, was in fact a small farmer, who died before the birth of his son. The manor, which had been in the family about 100 years, was Newton's patrimony: it descended to the grandson of his father's brother. This heir sold it in 1732 to Edmund Turnor, to whose descendant the world is much indebted for a collection of facts connected with Newton's history. A curious tradition of a conversation of Newton with Gregory, in which the former affirmed himself to be descended from a Scotch family, his grandfather having come from East Lothian at the accession of James I., will be found in the appendix to Brewster's life, with a careful attempt to see how far the presumption it affords can be supported by collateral evidence. But Newton himself (twenty years before the date of this conversation) gave his pedigree on oath into the Heralds' Office, stating that he had reason to believe that his great grandfather's father was John Newton, of Westby, in Lincolnshire. To bring all that relates to his family together, his mother, when he was three years old, married Barnabas Smith, rector of North Witham, by whom she had one son and two daughters (who gained by marriage the names of Pilkington and Barton). The children of these three, four nephews and four nieces of Newton by the half-blood, inherited his personal property, amounting to 32,000*l*. One of these nieces, Catherine, who married a Colonel Barton, became a widow, and afterwards lived in Newton's house. After her second marriage (to Mr. Conduit, who succeeded Newton as master of the Mint) she and her husband resided with him until his death. They are the authority for many anecdotes given by Fontenelle in the 'Eloge' read to the Academy of Sciences. Mrs. Conduit's only daughter, Catherine, married Mr. Wallop,

afterwards Viscount Lymington by inheritance; she transmitted a large collection of Newton's papers, also by inheritance, to the family of the Earl of Portsmouth. These 'Portsmouth Papers' still exist unpublished: and there is also a mass of papers in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which are well known.

At his mother's second marriage Newton passed under the care of his grandmother. After some education at day schools, he was placed, in his twelfth year, at the public school at Grantham. He distinguished himself here by a turn for mechanics and carpentering; and among his early tastes was the love of writing verses and of drawing. The dials which he made on the wall of his family house at Woolsthorpe have lasted to our day. They were lately carefully cut out by Mr. Turnor, and presented, framed in glass for preservation, to the Royal Society. While at Grantham he formed a friendship, which afterwards became a more serious feeling, with a young lady named Storey, who lived with the family in which he boarded. Their marriage was prevented by their poverty: Miss Storey was afterwards twice married, and as Mrs. Vincent, at the age of eighty-two, after Newton's death, gave many particulars concerning his early life. He continued her friend to the end of his life, and was her frequent benefactor: and he lived and died a bachelor, though to say for her sake would perhaps be going beyond evidence; particularly when the engrossing nature of his subsequent studies is considered.

When he was fourteen years old his step-father died, and his mother, who then took up her residence at Woolsthorpe, recalled him from school to assist in the management of the farm. As it was found, however, that he was constantly occupied with his books when he should have been otherwise engaged, his maternal uncle recommended that he should be sent to Cambridge. He was accordingly admitted, June 5, 1660, a member of Trinity College, a foundation which his name has ever since not only supported, but invigorated. According to

the college books he was subsizar* in 1661, scholar in 1664, Bachelor of Arts in 1665, Junior Fellow in 1667, Master of Arts and Senior Fellow in 1668. In 1669, Dr. Barrow resigned the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics, and Newton was appointed his successor. From this period, when all money cares were removed by the emoluments of his fellowship and professorship, we must date the beginning of Newton's public career.

To go back a little; it does not appear that Newton went to Cambridge with any remarkable amount of acquired knowledge, or any results of severe discipline of mind. He had read Euclid, it is said, and considered the propositions as self-evident truths. This is some absurd version of his early studies: many propositions, no

* A sizar at Cambridge was, in the original meaning of the word, a student whose poverty compels him to seek to maintain himself in whole or part by the performance of some duties which were originally of a menial character. By this institution a youth could live by the work of his hands while he pursued his studies. In our days there is but little distinction between the sizars and those above them; except in college charges, none at all. Those who look upon universities as institutions for *gentlemen* only, that is, for persons who can pay their way according to a certain conventional standard, praise the liberality with which poorer *gentlemen* than others have been gradually emancipated from what seems to them a mere badge of poverty. But those who know the old constitution of the universities see nothing in it except the loss to the labouring man and the destitute man of his inheritance in those splendid foundations. If sizarships with paid personal services had not existed, Newton could not have gone to Cambridge; and the Principia might never have been written. Let it be remembered then that, so far as we owe this immortal work and *its* immortal work to the University of Cambridge, we owe it to the institution which no longer exists, by which education and advancement were as open to honest poverty seeking a maintenance by labour, as to wealth and rank. Let the juries who find on their oaths that scores of pounds' worth of cigars are reasonable necessaries for young college students, think of this, if they can think.

doubt, are very evident; but if Newton ever gave this account of himself, which we do not believe, it proves nothing but that the lad carried to the University as much of self-conceit as the man brought away of learning and judgment. That the young mechanician, desultory in his previous reading, deep beyond his years in construction* and practical verification, found within himself at first some dislike to the beaten road of mathematics, and was willing to make it royal by admitting all he was asked to prove, is what we can easily believe: for such is the most frequent tendency of an unbalanced exercise of manual ingenuity. That he may have stated this when he expressed his regret that he had not paid greater attention to the geometry of the ancients, is not improbable. Were such his bent, the discipline of the university would soon show a mind like his the paramount necessity of a different mode of proceeding. Again, we are not told anything of Newton's pupillar career at Cambridge, except that he is known to have† bought a prism (an epoch in his life) in 1664; and that, in the same or the next year, being competitor for a college law-fellowship with a Mr. Robert Uvedale, the two candidates were of perfectly equal merit, and Dr. Barrow accordingly elected Mr. Uvedale as the senior in standing. We have no account of any great sensation produced by the talents of Newton during his college career. Even Barrow, the best judge in Cambridge, and, after Wallis, in England, writing to Collins in 1669 (when he was on the point of resigning the mathematical chair to Newton), mentions him as an unknown man‡ of

* Let it be remembered that we are not told that Newton, when very young, *took* greatly to anything except arts of construction.

† The *status pupillaris* lasts about seven years, that is, until the degree of Master of Arts is taken.

‡ "A friend of mine here, that hath an excellent genius to these things, brought me ... some papers .... which I suppose will please you." And again, some days after, "I am glad my friend's paper gives you so much satisfaction; his name is Mr. Newton, a Fellow of our College, and very young

great promise, in terms of high, but not unusual commendation.

The first period of Newton's life is twenty-seven years, ending with his appointment to the Lucasian professorship. The second, of twenty-six years, ending with his appointment to his first office in the mint in 1695, was the period of the announcement of all his discoveries. The third and longest, of thirty-two years, containing his official residence in London, saw him in the uninterrupted possession of as much fame as man can have, and power never equalled over those of the same pursuits as himself. The merely biographical history of his second period is not long. Dec. 21, 1671, and Jan. 11, 1671-2, the Royal Society entered on their minutes, in such terms as people use who have not the gift of prophecy, two of the most important announcements they ever had to make. "Mr. Isaac Newton, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, was proposed candidate by the Lord Bishop of Salisbury (Dr. Seth Ward)," and "Mr. Isaac Newton was elected." During the whole of this second period, he was seldom out of Cambridge more than three or four weeks in one year. Having missed the Law Fellowship (which was a *lay* fellowship) he would have been required, in 1675, either to take orders or to vacate the fellowship which he did hold. But in that year he obtained a dispensation from Charles II., no doubt granted at the application of the college. He lectured on optics in the year following his appointment to the Professorship; and it would appear that he lectured on elementary mathematics. The 'Arithmetica Universalis' (published by Whiston, it was said against Newton's consent, which Whiston denies) was taken from the lectures delivered on algebra and its application to geometry, which were preserved in the depositories of the university. When, in 1687, James II., among his other attempts of the same kind, ordered the University

(being but the second year Master of Arts), but of an extraordinary genius and proficiency in these things."

of Cambridge to admit a Benedictine as Master of Arts without taking the oaths, and upon the resistance of the university, Newton was appointed one of the delegates to the High Court for the purpose of stating the case. The king withdrew his order, and in the next year Newton was proposed as Member of Parliament for the University, and gained his election by a small majority. He sat accordingly in the Convention Parliament which declared the throne vacant, though it appears by the records of the college that, except in 1688 and 1689, he was not absent from the university often enough or long enough to have taken much share in public business.

In 1692 occurs the curious episode of his history which produced abroad, as has recently appeared, a report that he had become insane. Most readers know the tradition of his dog Diamond having upset a light among the papers which contained his researches, and of the calmness with which he is said to have borne the loss. The truth, as appears by a private diary of his acquaintance Mr. de la Pryme, recently discovered, is, that in February, 1692, he left a light burning when he went to chapel, which, by unknown means, destroyed his papers, and among them a large work on optics, containing the experiments and researches of twenty years. "When Mr. Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, everybody thought that he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat that he was not himself for a month after." Such phrases, reported, gave rise to a memorandum in the diary of the celebrated Huyghens (the first foreigner who understood and accepted the theory of gravitation), stating that he had been told that Newton had become insane, either from study, or from the loss of his laboratory and manuscripts by fire—that remedies had been applied by means of which he had so far recovered as to be then beginning again to understand his own Principia. That Newton was in ill health in 1692 and 1693 is known, but his letters to Dr. Bentley on the Deity, written during that period, are proof that he had not lost his mind.

We now give a slight enumeration of the matters on which Newton's attention was fixed during the second period, which we have just quitted.

Opties.—The great discovery of the unequal refrangibility of the rays of light was made in 1666, the year in which he was driven from Cambridge by the plague. In 1668 he resumed his inquiries, and, judging that the decomposition of light which he had discovered would render it impossible to construct refracting telescopes free from colour, or *achromatic*, he applied himself to the improvement of the reflecting telescope. The telescope which he made with his own hands, now in possession of the Royal Society, was made in 1671. It was submitted to the Society immediately after his election as a Fellow, and was followed by the account of his discovery of the decomposition of light. This explanation of the known phenomenon of the colours of the prismatic spectrum was fully appreciated by the Society: but Newton had to reply to various objections from foreign philosophers, and to those of Hooke at home. At this time first appeared (indeed there had been nothing before to draw it out) that remarkable trait in his character of which we shall afterwards speak; extreme aversion to all kinds of opposition. "I intend," he says, "to be no further solicitous about matters of philosophy." And again, "I was so persecuted with discussions arising from the publication of my theory of light, that I blamed my own imprudence for parting with so substantial a blessing as my quiet to run after a shadow."

The researches on the colours of thin plates, and the explanation known by the name of the Theory of *Fits of Reflexion and Transmission*, was communicated to the Royal Society in 1765-6. Those on the *inflexion* of light, though probably made long before 1704, first appeared in that year, in his treatise on Optics. He never would publish this work as long as Hooke lived, from that fear of opposition above noted.

Principia; Theory of Universal *Gravitation.*—The discoveries of Kepler had laid down the actual laws of the planetary motions: and the idea of *universal* gravita-

tion began to occupy the minds of those who thought on these subjects. *Gravitation* was a term of some antiquity, used to denote the effort of bodies on the earth to descend: *weight*, in fact. The notion of matter acting upon matter as an agent of attracting force, and the possibility of such force extending through the heavens, and being the proximate cause of the motions of the planets, was floating through men's minds when Newton first turned his attention to the subject. There has hardly ever been a great discovery in science, without its having happened that the germs of it have been found in the writings of several contemporaries or predecessors of the man who actually made it. In the case before us it had even been asserted as matter of necessity, that supposing attraction to exist, it must be according to the law of the inverse squares of the distances: and Huyghens announced, in 1673, before Newton had completed any part of his system, the relations which exist between attractive force and velocity in *circular* motion. Newton first turned his attention to the subject in 1666, at Woolsthorpe; sitting alone in a garden, his thoughts turned towards that power of gravity which extends to the tops of the highest mountains, and the question whether the power which retains the moon in her orbit might not be the same force as that which gives its curvature to the flight of a stone on the earth. To deduce from what Kepler had exhibited of the laws of the planetary motions, that the force must vary inversely as the square of the distance, came within his power: but on trying the value of that force, as deduced from the moon's actual motion, with what it should be as deduced from the force of gravitation at the earth, so great a difference was found as to make him throw the subject aside. The reason of his failure was the inaccurate measure which he used of the size of the earth. The subject was not resumed till 1679; not, as commonly stated, because he then first became acquainted with Picard's measure of the earth (we think Professor Rigaud has shown this), but because leisure then served, and some discussions on a kindred subject at the Royal Society had awakened his attention to the question. In

1679 he repeated the trial with Picard's measure of the earth: and it is said that when he saw that the desired agreement was likely to appear, he became so nervous that he could not continue the calculation, but was obliged to intrust it to a friend. From that moment the great discovery must be dated: the connexion of his speculations on motion with the actual phenomena of the universe was established. At the time when we write this, a distant result of that calculation has been announced, which Newton himself would hardly at any period of his life have imagined to have been possible. A planetary body, unknown and unseen till after the prediction, has made itself felt by its attraction on another. Unexplained (and very trivial) irregularities in the motion of Uranus suggested the idea of there being yet another planet by the attraction of which they were produced. From those irregularities the place and distance of that planet have been inferred, and, on looking into the part of the heavens at which its silent action proved it to be, if indeed it existed—there it was found. A heavenly body has thus been calculated into existence, as far as man is concerned.

How much Newton might have got ready it is not easy to say: all that is known is that he kept it to himself. At the end of 1683 Halley had been considering the question, and was stopped by its difficulties; but, being in August, 1684, on a visit to Newton, the latter informed him of what he had done, but was not able to find his papers. After Halley's departure, he wrote them again, and sent them: upon which Halley paid another visit to Cambridge, to urge upon Newton the continuance of his researches; and (December, 1684) informed the Royal Society of them, and of Newton's promise to communicate them. The Society, who knew their man, and how little they should get without asking, appointed a committee (Halley and Paget, the mathematical master in Christ's Hospital) to keep Newton in mind of his promise; so that (February, 1684-5) a communication was sent up, amounting to those parts of the first Book of the Principia which relate to central forces.

Newton went on with the work, and (April 21, 1686) Halley announced to the Society that "Mr. Newton had an incomparable treatise on Motion, almost ready for the press." On the 28th Dr. Vincent (the husband, it is supposed, of Miss Storey) presented the manuscript of the first book to the Society, who ordered it to be printed, and Halley undertook to pay the expenses. But it was not yet in harbour: Hooke, who used to claim everything, asserted that he had been in possession of the whole theory before Newton; with which the latter was so disgusted, that he proposed to omit the third book (being in fact all the application to our system). Halley, the guardian angel of the work, wrote him a letter, in which he soothed him almost as if he had been a child, and prevailed upon him to complete it as first intended. It appeared under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*, about Midsummer, 1687, containing the mathematical discussion of the laws of solid and fluid motion, with their application to the heavenly motions, the tides, the precession of the equinoxes, &c. &c. The reader who understands the terms may refer to the Penny Cyclopædia (article *Principia*), in which the heads of all the propositions are given. No work on any branch of human knowledge was ever destined to effect so great a change, or to originate such important consequences.

Fluxions, now called the *Differential Calculus*. A curved figure differs from one the boundaries of which are consecutive straight lines in that there is always a *gradual* change of direction going on at the boundaries of the former, while at those of the latter, the changes are made only at certain places, and as it were in the lump. To apply the doctrines of mathematics to cases in which such perfectly gradual changes take place, had been always the greatest difficulty of the science. Archimedes had conquered it in a few cases: the predecessors of Newton had greatly extended what Archimedes had done, and had given what, to those who come after Newton and Leibnitz, would appear strong hints of an organized method of treating all cases. But the method itself, and an appro-

priate language for expressing its forms of operation, were still wanting. About 1663, Newton turned his attention to the writings of Des Cartes and Wallis, and, in the path which the latter had gone over, found the celebrated Binomial Theorem: Wallis having in fact solved what would now be called a harder problem. This, far from lessening the merit of the discovery, increases it materially. In 1665 Newton arrived at his discoveries in series, and substantially at his method of fluxions. In 1669 Barrow communicated to Collins (on the occasion before referred to) a paper by Newton on series, not containing anything on fluxions. Various letters of Newton, Collins, and others, state that such a method had been discovered, without giving it. But one letter from Newton to Collins, December 10th, 1672, states a mode of using one case of this method, confined to equations of what are called *rational terms* (it being admitted on all sides that the great pinch of the question then lay in equations of *irrational terms*). Leibnitz, who had been in England in 1673, and had heard something indefinite of what Newton had done, desired to know more: and Newton, June 13th, 1676, wrote a letter to Oldenburg, of the Royal Society, which he desired might be communicated to Leibnitz. This letter dwells on the binomial theorem, and various consequences of it; but has nothing upon fluxions. Leibnitz still desiring further information, Newton again wrote to Oldenburg, October 24th, 1676, explaining how he arrived at the binomial theorem, giving various other results, but nothing about fluxions except in what is called a cipher. A cipher it was not, for it merely consisted in giving all the letters of a certain sentence, to be put together if Leibnitz could do it. Thus, the information communicated was—

aaaaaa cc d æ eeeeeeeeeeee ff iiiiiii lll nnnnnnnnn oooo qqqq rr ssss ttttttttt uuuuuuuuuuuu x.

These are merely the letters of a Latin sentence which translated word by word in the order of the words is "given equation any-whatsoever, flowing quantities involving, fluxions to find, and vice versa." Even this letter

had not been sent to Leibnitz on March 5, 1677; it was sent soon after this date. But in the mean time, Leibnitz, by himself, or as was afterwards said, having taken a hint from other letters of Newton, had invented his differential calculus. And, as open as Newton was secret, shortly after receipt of the above, he wrote to Oldenburg, June 21, 1677, a letter giving a full and clear statement of everything he had arrived at: making an epoch as important in the pure mathematics, as was the discovery of the moon's gravitation in the physical sciences. In the Principia, Newton acknowledges this in the following *Scholium:* "In letters which went between me and that most excellent geometer G. G. Leibnitz, ten years ago, when I signified that I was in the knowledge of a method of determining maxima and minima, of drawing tangents and the like, and when I concealed it in transferred letters involving this sentence (*Data æquatione*, &c., as above), that most distinguished man wrote back that he had also fallen upon a method of the same kind, and communicated his method, which hardly differed from mine except in the forms of words and symbols. The foundation of both is contained in this Lemma." In 1684 Leibnitz published his method: while in the Principia, Newton still gave nothing more than the most general description of it, and avoided its direct use entirely. By 1695 it had grown into a powerful system, in the hands of Leibnitz and the Bernoullis: while in England it was very little noticed. About 1695 an alarm began to be taken in England at its progress: and the friends of Newton began to claim what they conceived to be his rights. Wallis excused himself from mentioning the differential calculus in his works, on the ground that it was Newton's method of fluxions. In 1699, Fatio de Duillier, a Genevese residing in England, published an implied charge of plagiarism on Leibnitz: the latter denied the imputation and appealed to Newton's own testimony. The Leipsic Acts made something very like the same charge against Newton: and in the course of the dispute, Keill, an Englishman, asserted (*Phil. Trans.* 1708) that Leibnitz had taken Newton's method,

changing its name and symbols. This accusation roused Leibnitz, who complained to the Society: and after some correspondence, in which allusion was made to the Oldenburg letters as being sources from which he might have drawn knowledge of Newton's method, the Royal Society appointed a committee, consisting of eleven members, to examine the archives, and *to defend Newton*. This latter purpose, though not stated in words, was fully understood: and since the usual impression is that it was intended for a judicial committee, meaning of course an impartial one, we give in a note* some heads

* First, the committee consisted of Halley, Jones, De Moivre, and Machin, Newton's friends, and mathematicians; Brook Taylor, a mathematician, but not then otherwise known except as a friend of Keill, the accused party; Robarts, Hill, Burnet, Aston, and Arbuthnot, not known as mathematicians, but the two latter intimate personal friends of Newton; and Bonet, the Prussian minister. To call this a judicial committee would be to throw a great slur on the Society. Secondly, the names of the committee were never published with their report, which would have been anything but creditable, if that report had been a judgment: but if the committee were only counsel for Newton's case it mattered not who they were. Thirdly, the Society had committed itself to Newton's side, by hearing his statement, and thereupon directing Keill to write the second letter in the controversy, and to "set the matter in a just light:" the only light they had sought being that which Newton himself could give. Fourthly, Burnet wrote to John Bernoulli while the matter was pending, stating in express terms—not that the Royal Society was *inquiring*—but that it was *busy proving* that Leibnitz might have seen Newton's letters. Fifthly, De Moivre, as appears by the statement of an intimate friend, considered himself, by merely joining that committee, as drawn out of the neutrality which he had till then observed: which shows that he did not consider himself a juryman. Sixthly, no notice was given to Leibnitz of the proceeding, still less an invitation to produce documents on his own side. All these things put together show that the committee was not judicial, nor meant to be so, nor asserted to be so on the part of the Society. If any one

of the proof of our assertion. The committee, appointed at different times in March 1711-12, reported in April that they had examined, &c., and that they were of opinion that Leibnitz had no method till after the letter to Collins of December 10, 1672, had been sent to Paris to be communicated to him, and that Keill, in asserting the priority of Newton, had done Leibnitz no injustice. This is, to us, the main part of the report. It was published, with abundance of extracts from letters, and letters at length, most of which had been found among Collins's papers, under the name of *Commercium Epistolicum*, &c. in 1712 and in 1725. The conclusion was not to the point: Leibnitz asked reparation for a charge of theft, and the answer is that there was no injustice to him in saying that the other party had the goods before the time when he was alleged to have stolen them. With regard to Collins's letter, besides its containing no more than any good mathematician could have drawn from Barrow and Fermat together, no proof* was *given to*

will have it that it was so, he must needs, we think, hold that it was one of the most unfair transactions which ever took place.

* A parcel (*collectio*) of extracts from *Gregory's* letters are found in the handwriting of Collins, with a memorandum by Collins that they were to be sent to Leibnitz and returned by him: with a letter to Oldenburg, desiring him to send them: no mention of any one but Gregory in either memorandum or letter. With the parcel is this letter to Collins: what reason the Committee have for supposing this letter belonged to the parcel they do not say: they do not even say whether it was a separate paper or not. The papers of dead mathematicians, after going through the hands of executors, are, we suspect, not always tied up exactly in the order they were untied. Whether the parcel is otherwise known to have found its way to Oldenburg than from the intention expressed in the memorandum, we are not told—nor whether Oldenburg sent it to Paris—nor whether having arrived at Paris, it was sent on to Hanover: and finally they state, without adding how they came to know it, that it was sent to Leibnitz, June 26, 1676. If the letter belonged to the parcel, and if the parcel were sent to Olden-

the world of Leibnitz ever having seen it which any man who valued his character would have ventured to produce in any kind of court with rules of evidence. In truth, though the committee were not unfair judges (simply because they were not judges at all) we cannot but pronounce them unscrupulous partisans, for the reasons given and others. Leibnitz never made any formal answer, but his friends retorted the charge of plagiarism upon Newton, and John Bernoulli made a short anonymous reply. The committee, content perhaps with the number of those who were ready to swear that black was both black and white and neither, and to believe it too, rather than yield anything to a foreigner (and it is to be remembered that Leibnitz, the servant of the Elector, was particularly obnoxious to all the Jacobites), published nothing further: the Society (May 20, 1714), in reference to the complaint of Leibnitz that he had been condemned unheard, resolved that it was never intended that the Report of the Committee should pass for a decision of the Society: but others persisted in calling it so. A mutual friend, the Abbé Conti, being in England in 1715, Leibnitz

burg, and if Oldenburg sent it to Paris, and if his Paris correspondent sent it to Hanover, and if it arrived safe, and if Leibnitz, meaning to make an unfair use of it, was unwise enough to return this evidence against himself—the case of the Committee is good, with only one more *if;* that is, if the letter contained anything new to the purpose, which we think it palpably does not. That is to say, the letter itself is only what any strong mathematician might have drawn from Barrow and Fermat, who are almost the joint inventors of Fluxions, if that letter contained them. It is worth the remembering that Collins was not likely to tie up letters miscellaneously: he was a regular accountant, a methodical writer on and practiser of book-keeping, and a man of business. For aught we know, he may lie unquiet in his grave to this day, under the imputation of having sent a parcel which contained a paper neither mentioned in the docket nor in the letter of advice. Perhaps he never sent it at all: would not this methodical man have written on the parcel the date of its return?

at the latter end of that year wrote him a letter, in the postscript of which he adverted to the usage he had received. This letter excited curiosity in London: and Newton, whose power in matters of science was then kingly, requested and obtained the presence of all the foreign ambassadors at the Royal Society, to collate and examine the papers. After this had been done, Baron Kirmansegger, one of the ambassadors, stated his opinion that the dispute could not be terminated in that manner; that Newton ought to write to Leibnitz, state his own case, and demand an answer. All present agreed, and the King (George I.), to whom the matter was mentioned that same evening, was of the same opinion. Newton accordingly wrote a letter to Conti, in which he relies mostly upon what Leibnitz had either expressly or tacitly admitted. Nine times, on different points, he calls upon Leibnitz to acknowledge something because he had once acknowledged it. Leibnitz replied at great length. Newton did not rejoin, except in notes on the correspondence which he circulated privately among his friends. Leibnitz died in November, 1716, and Newton forthwith handed the whole correspondence, with his final notes, to Raphson, whose history of Fluxions was then in process of printing. The book appeared with this correspondence as an appendix: it is dated 1715, but the publication was retarded. And in the third edition of the Principia, published in 1726, Newton omitted the scholium we have quoted above, in spite of his doctrine that what was once acknowledged should be always acknowledged. In its place he put another scholium, with a similar beginning and ending, but referring not to Leibnitz but to his own letter to Collins of December, 1672. In the Conti correspondence—that is, in the notes which he would not print while Leibnitz was alive—he had evaded the plain meaning of this scholium, asserting that it was not an admission, but a challenge to Leibnitz to make it appear that the latter had the priority; and further, that by referring to the letters, he left the reader to consult them and interpret the paragraph thereby. This was the climax of blind

unfairness: for Newton does not specify the dates of the letters, and gives their description wrongly (for they were written to Oldenburg, not to him). And further, the reader could not use them, for they were not published, nor at that time intended for publication.

We shall presently make some remarks on the conduct of Newton in this transaction: but we now proceed to the merits of the question. That Leibnitz derived nothing from Newton except the knowledge that Newton could draw tangents, find maxima and minima, &c., by some organized method, we have no doubt whatever, nor has any one else, at this time, so far as we know. But, though we may be singular in the opinion, we agree with Bernoulli that Newton did derive from Leibnitz (without being aware of the extent of his obligation, we think) the idea of the *permanent use of an organized mode of mathematical expression*. On a simple question of fact, opinion and construction apart, we take the words of both as indisputable; neither would have descended to bare falsehood. Now, in the first place, it is essential to observe that the genius of Newton did not shine in the invention of mathematical language: and, the disputed fluxions apart, he added nothing to it. The notation of the Principia is anything but a model. We know by the Letter in which Leibnitz communicated his system to Newton, in 1677, that, at that period, Newton received communication of the idea of an organized and permanent language: and the question is whether he had it already. From his own Conti correspondence, written after it was within his knowledge that Bernoulli had asserted him to have taken his idea of notation from Leibnitz, and when he makes the fullest and most definite assertions as to the extent to which he has carried the *use* of his method, he does not assert that before receipt of Leibnitz's letter, he did more than "sometimes" use one dot for a first fluxion, two for a second, &c. Neither of the parties knew of the importance which posterity would attach to this simple point: and it is our full conviction, that Newton, who had only got the length of finding it occasionally convenient to

use a specific language, would never have organized that language for permanent use had he not seen the letter of Leibnitz. Even as late as the publication of the Principia he has no better contrivance than using small letters to represent the fluxions of great ones. We are avowedly expressing, in one point, our low estimate of Newton's power: and we believe the reason to have been, that he did not cultivate a crop for which he had no use. He who can make existing language serve his purpose never invents more: and Newton was able to think clearly and powerfully without much addition to the language he found in use. The Principia, obscure as it is, was all light in Newton's mind: and he did not attempt to conquer difficulties which he never knew.

We now pass on to the third period of Newton's life. In 1694, his old friend Charles Montague* (afterwards

* Montague was deeply attached, says Sir David Brewster, to Newton's half-niece, Catherine Barton, to whom he left a large part of his fortune. Mrs. Barton, to use Sir D. Brewster's words, "though she did not escape the censures of her contemporaries, was regarded by those who knew her as a woman of strict honour and virtue." Sir D. Brewster, who copies the words from the 'Biographia Britannica,' declines in his reverence for all that belonged to Newton (a feeling with which we have more sympathy than our readers will give us credit for), to state the whole case.—After the death of Montague's wife, he was disappointed in a second marriage which he projected, "which was the less to be regretted as he had some time before cast his eye upon a niece of his friend Sir Isaac Newton, to be the superintendent of his domestic affairs. This gentlewoman.... was then a celebrated toast, being young, beautiful, and gay, so that she did not escape censure, which was however passed upon her very undeservedly, since we are well assured she was a woman of strict honour and virtue. 'T is certain she was very agreeable to his Lordship in every particular."..... No wonder she did not escape censure, especially when the legacy left by Lord Halifax is left, to use his own words, "as a token of the sincere love, affection, and esteem I have long had for her person, and as a small recompence for the pleasure and happiness I have had in her conversation." And

Lord Halifax) became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it was one of his plans to restore the adulterated coinage. He served both his friend and his plan by making Newton warden of the Mint, a place of five or six hundred a-year (March 19, 1695). In 1699, Newton was made Master of the Mint, on which occasion he resigned to Whiston, as his deputy, the duties and emoluments of the Lucasian Professorship, and resigned to him the professorship itself in 1703. In 1701, he was again elected member for the University; but he was turned out by two sons of lords in 1705. In 1703, he was chosen President of the Royal Society, and was annually re-elected during the rest of his life. In 1705, he was knighted at Cambridge by Queen Anne. In 1709, he entrusted to Roger Cotes the preparation of the second edition of the Principia, which appeared in 1713. All the correspondence relating to the alterations made in this edition is in the library of Trinity College. In 1714, at the accession of George I., he became an intimate acquaintance of the Princess of Wales (wife of George II.), who was also a correspondent of Leibnitz. Some observations made by the latter on the philosophy of Locke and of Newton brought on the celebrated correspondence between Leibnitz and Clarke. And at the same time, an abstract of Newton's ideas on chronology, drawn up for the Princess, and at her request communicated to Conti, got abroad and was printed at Paris: on which, in his own defence, he prepared his large work on the subject. On this it is not necessary to speak: his ideas on chronology, founded on the assumption of an accuracy in the older Greek astronomers which nobody now allows them, are rejected and obsolete. But the work does honour to his ingenuity and his scholar-

all this from an apologist: what then was the truth? On reviewing this note, we think it right to add, that the statement that there were feelings of love between the parties (which, if true, puts their relation to one another beyond any reasonable doubt) is not from the author here cited, but from Sir D. Brewster, who does not give his authority.

ship, showing him to be not meanly versed in ancient learning. In 1726, Dr. Pemberton completed, at his request, the third edition of the Principia. With this he seems to have had little to do, for his health had been declining since 1722. He was relieved by gout in 1725. February 28, 1726-7, he presided for the last time at the Royal Society. He died of the stone (so far as so old a man can be said to die of one complaint) on the 20th of March. All the tributes of respect to his memory belong rather to the biographies of those who had the honour to pay them than to his: the gradual reception of his philosophy throughout Europe belongs to the history of science. We shall now offer some remarks on his character as a philosopher and as a man.

We have already adverted to the manner in which his biographers have represented him to be as much above ordinary humanity in goodness as in intellectual power. That his dispositions were generally good and his usual conduct in the relations of life admirable to the extent which should make his worst enemy, if he had any regard to truth, hand him down as a man of high principle, no one who knows his history can deny. But when injustice is not merely concealed but openly defended; when meanness is represented as the right of a great philosopher; when oppression is tolerated, and its victims are made subjects of obloquy because they did not submit to whatever Newton chose to inflict;—it becomes the duty of a biographer to bear more hardly upon instances of those feelings, than, had they been properly represented, would have been absolutely necessary. Nor does it matter anything in such a case, that the instances alluded to are the exception in the character and not the rule: forbearance and palliation are so much of injustice towards the injured parties.

The great fault, or rather misfortune, of Newton's character, was one of temperament: a morbid fear of opposition from others ruled his whole life. When, as a young man, proposing new views in opposition to the justly honoured authority of Des Cartes and lesser names, he had reason to look for opposition, we find him dis-

gusted by the want of an immediate and universal assent, and representing, as he afterwards said, that philosophy was so litigious a lady, that a man might as well be engaged in lawsuits as have to do with her. How could it be otherwise? What is scientific investigation except filing a bill of discovery against nature, with liberty to any one to move to be made a party in the suit? Newton did not feel this; and, not content with the ready acceptance of his views by the Royal Society, a little opposition made him declare his intention of retiring from the field. He had the choice of leaving his opponents unanswered, and pursuing his researches; committing it to time to show the soundness of his views. That this plan did not suit his temper shows that it was not the necessity of answering, but the fact of being opposed, which destroyed his peace. And he steadily adhered, after his first attempt, to his resolution of never willingly appearing before the world. His several works were extorted from him; and, as far as we can judge, his great views on universal gravitation would have remained his own secret if Halley and the Royal Society had not used the utmost force they could command. A discovery of Newton was of a twofold character—he made it, and then others had to find out that he had made it. To say that he had a right to do this is allowable; that is, in the same sense in which we and our readers have a right to refuse him any portion of that praise which his biographers claim for him. In the higher and better sense of the word, he had *no right* to claim the option of keeping from the world what it was essential to its progress that the world should know, any more than we should have a right to declare ourselves under no obligation to his memory for the services which he rendered. To excuse him, and at the same time to blame those who will not excuse him, is to try the first question in one court and the second in another. A man who could write the Principia, and who owed his bread to a foundation instituted for the promotion of knowledge, was as much bound to write it as we are to thank him for it when written.

When he was young and comparatively unknown, this morbid temperament showed itself in fear of opposition: when he became king of the world of science it made him desire to be an absolute monarch; and never did monarch find more obsequious subjects. His treatment of Leibnitz, of Flamsteed, and (*we* believe) of Whiston is, in each case, a stain upon his memory. As to Leibnitz, it must of course be a matter of opinion how far Newton was behind the scenes during the concoction of the 'Commercium Epistolicum:' but from the moment of his appearance *in propriâ personâ*, his conduct is unjust. Leibnitz, whose noble candour in unfolding his own discovery, in answer to Newton's *a b c*, &c., must have been felt at the time as a stinging reproof, is answered with arrogance (dignified severity is the other name) and treated with unfairness. Nothing can excuse Newton's circulating his reply among his friends in writing, and printing it when he heard of the death of Leibnitz: this conduct tells its own story in unanswerable terms. And, if it were Newton's own act and deed, nothing can excuse in him the omission of the Scholium from the third edition, or rather the alteration of it in such manner as to resemble the former one in its general tenor. But, as Newton was then very old, and as he had allowed it to stand in the *second* edition, published when the dispute was at its height, it is possible that he left the matter to Dr. Pemberton, the editor, or some other person.

The story of the treatment of Flamsteed has only recently become known, by the late Mr. Baily's discovery of the correspondence. Flamsteed was Astronomer Royal, and his observations were to be printed at the expense of the Prince Consort. A committee, with Newton at its head, was to superintend the printing. If we took Flamsteed's word for the succession of petty annoyances to which he was subject, we might perhaps be wrong; for Flamsteed was somewhat irritable, and no doubt the more difficult to manage because he was the first observer in the world, and not one of the committee was an observer at all. But there are two specific facts which speak for themselves. The catalogue of stars

(Flamsteed's own property) had been delivered sealed up, on the understanding that the seal was not to be broken unless Flamsteed refused to comply with certain conditions. After the Prince was dead, and the trust had been surrendered (it seems to have been transferred to the Royal Society), and without any notice to Flamsteed, the seal was broken, with Newton's consent, and the catalogue was printed: Halley was exhibiting the sheets in a coffee-house, and boasting of his correction of their errors. A violent quarrel was the consequence, and a scene took place on one occasion at the Royal Society which we cannot discredit (for Flamsteed's character for mere truth of narration has never been successfully impugned, any more than Newton's), but which most painfully bears out our notion of the weak point of Newton's character. As to the breaking of the seal Newton pleaded the Queen's command—an unmanly evasion, for what did the Queen do except by advice? who was her adviser except the President of the Royal Society? Shortly afterwards the second edition of the Principia appeared. Flamsteed, whose observations had been of more service to Newton than those of any other individual, and to whom proper acknowledgment had been made in the first edition, and who had increased the obligation in the interval, had his name erased in all the passages in which it appeared (we have verified, for this occasion, eight or nine places ourselves). To such a pitch is this petty resentment carried, that whereas in one place of the first edition (prop. 18. book iii.) there is, in a parenthesis, "by the observations of Cassini and Flamsteed;" the corresponding place of the second is, "by the consent of the observations of astronomers."

There is a letter of Newton to Flamsteed (Jan. 6, 1698-9), written before they were in open rupture, containing an expression which has excited much surprise and some disapprobation. Flamsteed having caused a published reference to be made to Newton's continuation of his lunar researches, the latter says, "I do not love to be printed on every occasion, much less to be dunned

and teased by foreigners about mathematical things, or to be thought by your own people to be *trifling away my time* when I should be about the King's business." This letter was not intended for publication, still less for posterity: the phrase was pettish, unworthy even of Newton in a huff. But the feeling was the right one. If there were any thing unworthy of the dignity of Newton, it was in taking a place which required him to give up the glorious race in which he had outstripped all men, and the researches which were for him alone, while the regulation of the Mint was not above the talents of thousands of his countrymen. But, having taken it, it was his duty to attend to it in the most regular and conscientious manner, as in fact he did to the end of his days. His contemporary Swift had the sense to refuse the troop of dragoons which King William offered him before he took orders: it would have been better for Newton's fame if he had left all the coinage, clipped and unclipped, to those who were as well qualified as himself. His own share might not have been so large,* but money was not one of his pursuits. He was nobly liberal with what he got, particularly to his own family: and it may be added that the position of his family, which was far from well off in the world, is the only circumstance which can palliate his giving up the intellectual advancement of all men, ages, and countries, to trifle away his time about the King's business.

His treatment of Whiston, as published in the autobiography of the latter, was always disregarded, as the

* Sir D. Brewster represents Newton as having a very scanty income before he gained his office in the Mint. But in fact he had from his college board and lodging (both of the best) and the stipend of his fellowship: from the university the salary of his professorship: and from his patrimony about 100*l.* a-year. He could not have had less than 250*l.* a-year over and above board and lodging: which, in those days, was a very good provision for an unmarried man, and would not be a bad now.

evidence of a very singular person. Standing alone—for his conduct to Leibnitz was defended by national feeling, and his treatment of Flamsteed was unknown,—it never carried much weight. Whiston had excessive vanity and a peculiar fanaticism of his own invention, which were sure to be made the most of; for a man who loses his preferment for his conscience had need be perfect, if he would escape those who think him a fool, and those who feel him a rebuke. And in Whiston's day the number was not small of the clergy who disavowed the articles to which they had sworn, without even having the decency to provide a *non-natural sense*. Newton refused him admission into the Royal Society, declaring that he would not remain president if Whiston were elected a fellow. A reason is asserted for this which we shall presently notice; but Whiston's account is as follows. After alluding to Newton having made him his deputy, and then his successor, he adds:—"So did I enjoy a large portion of his favour for twenty years together. But he then perceiving that I could not do as his other darling friends did,—that is, learn of him without contradicting him when I differed in opinion from him,—he could not in his old age bear such contradiction; and so he was afraid of me the last thirteen years of his life. He was of the most fearful, cautious, and suspicious temper that I ever knew."

It would have been more pleasant merely to mention these things as what unfortunately cannot be denied, than to bring them forward as if it were our business to insist upon them. But the manner in which the biography of Newton is usually written, leaves us no alternative. We are required to worship the whole character; and we find ourselves unable to do it. We see conduct defended as strictly right, and therefore of course proposed for imitation, which appears to us to be mean, unjust, and oppressive. As long as Newton is held up to be the perfection of a moral character, so long must we insist upon the exceptional cases which prove him to have been liable to some of the failings of humanity.

But to those who can fairly admit that his conduct is proof of an unhappy temper which sometimes overcame his moral feeling, and who therefore look for the collateral circumstances which are to excuse or aggravate, there are various considerations which must not be left out of sight.

In the first place, this temperament of which we have given instances, is of all others the one which occasionally lessens the control of the individual over his own actions. Every one knows how apt we are, from experience, to think of insanity as the possible termination of the morbidly suspicious habit. That the report which arose about Newton's mind was much assisted by a knowledge of this habit existing in him, we have little doubt: for we see, in our own day, how corroborative such a temper is held to be of any such urmour. In one instance, and in illness of a serious character, it did take a form which we can hardly hold consistent with sanity at the time. He spoke severely of Locke, his old and tried friend (in 1693), being under the apprehension that Locke had endeavoured to *embroil him with women and by other means;* he thought there was a design to *sell him an office and to embroil him.* For these suspicions he wrote a letter, worthy of himself, asking pardon, and saying also that he had been under the impression that there was an evil intention, or tendency at least, in some of Locke's writings. The latter, in an affectionate answer, desired to know what passages he alluded to: and the rejoinder was that the letter was written after many sleepless nights, and that he had forgot what he said. As we have only the letters and no further information, we must decide as we can whether Newton did really express himself to others as he said he had done, or whether he only fancied it. In either case there is, under illness, that morbid imagination of injury done or meditated, which seems to have been but the exaggeration of an ordinary habit. If we thought, from the evidence, that Newton had ever been insane, we should see no reason whatever for concealing our opinion: we do not think so; but we

think it likely that if his years from 1660 to 1680 had been past in the excesses of the licentious court of his day, instead of the quiet retirement of his college, there might have been another story to tell.

Next, it is not fair to look upon the character of any man, without reference to the notions and morals of his time. Take Newton from his pinnacle of perfection, form the background of the picture from the incidents of the era of political and social profligacy in which he lived, and his relative character then seems to be almost of the moral magnificence which is made its attribute. Let the sum total of his public career be compared with that of others who were "about the king's business," and we cannot help looking upon the honest and able public servant, who passed a life in the existing corruption of public affairs without the shadow of a taint upon his official morals, with an admiration which must tend to neutralize the condemnation we may not spare upon some incidents of his scientific life. Further, the idolatrous respect in which he was held at the Royal Society, and the other haunts of learning—the worship his talents received at home and abroad, from Halley's* *nec fas est propius mortali attingere divos*, to De l'Hôpital's almost serious question whether Newton ate, drank, and slept—the investment of his living presence with all the honours once paid to the memory of Aristotle—make it wonderful, not that he should sometimes have indulged an unhappy disposition, but that he should have left so few decided instances of it on record. That both his person and his memory were held dear by his friends there is no doubt: this could not have been unless the cases we have cited had been exceptions to the tenor of his conduct; and, knowing the disposition of which we have spoken to be one against which none but a high power can prevail, we are to infer that it was, in general, heartily striven against and successfully opposed.

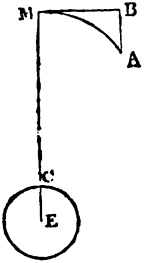
* *Nor is it possible for man to be nearer to God:* the last line of Halley's verses on the Principia.

The mind of Newton, as a philosopher, is to this day, and to the most dispassionate readers of his works, the object of the same sort of wonder with which it was regarded by his contemporaries. We can compare it with nothing which the popular reader can understand, except the idea of a person who is superior to others in every kind of athletic exercise; who can outrun his competitors with a greater weight than any one of them can lift standing. There is a union, in excessive quantity, of different kinds of force: a combination of the greatest mathematician with the greatest thinker upon experimental truths; of the most sagacious observer with the deepest reflecter. Not infallible, but committing, after the greatest deliberation, a mistake in a simple point of mathematics, such as might have happened to any one: yet so happy in his conjectures, as to seem to know more than he could possibly have had any means of proving. Carrying his methods to such a point that his immediate successors could not clear one step in advance of him until they had given the weapons with which himself and Leibnitz had furnished them a completely new edge, yet apparently solicitous to hide his use of the most efficient of these weapons, and to give his researches the appearance of having been produced by something as much as possible resembling older methods. With few advantages as a writer or a teacher, he wraps himself in an almost impenetrable veil of obscurity, so as to require a comment many times the length of the text before he is easily accessible to a moderately well-informed mathematician. He seems to think he has done enough when he has secured a possibility of finding one reader who can understand him with any amount of pains: as if, seeing Halley to be of all men he knew next to himself in force, he had determined that none but Halley at his utmost stretch of thought should follow him. Accordingly one, to whom in his later years he used to send inquirers, saying, "Go to Mr. De Moivre, he knows these things better than I do," avowed that when he saw the *Principia* first, it was as much as he could do to follow the

reasoning. It would be difficult to name a dozen men in Europe of whom, at the appearance of the *Principia*, it can be proved that they both read and understood the work.

Newton himself attributed all his success to patience and perseverance more than to any peculiar sagacity: but on this point his judgment is worth nothing. Unquestionably, he had the two first in an enormous degree, as well as the third; nor is it too much to say that there is no one thing in his writings which the sagacity of some of his contemporaries might not have arrived at as well as his own. But to make an extensive system many things are necessary: and one point of failure is fatal to the whole. Again, it is difficult to put before the ordinary reader, even if he be a mathematician, a distinct view of the merit of any step in the formation of a system. Unless he be acquainted with the history of *preceding* efforts, he comes to the consideration of that merit from the wrong direction; for he reads the history from the end. He goes to the mail-coach, back from the railroad instead of forward from the old strings of pack-horses: from a macadamized road lighted with gas to the rough stones and the oil-lamps, instead of beginning with the mud and the link-boys. Perhaps the same sort of wrong judgment may accompany the retrospect of its own labours in a mind like Newton's; causing it to undervalue the intellectual part of which, in any case, it is least capable of judging.

The world at large expects, in the account of such things, to hear of some marvellous riddles solved, and some visibly extraordinary feats of mind. The contents of some well-locked chest are to be guessed at by pure strength of imagination: and they are disappointed when they find that the wards of the lock were patiently tried, and a key fitted to them by (it may be newly imagined) processes of art. Thus the great experiment, the trial of the moon's gravitation, seems wonderfully simple to those who have to describe it; precisely what anybody could do. If the moon were not retained by some force, she would proceed in a straight line MB: something causes her to



describe MA instead, which is equivalent to giving a fall of BA towards the earth. Now since EM, the distance of the moon from the earth's centre, is about 60 times EC, the earth's radius, it follows that if there be gravitation at the moon, and *if* it diminish as the square of the distance increases, it *ought to be* 60 times 60, or 3600 times as great at the surface of the earth as at M; or a body at the earth's surface ought to fall in one minute 3600 times as much as BA (supposing MA to be the arc moved over in one minute). A surveyor's apprentice, even in Newton's day, could with great ease have ascertained that such *is* the fact, if the data had been given to him. Now why was Newton the first to make this simple trial? The notion of gravitation was, as we have said, afloat: and Bouillaud had declared his conviction that attractive forces, if they exist, must be inversely as the squares of the distances. Did he try this simple test? Perhaps he did, and threw away his result as useless, not being able to make the next step. Or was it that neither he nor any one except Newton had any distinct idea of measuring from the centre of the earth? If so, then Newton was in possession of what he afterwards proved, namely, that a spherical body, the particles of which attract inversely as the squares of the distances, attracts as if all its particles were collected in its centre. In either case, this may serve to illustrate what a popular reader would hardly suppose, namely, that the wonder of great discoveries consists in there being found one who can accumulate and put together many different things, no one of which is, by itself, stupendous after the fact, nor calculated to produce that sort of admiration with which the whole is regarded.

We have not yet mentioned the theological writings of Newton, as his discussion of the prophecies of Daniel, &c. About his opinions on this subject there is a little controversy: and the various sects of opinion are in the habit

of opposing to each other the great names which are on their several sides of the question. That Newton was a firm believer in Christianity as a Revelation from God, is very certain: but whether he held the opinions of the majority of Christians on the points which distinguish Trinitarians from Arians,* Socinians, and Humanitarians, is the question of controversy. It is to be remembered that during the whole of Newton's life the denial of the doctrine of the Trinity was illegal, the statute of King William (which relaxed the existing law, for a man was hanged in 1696 for denying the Trinity) making it incapability of holding any place of trust for the first offence, and three years' imprisonment with other penalties for the second. Few therefore wrote against the Trinity, except either as, in the 'Unitarian Tracts,' without even a printer's name, or evasively, by arguing against the Trinity being an *article of faith*, that is, a necessary part of a Christian's hope of salvation. Premising this, we take the evidence, as it stands, for and against the heretical character of Newton's opinions.

There is a wide-spread tradition that Horsley objected to publish a part of the *Portsmouth Papers* on account of the heresy of the opinions contained in them; which statement used to be even in children's books, and was made by Dr. Thomson in his History of the Royal Society. These papers have never been published, nor has any one of those who have had access to them denied the rumour on his own knowledge. The refusal of Horsley is not conclusive in itself; because, to use the words of one of the children's books we remember (called

* These names are bandied about in vituperative discussion, until they are so misused that the chances are many readers will need explanation of them. An *Arian* believes in the finite pre-existence of Jesus Christ, before his appearance on earth: a *Socinian* believes him to be a man, who did not exist before his appearance on earth, but who is still a proper object of prayer: a *Humanitarian*, with all others who come under the general name of *Unitarian* (the *personal* unity of the Deity being a common tenet of all), believes him to be a man, and not an object of prayer.

a 'British Plutarch,' or some such name), he was a "rigid high priest," and heterodoxy short even of Arianism would probably have led him to such a determination. But the suppression still continues, long after the above rumour has been very effective in aiding the probabilities drawn from other sources, that Newton's opinions were even more heterodox than Arianism; and there is some force in this.

Two witnesses from among Newton's personal friends, Whiston, an Arian (calling himself a *Eusebian*), and Hopton Haynes, who was employed under him in the Mint, and who was a Humanitarian, severally bear testimony to his having held their several opinions. Whiston, whose intimate acquaintance with him terminated some time before 1720, states in two places that Newton was a Eusebian [Arian] and a Baptist, and that he was "inclined to suppose" these two sects to be the two witnesses* mentioned in the book of Revelations. Haynes†

* This is strange; and if such had been Whiston's own opinion, we should not have hesitated to conclude that he had misinterpreted some civil decliner of controversy. But Whiston expressly states himself to have no such opinion. That he would intentionally utter a falsehood we believe to be out of the question.

† The testimony of Whiston is in his memoirs: that of Haynes is less direct. The Unitarian minister Richard Baron, who was a friend of Haynes, states the preceding as having passed in conversation between him and Haynes. The statement is made in the preface of the first volume of his collection of tracts, called 'A Cordial for Low Spirits' (three volumes, London, 1763, third edition 12mo.), published under the name of Thomas Gordon. This is not primary evidence like that of Whiston; and it loses force by the circumstance that in the posthumous work which Mr. Haynes left on the disputed points (and which was twice printed) there is no allusion to it. But those who weigh testimony will of course take into consideration its amount of corroborative force. And a great many writers on the Antitrinitarian side deserve blame for not stating distinctly that it is only a testimony to a testimony: Baron was a man against whose character for truth we never heard anything,

declares him to have been a Humanitarian, and states that he much lamented that his friend Dr. Clarke had stopped at Arianism. On the other hand, the writer in the *Biographia Britannica*, who cites the *last edition* * (1753)

but the chances of misapprehension increase very rapidly with the number of steps, in the communication of oral tradition.

* Though aware that we should have many results of bias to encounter, we had hoped that we should have got through our task without having to expose absolute and fraudulent falsification. Since writing what is in the text, we have obtained the loan of the edition of 1753, which is scarce compared with that of 1749. The *Biogr. Brit.* informs us (p. 3241) that in pages 178, 249, 250 of Whiston's Memoirs, edition of 1753, 8vo., we shall find the justification of these words: "Mr. Whiston, who represented Sir Isaac as an Arian, which he so much resented that he would not suffer him to be a member of the Royal Society while he was President." We look, and in p. 178 we find that Whiston states Newton to be an Arian, and in pages 249 and 250 we find that Newton excluded Whiston from the Royal Society, for which the reason Whiston gives is that Newton could not bear contradiction, in the words we have quoted in another part of this article. The biographer distinctly implies that he is giving, not his own reason, but *Whiston's reason*. And, having diligently compared the editions of 1749 and 1753 (the latter of which *had some additions*, by which the false biographer hoped to gain credit from those who looked at the former), we find that the paragraphs cited only differ as follows: In the first, 1749 has Revelation, 1753 has *Revelation*. The *former* has "and friendly address to the Baptists" (pages 14, 15), which the latter has not. In the second, 1749 has "desire," and 1753 has "desires" (a little instance by the way of the disappearance of the old English subjunctive), and the former has "through confutation," when the latter has "thorough confutation." Sir D. Brewster (p. 284) has copied the false biographer without verifying the reference—a common, but a dangerous practice. It was a mere accident that we went to the *Biogr. Brit.*, for we distrust it from old acquaintance on all matters connected with Newton. We do not know at this moment that the false biographer, as we call him, is the original falsifier: but he must bear the blame

of Whiston's memoirs, says that Whiston there states that Newton was so much offended with him for having represented him as an Arian, that this was the reason why he would never consent to his admission into the Royal Society. The edition of 1749, thirteen years after Newton's death, shows that Whiston had then no such knowledge of the cause. But, if it were so, and Haynes's testimony be true, he might have had Priestley's objection to Arianism rather than Horsley's: and in either case, we know enough of Newton to be sure that he would be likely to take offence at any talk about opinions he did not choose to avow, particularly such as were illegal; and above all, he would fear the tongue of a man like Whiston, all honesty and no discretion, who told the world long before his death all that he knew about himself and everybody else, without the least reserve.

Newton wrote (about 1690) under the title of 'Historical Account of two Notable Corruptions of Scripture,' against the genuineness of two passages on which Trinitarian* writers then placed much reliance: that is, against the genuineness of 1 John v. 7, and that of the word θεος (God) in 1 Timothy iii. 16. Now, though Trinitarians have often abandoned the first passage, and given up the Protestant reading of the second, it has rarely happened, if ever, that they have written expressly against them: the world at large sees no difference

for the present. We might have had to leave the explanation to Sir D. Brewster: for he who copies a reference without verification, and without stating that he copies, must take the responsibility of that reference. But as it stands, we need not say that Sir D. Brewster is as clear in this instance from the imputation of intentionally misleading his reader, as those could wish who respect his character and admire his labours: among the number of whom we desire to place ourselves. And his candour will lead him to acknowledge that he has had a happy escape from an imminent danger of misconstruction, with no blame to those who made it.

* Protestant writers, we mean; the reading contended for by Newton in the second instance has been that of Catholics from the time of Jerome.

between opposing an argument, and opposing the conclusion; and parties in religion and politics require* assent, not merely to their tenets, but to each and every mode of maintaining them. And writers who go so far as to say anything against one mode of supporting their own side of a question, generally make a decided profession of adherence to the *conclusion* while they reason against one mode of maintaining it. Newton does no such thing: his expressions are vague, or if not vague, they are the formular† words under which the opponents of the received

* Dr. Chalmers, for example, states Newton to have "abetted" the leading doctrine of the Unitarians: whether upon the evidence of this writing only, or the general evidence, does not precisely appear: probably upon the former alone. The author of the life in the *Biographia Britannica* does not mention these letters. But it appears by the testimony of Le Clerc and Wetstein, that Locke sent them to Le Clerc, who did not know their author. The possessors of Newton's papers never published them until an incomplete edition had appeared abroad.

† Sir D. Brewster, to whom the admirers of Newton have much obligation, and from whom they expect more, in the larger life on which he is known to be engaged, argues from these words, which he quotes formally, that Newton received the Trinity. But, having the work before him, he should also have destroyed the effect of the following *words of Newton*:—"He [Cyprian] does not say the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, as it is now in the 7th verse, but the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as it is in Baptism, *the place from which they tried at first to derive the Trinity.*" We never were quite satisfied till we saw this passage. We found the Trinitarian writers evidently shy of the question: and the Anti-trinitarians as evidently laying such an undue stress on Mr. Haynes's testimony, or rather Mr. Baron's testimony to Mr. Haynes's testimony, as made us suspect that our authorities on both sides were not fully satisfied in their own minds. But we hold it to be out of the question that a Trinitarian could have written the words in our italics. That many would not admit the baptismal form in itself to be a proof of the doctrine, is known; but what Trinitarian ever talked of a "they" who tried a text to prove the doctrine, "at first," implying that they failed, and then went to others:

doctrine avoided imprisonment. The truth is to be purged of things spurious: the faith subsisted before these texts were introduced or changed: it is not an article of faith or a point of discipline, but a criticism, &c. There is an expression towards the end which admits of a double interpretation: "if the ancient churches, in debating and deciding the greatest mysteries of religion, knew nothing of these two texts; I understand not, why we should be so fond of them now the debates are over." The first clause, by itself, might rather have been written by a Trinitarian: though a Unitarian might write it, more especially if he wanted a formular phrase. But the second clause looks very like a formula: for there was no time at which the debate raged so fiercely as in the day of Newton, which was that of Wallis, South, Sherlock, &c., and hosts of anonymous writers. We find it difficult to suppose that Newton, whose friendship with Locke, Clarke, and Whiston, at that time was notorious, would do that which none but Anti-trinitarians, or very few, ever did, in a communication to an Anti-trinitarian intended at that time for publication abroad, without making a definite avowal of the orthodoxy of his belief, if he had it to make. It is right to

the clear implication being that he thought they had the doctrine before they tried any texts. Again, there is the following. Speaking of the manuscript on which Erasmus at last introduced 1 John v. 7 into his text, he says that the English, "*when they had got the Trinity into his edition*, threw by their manuscript (if they had one), as an almanac out of date." Now most of our readers are Trinitarians, and know whether this is the way in which those who hold that doctrine speak of it. The citations above are from Horsley's Newton.

When M. Biot said that there was absolutely nothing in Newton's writings which was other than orthodox, he must have meant in the writings which he had seen. This of course may have been the case. Moreover, what is more absurd than to argue from his silence that a man does not hold an opinion for which he might be ruined and imprisoned, or, up to 1699, even hanged?

state, on the other side, Bishop Burgess's argument: that this was a writing which Newton suppressed from publication. *Printing* should have been the word: Newton published it when he caused it to be sent to Le Clerc. There is to us something corroborative, or at least significative of much difference from the most common opinion, in the Scholium which he added at the end of the second edition of the Principia. With Jewish and Christian writers, Deity is necessarily from eternity and without superior: the word *God* implies both necessary existence and omnipotence. With the Greeks, divine power might be communicated in such a manner that a hero, for instance, after death, might become as truly the object of worship as Jupiter himself. Newton adopts the Greek definition, or one very like it. The rule of a spiritual being makes him God. *Dominatio entis spiritualis Deum constituit.* And as if this were not precise enough, he adds, in the third edition, a note stating that thus the souls of dead princes were called gods by the Gentiles, but *falsely, from want of dominion.* He then proceeds to his well-known reflections on the Supreme Deity.

We have entered into this question, not from any particular interest in it—for there are too many great minds on both sides of the controversy to make one more or less a matter of any consequence to either,—but because we have a curious matter of evidence, and an instructive view of party methods of discussion. Whatever Newton's opinions were, they were in the highest degree the result of a love of truth, and of a cautious and deliberate search after it. His very infirmity is a guarantee for the existence of this feeling in no usual measure. With a competent livelihood, and the dread of discussion so strong that he would gladly have hidden his results from the world rather than encounter even respectful opposition, he could not have worked either for the hope of wealth or office, or even for the love of fame, except in a very secondary degree. The enthusiasm which supported him through the years of patient thought out

of which the Principia arose, must have been strong indeed when he had no ultimate worldly end to propose to himself. Who can say how much of the truth of his system we may owe to this very position? Had he been desirous of pleasing, he must have had strong temptation to build upon some of the prevailing notions; to have a little mercy upon the Physics of Des Cartes. Or even without going so far, a small portion of the vanity which loves to present complete systems and to confess no ignorance, might have biassed him to adopt such an addition to his law of attractive force (such a one as Clairaut for a little while thought necessary) as, without interfering with the main phenomena, would have served to bring out some more explanations. But he had no such bias: and speaking of his philosophic character, it may be said that never was there more of the disinterested spirit of inquiry, unspurred by love of system, unchecked by dread of labour or of opinion. For, however much he might dislike or fear opposition, there was one tribute to it which his philosophy never paid: the pages which he would gladly have burned rather than encounter discussion, contain no concession whatever.

In concluding this brief outline of a truly great man, one of the first minds of any age or country, of whose labours the world will reap the fruits in every year of its existence, we cannot help expressing our hope that future biographers will fairly refute, or fairly admit, the existence of those blots of temper to which the undiscriminating admiration of preceding ones has obliged us to devote so much of the present article. Of the facts, where we have stated them as facts, we are well assured: and there can be no reason why the warnings which the best and greatest of the species must sometimes hold out to the rest, should be softened, or what is worse, converted into examples of imitation, by fear of opposing an established prejudice, or by the curious tendency of biographers to exalt those of whom they write into monsters of perfection. Surely it is enough that Newton is the greatest of philosophers, and one of the best of men—

that all his errors are to be traced to a disposition which seems to have been born* with him—that, admitting them in their fullest extent, he remains an object of unqualified wonder, and all but unqualified respect.

For reasons which will be easily understood, the author of this article subscribes his name.

A. De Morgan.

* We cannot trace, in Newton's character, an *acquired failing;* nothing but the manifestations of the original disposition due to different circumstances.

HAD the author of Robinson Crusoe written the narrative of his own 'Life and strange surprising Adventures,'* we should have found the story of the London writer little less strange or surprising than that of the York mariner. As it is, we must be content with a more commonplace tale. He has left indeed many personal recollections, but they are mostly refutations of calumnies that had been propagated, defences of conduct that had

* Some ill-tempered scribbler published a pamphlet immediately after the publication of 'Robinson Crusoe,' entitled 'The Life and strange surprising Adventures of Mr. D— De F—, of London, Hosier, who has lived above fifty years by himself in the Kingdoms of North and South Britain; the various Shapes he has appeared in, and the Discoveries he has made for the Benefit of his Country:' but it has not even the merit of parodying the romance beyond the title-page, and tells nothing of the man whose life it professes to narrate.

DE FOE.

been misrepresented, or apologies for writings that had been misunderstood. Still the best notices of his early history are those we have from his own pen, and these we shall use as far as they go. Of his later life we know far less than might have been expected of so prominent a writer. Not only had he no faithful Boswell to gather up every scrap of conversation, or after his death to collect every scattered fragment preserved by friendship; not only did his contemporaries leave his life unwritten; but with so little care was his memory cherished that when Chalmers, about fifty years after the death of De Foe, began to make inquiries with a view to writing a memoir of him, he tells us, "whether De Foe were born on the neighbouring continent or in this island, in London or in the country, was equally uncertain." Chalmers prosecuted his inquiries diligently and with tolerable success; and Wilson and others have zealously followed him in his labours; and probably all has been rescued from oblivion that may now be looked for respecting him.

Daniel De Foe was born in the year 1661, in the parish of Cripplegate, London. His father's name was James Foe; and the *De* was not assumed by Daniel until he grew to manhood; but neither the time nor the reason of the assumption is very clear. James Foe was a butcher, tolerably easy in his circumstances, and a dissenter in his principles; his son accordingly was sent for education to an eminent dissenting academy at Newington Green, of which Charles Morton, a man of learning and a judicious teacher, was the master. The education which Daniel received there, we are told by himself, was of a more comprehensive kind than was common, and it does not appear to have been less accurate. Probably at Newington Green De Foe missed much of the scholarship that he might have acquired on the banks of Cam or Isis, from which, being a dissenter, he was excluded; but if he was not initiated into the deeper mysteries of the Greek and Latin metres, he was taught how to employ his own language to advantage. All the lectures were delivered, and all the exercises

were written, in English; and thus, as he says, "though the scholars were not destitute of the languages, it is observed of them that they were by this made masters of the English tongue, and more of them excelled in that particular than of any school of that time." In after-life, among the charges brought against him, that of want of learning was loudly and coarsely urged by Tutchin, in the 'Observator,' and other of the scribes of the day. At first he was inclined to let the charge pass unnoticed, that thus, as he expresses it, "these gentlemen that reproach my learning to applaud their own, may have it proved I have more learning than either of them—because I have more manners. I have no concern to tell Dr. Brown I can read English, nor to tell Mr. Tutchin I understand Latin; *non ita Latinus, sum ut Latine loqui.* I easily acknowledge myself blockhead enough to have lost the fluency of expression in the Latin, and so far trade has been a prejudice to me; and yet I think I owe this justice to my ancient father, still living, and in whose behalf I freely testify, that if I am a blockhead it was nobody's fault but my own; he having spared nothing in my education that might qualify me to match the accurate Dr. Brown or the learned Observator. . . . . As to my little learning, and his great capacity, I freely challenge him to translate with me any Latin, French, and Italian author, and after that to re-translate them crossways, for 20*l.* each book; and by this he shall have an opportunity to show the world how much De Foe the hosier is inferior in learning to Mr. Tutchin the gentleman." *

De Foe appears to have remained at this school till about 1680, probably preparing for the ministry, which, as we know from a passage in his 'Review,'† he was at

* Review, No. 38, May 31, 1705.

† "And now, good people all, will you allow me to preach a little? It is not often that I trouble you with any of my divinity; I acknowledge the pulpit is none of my office—it was my disaster first to be set apart for, and then to be set apart from, the honour of that sacred employ." 'Rev.' Oct. 22, 1709.

one time desirous to enter. Why he was thwarted in his wish it is perhaps vain to inquire, and scarcely worth while to speculate. It has been suggested that the inauspicious state of affairs, especially for dissenters, and his own inclination to politics, may have induced him to relinquish the idea; but it seems scarcely probable. Young De Foe was little likely to be turned aside from such a purpose because the times were unpropitious; and an inclination for politics was not then an uncommon thing in a minister whether in or out of the establishment. The real cause was perhaps of a very different kind. Among dissenters (or at least among Independents, to which sect he belonged), the candidate for the ministry has always had to undergo a somewhat elaborate and harassing ordeal. Besides the expressed desire of the candidate, and the "call of the church," with which he is connected, after having given proofs of his fitness by exhibitions of his "gifts," by relations of his personal "experiences and exercises," and by statements of his theological knowledge and doctrinal opinions; he has also to bear many more private tests and to pass through a somewhat lengthened probation. Now all this is easy enough to young men of strong religious impressions, and coarse feelings, but is often peculiarly grating to the more sensitive; and though a sense of duty will frequently carry them through it, many such are found inadequate, they give up of their own accord, or are pronounced wanting. De Foe most likely was either found not to have a sufficiently decided call, or his independency of spirit revolted under the inquisition. At no time of his life was he very forward to square his own notions and practices to the disciplinary rules of any sect or party. Be the cause of his forsaking his early purpose what it may, that purpose was not likely to have been adopted by him hastily, nor the renunciation of it to have been without influence on his future life; in the consideration of which it should therefore not be overlooked. To the end of his days he remained a dissenter, and was always ready to defend nonconformity; but neither during his life nor since his death has he been a

favourite of the party to which he belonged, and there are many hints in his works which suggest that the dissatisfaction was mutual. For the last fifty years of his life he did indeed live all alone.

Of the ardour of his theological zeal he gave early and decisive evidence. In 1682 he published a pamphlet against the prevalent high-church notions, which contains a spice of his ironic talent, as might be suspected from the title: 'Speculum Crape Gownorum; or a Looking Glass for the Young Academics newfoyld, with Reflections on some of the late high-flown Sermons; to which is added a Sermon of the Newest Fashion.' Even at this period he showed the fearlessness that marked his future career. He had already resolved "to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth," regardless whether by so doing he pleased or offended his friends, and careless of the danger to which he exposed himself. We cannot do better than let him describe, in his own graphic way, his conduct for the next few years. "The first time I had the misfortune to differ with my friends was about the year 1683, when the Turks were besieging Vienna, and the Whigs in England, generally speaking, were for the Turks taking it, which I, having read the history of the cruelty and perfidious dealings of the Turks in their wars, and how they had rooted out the name of the Christian religion in above threescore and ten kingdoms, could by no means agree with. And though then but a young man, and a younger author, I opposed it and wrote against it, which was taken very unkindly indeed. The next time I differed with my friends was when King James was wheedling the Dissenters to take off the penal laws and test, which I could by no means come into. And as in the first I used to say, I had rather the popish House of Austria should ruin the Protestants in Hungary than the infidel House of Ottoman should ruin both Protestants and Papists by overrunning Germany; so in the other, I told the Dissenters I had rather the Church of England should pull our clothes off by fines and forfeitures than the Papists should fall both upon the Church and the Dissenters, and pull our skins

off by fire and faggot." ('Appeal to Honour and Justice.')

It was not with the pen alone that he displayed his enmity to the measures of James. In the disastrous affair of 1685 he informs us that he took "arms under Monmouth against his cruelty and arbitrary government;" but whether he was present at Sedgemoor we are not told; at any rate he escaped the terrible retribution which followed upon the failure of that ill-conceived attempt. When the more successful effort was made to arrest the career of the infatuated monarch, De Foe shared in the general enthusiasm. On the occasion of William and Mary visiting the City, they were escorted, says Oldmixon, by "a royal regiment of volunteer horse made up of the chief citizens, who, being gallantly mounted and richly accoutred, were led by the Earl of Monmouth, now Earl of Peterborough. Among these troopers, who were for the most part Dissenters, was Daniel De Foe, at that time a hosier in Freeman's-yard, Cornhill."

That De Foe was a hosier was commonly said by his contemporaries, and is still usually repeated. But he expressly denied that he had been "a hosier or an apprentice." He appears to have commenced business when he gave up the ministry, though he does not say what business he followed, simply calling himself a trader: he seems to have engaged in commerce, and particularly in trade to Portugal. His commercial undertakings were unsuccessful; but whether from the wars in which the country was engaged, and the misconduct of others, as he asserts, or from neglect and mismanagement on his own part, as has been affirmed, cannot now be ascertained. It is only certain that in 1692 he became bankrupt, but the commission was speedily superseded on the petition of his principal creditors, who agreed to a composition, accepting at the same time his simple bond—a circumstance sufficiently indicating the opinions formed of his rectitude by those most interested. Nor ought we to omit what he makes one of his creditors assert: "I compounded with him and discharged him fully; and several years afterwards he sent for me, and,

though he was clearly discharged, he paid me all the remainder of his debt voluntarily and of his own accord; and he told me that, as fast as God should enable him, he intended to do so with everybody. When he had done, he desired me to set my hand to a paper to acknowledge it, which I readily did, and found a great many names to the paper before me." And in 1705, when Lord Haversham threw out insinuations against his probity, he says that "with a numerous family, and no helps but his own industry, he had forced his way with undiscouraged diligence through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from seventeen thousand to less than five thousand pounds." "These misfortunes in business," to use his own words, "having unhinged me from matters of trade, it was about the year 1694 when I was invited by some merchants, with whom I had corresponded abroad, and some also at home, to settle at Cadiz, in Spain, and that with offers of very good commissions. But Providence, which had other work for me to do, placed a secret aversion in my mind to quitting England upon any account, and made me refuse the best offers of that kind, to be concerned with some eminent persons at home in proposing ways and means to the government for raising money to supply the occasions of the war then newly begun. Some time after this I was, without the least application of mine, and being then seventy miles from London, sent for to be accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty, in which service I continued to the termination of their commission." This situation he held from 1695 to 1699.

The proposals for raising money for the government and for carrying on the war, of which he speaks, were connected with the coinage, with the establishment of county banks, the registry of seamen, a revision of the poor-laws, and various other projects. And he followed up his proposals by publishing, while serving in the commission on the glass duties, 'An Essay on Projects,' in which he suggests a great number of schemes, several of which would doubtless have been of much benefit to the country if they had been adopted. Like all his works it abounds

with original and sagacious remarks. Franklin acknowledges that this essay "gave him a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of his life," and many other writers and speculators have derived serviceable hints from it.

Meanwhile he had been busily engaged in the controversies of the day. One that he entered upon with the most ardour was the question of the Occasional Conformity of Dissenters, a practice imperative upon such as held any municipal or government office, but respecting the lawfulness of which the dissenters were divided in opinion. De Foe published several pamphlets against the practice, which was defended by the excellent John Howe. This he reckons the third occasion of difference with his friends; and he had the misfortune, he says, "to make many honest men angry, rather because he had the better of the argument, than because they disliked what he said." He also with his usual courage wrote about this time in defence of a standing army, the proposition being exceedingly unpopular. Another of his works was 'The Poor Man's Plea concerning a Reformation of Manners;' a hearty attack upon the vices of the upper classes, which he asserts were suffered to pass unreproved, while the poor were for every fault strictly punished; and thus the laws became "cobweb laws, in which the small flies are catched, and great ones break through." And in this way he went on attacking abuses wherever he discerned them, and endeavouring to destroy prejudices whether of friends or enemies.

The works we have noticed were published whilst he held his office in the glass commission; the leisure obtained upon the suppression of the commission in 1699, and perhaps the necessity of making up for the loss of the income—for he was married, and had a young family—stimulated him to increased activity, and in the course of the next two or three years he wrote a great number of pamphlets on a great variety of subjects, but all connected with the passing religious or political controversies, and all of them written with a thorough earnestness that leaves no doubt of the sincerity of the author. But

literature was not his only employment. He had devised many projects for the benefit of the public, and he resolved to carry into practice one that he thought might also be of service to himself. This was the attempt to introduce into this country the manufacture of pantiles, which had previously been imported from Holland. He erected works at Tilbury fort, and prosecuted the manufacture until he was thrown into prison in 1703; but the speculation was not successful. The public were slow to believe that English tiles could equal Dutch ones; the prejudice might have been overcome in time, but his arrest put a complete stop to the undertaking. In a scurrilous answer to his 'Free-born Englishman,' entitled the 'Free-born Huguenot,' he is called a "sorry paymaster and knave," and it is asserted that—

> "*Justices* forc'd him to pay his slaves,
> Who, subjects to a worse than Pharaoh's law,
> Made bricks without due food instead of straw;
> Who suffer'd for the maggots in his head,
> And took great pains to go without their bread."

but whether there was any foundation for the charge we do not know; most likely it was a mere fabrication, for he was throughout his life the object of the constant and virulent attacks of a set of men by whom truth and decency were utterly disregarded. In the 'Review' (March 24, 1705) we have his own account of the affair. "Nor should the author of this paper boast in vain if he tells the world that he himself, before violence, injury, and barbarous treatment demolished him and his undertaking, employed a hundred poor people in making pantiles in England, a manufacture always bought in Holland; and thus he pursued this principle [of increasing the sources of employment,] with the utmost zeal for the good of England; and those gentlemen who so easily persecuted him for saying what all the world since owns to be true, and which he has since a hundred times offered to prove, were particularly serviceable to the nation, in turning that hundred of poor people and their families a-begging for work, and forcing them to turn other poor

families out of work to make room for them; besides three thousand pounds' damage to the author of this, which he has paid for this little experience." Oldmixon calls De Foe the secretary of the works, and Wilson follows him in the statement; but to have been so large a loser by their failure, he must have had a considerable share in them, if he was not (as we shall presently see him described) the owner. It was his last venture in business.

The pamphlets he wrote at this time were more important, and productive of more important results to himself, than any he had hitherto published. They are in verse and prose, and on all the leading topics of foreign and domestic policy. The nation was in a state of excitement, in which De Foe fully participated, but he did not suffer himself to be carried away by the popular notions. All these pamphlets are marked by the strong common-sense and shrewdness so characteristic of him, and many of them display great political discernment. One point to which he addressed himself with especial zeal was to convince the nation of the folly and injustice of "maltreating King William;" and this caused him his "fourth breach with honest men." William was not popular; the English feeling against foreigners had been carefully pandered to, and the king's reserved temper had tended not a little to increase the feeling. To check this growing prejudice De Foe, who was an ardent admirer of William's many excellent qualities, wrote his 'True-born Englishman,' which appeared early in 1701. Of the cause of his writing it, and the consequences, he has left a pretty full account in his 'Appeal.' "During this time there came out a vile abhorred pamphlet in very ill verse, written by one Mr. Tutchin, and called 'The Foreigners,' in which the author—who he was I then knew not—fell personally upon the king himself, and then upon the Dutch nation; and after having reproached his majesty with crimes that his worst enemy could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of FOREIGNER. This filled me with a kind of rage against the book, and gave birth to a trifle, which I never could hope should have

met with so general an acceptation as it did;' I mean the 'True-born Englishman.' How this poem was the occasion of my being known to his majesty, how I was afterwards received by him, how employed, and how, above my capacity of deserving, rewarded, is no part of the present case, and is only mentioned here, as I take all occasions to do, for the expressing the honour I ever preserved for the immortal and glorious memory of that greatest and best of princes, and whom it was my honour and advantage to call master, as well as sovereign; whose goodness to me I never forgot, neither can forget; and whose memory I never patiently heard abused, and never can do so; and who, had he lived, would never have suffered me to be treated as I have been in the world."

De Foe was not a poet; but he could write vigorous if not harmonious verse, and he put out all his power in this piece. The satire is bold and trenchant; he wants to humble the excessive pride of his countrymen in their antiquity, and there is a daring about the manner in which he attempts to demolish this their favourite boast that is quite remarkable. He undertakes to show how

> "From a mixture of all kinds began
> That het'rogeneous thing—an Englishman;"

and he goes steadily through his history, without any attempt at softening down the rougher parts. Nor after he has, as he says, "the breed described," does he deal at all more favourably with their "temper," bestowing upon them the vices of all the nations that had contributed to their parentage, with very few of their virtues.

> "What honesty they have the Saxons gave them,
> And that, now they grow old, begins to leave them."

And he brings in Britannia herself to sing the praises of William, and to reproach her sons for their ingratitude to him.

The sale of the piece was quite unexampled. He says some four years afterwards in the preface to a collection of his works—in the course of some remarks on literary

piracy, from which he suffered greatly, and to the prevention of which he contributed more than any one,—"The True-born Englishman is a remarkable example, by which the author, though in it he had no eye to profit, had he been to enjoy the profit of his own labour, had gained above 1000*l.*: a book that besides nine editions of the author, has been twelve times printed by other hands; some of which have been sold for 1*d.*, others 2*d.*, and others 6*d.*; the author's edition being fairly printed, and on good paper, and could not be sold under a shilling [it was in 4*to* and contained 60 pages]. Eighty thousand of the small ones have been sold in the streets for 2*d.* or at a penny: and the author thus abused and discouraged had no remedy but patience." Nor, if we may believe a statement he made in a work he published long after his poem, was the effect of the satire less remarkable than its circulation. "National mistakes, vulgar errors, and even a general practice, have been reformed by a just satire. None of our countrymen have been known to boast of being true-born Englishmen, or so much as to use the word as a title or appellation, ever since a late satire upon that national folly was published, though almost thirty years ago. Nothing was more frequent in our mouths before that, nothing so universally blushed and laughed at since." It must not be supposed, however, that De Foe was *un*-English in his feelings; there was not a more thorough Englishman living; but he was an honest patriot, and would not participate in an affected patriotism, borrowed for mean, selfish, or party purposes; at the same time there *is* a little perverseness in the asperity with which he rebukes the faults of his countrymen. We have already seen that his poem was the occasion of his being introduced to the king, and of his being employed and well rewarded by him. The nature of the employment and the extent of the reward are unknown. That it was not with a view to any reward that he wrote the satire De Foe stoutly affirms, and there is no reason to doubt his declaration. He had been all along a zealous partisan of the monarch; and it should not be unnoticed that he continued to express his admiration of

him, long after it was possible to gain anything by so doing.

In May, 1701, the singular genius of De Foe was displayed in an event that excited a great commotion. The violent dissensions between the houses of parliament, the bitter strifes of the two leading political parties, and the consequent neglect of the public business, had caused strong feelings of disgust throughout the country, which at length found expression in the famous Petition of the Freeholders of Kent to the House of Commons. This petition called on the members in strong language to consider the dangerous state of the kingdom and the disturbed condition of all Europe, and laying aside all distrust of his "majesty, whose great actions are writ in the hearts of all his subjects never to be effaced," to take speedy measures for the safety of the nation, and "enabling the king to assist his allies before it is too late." The county members shrank from the presentation of such a remonstrance, until backed by a deputation of the principal memorialists. The petition was no sooner read than the House voted it to be "scandalous, insolent, and seditious," and committed the deputation to custody at the Gatehouse. A few days afterwards, as the speaker was entering the House of Commons, a packet was put into his hands, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a memorial, which he was "commanded by 200,000 Englishmen to deliver to the House of Commons, and to inform them that it is no banter, but serious truth, and a serious regard to it is expected." And a serious regard was paid. The Memorial, which was signed, "Our name is Legion and we are many," and hence came to be known as the 'Legion Memorial,' enters into a bitter examination of the misdeeds and neglect of the Commons; asserts boldly and eloquently the right of the people to remonstrate with their representatives "as they think fit, either by petition, address, proposal, memorial, or in any other peaceable way;" and declares that the House had acted illegally and arbitrarily in arresting persons who presented such petitions. It then proceeds to "publicly protest against all

the aforesaid illegal actions, and in the name of ourselves, and of all good people of England," to "require and demand" them immediately to adopt a number of measures that are very explicitly stated, but which are too long to quote; and winds up by threatening them, if they neglect, with "the resentment of an injured nation; for Englishmen are to be no more slaves to parliaments than to kings." De Foe never explicitly owned this memorial to be his invention, but there is no doubt whatever that he was the author of it. The style, with its keen skilful sarcasm, its clearness, boldness, and straightforwardness, and the air of reality and sincerity that is thrown over it, everywhere betrays him. In his 'Original Power of the Collective Body of the People,' published the same year, in speaking of the origin of the 'Legion Paper,' he admits that he could "give a better history of it, if it were needful;" words that he carefully expunged when he reprinted the tract a few years later. It has been said that the paper was put into the speaker's hands by a woman; and Mr. Polhill, the son of one of the Kentish deputation, informed Chalmers that it was De Foe himself who was so disguised. Mr. Wilson doubts the fact; but the passage he quotes from De Foe's history of the Kentish petition shows that he was the person who delivered the memorial, though it *seems* to deny that he did it in female attire: "It was said, it was delivered to the Speaker by a woman; but I have been informed since, that it was a mistake, and it was delivered by the very person who wrote it, guarded by about sixteen persons of quality, who, if any notice had been taken of him, were ready to have carried him off by force." The effect of the Memorial was marvellous. The fall of a shell in the House could not have produced greater consternation among the members than the receipt of this terrible piece of paper. The Serjeant-at-arms was sent round to summon every member to immediate attendance. When they assembled they could not conceal their terror. One member who had been named in the Memorial declared that he stood in danger of being assassinated. Others fled to their country residences.

One committee was appointed to draw up an address to his majesty praying him to put a stop to these threatening petitions; another was appointed to make an inquiry into this dreadful conspiracy. Luckily for their fears, the truth became gradually apparent that there were not "200,000 Englishmen" ready to back this "remonstrance in an *un*peaceable way," but that the whole was a mystification; and the committee thought it wisest quietly to dissolve. It was one of those bold strokes that only De Foe could have struck; and it is probable that it did in some measure accomplish its object. In the following year he published 'Legion's New Paper; being a second Memorial to the Gentlemen of a late House of Commons;' and also, as has been mentioned, a 'History of the Kentish Petition.' He was evidently well satisfied with the success of his *ruse*.

About this time he wrote an able and earnest remonstrance against a war with France, although that was a design upon which the king had set his heart. He also published two or three pamphlets on the succession to the crown, chiefly intended to warn the country against the machinations of the Jacobites. On the death of William in 1702, he wrote 'The Mock Mourners, a Satire by way of Elegy on King William,' in which he warmly eulogises the virtues of that prince, and censures the ingratitude with which he had been treated. Being in a poetic mood, he quickly followed this with another satire, entitled 'Reformation of Manners,' in which he makes a furious and unsparing charge on public and private vices, attacking by name a great number of persons in various ranks of life, but only, as he expressly asserts, such as made a public parade of their misdoings.

The death of William was a grievous misfortune to De Foe. Anne commenced her reign a fierce Tory and resolute supporter of "church principles." De Foe was a thorough Whig and a nonconformist. He had too, by his satires, made himself many enemies, who were not at all of a scrupulous character. In his various writings he had by turns offended all parties, and now he was to experience the enmity of all. Encouraged by the change

of monarchs, the "high church" party put forth the most extravagant claims, and asserted the most intolerant principles. De Foe at once entered the lists, and with inimitable skill showed the tendency of their doctrines. The method he adopted was thoroughly characteristic. In 'The Shortest Way with Dissenters,' assuming the character of one of the highest of high churchmen, he pretends to prove that the shortest and only effectual way to "live in peace and see piety flourish," and to "save many millions of future souls," is to root out the conventicles and to purge their frequenters, "the present race of poisoned spirits, from the face of the land." "'T is vain to trifle in this matter; the light foolish handling of them by mulcts, fines, &c., is their glory and their advantage; if the gallows instead of the counter, and the galleys instead of the fines, were the reward of going to a conventicle to preach or hear, there would not be so many sufferers; the spirit of martyrdom is over: they that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged. If one severe law were made and punctually executed, that whoever was found at a conventicle should be banished the nation, and the preacher hanged, we should soon see the end of the tale; they would all come to church, and one age would make us all one again. . . . 'But,' says a hot-and-cold objector, 'this is renewing fire and faggot, reviving the act *De Heret. Comburendo:* this will be cruelty in its nature and barbarous to the world.'—I answer, 't is cruelty to kill a snake or a toad in cold blood, but the poison of their nature makes it a charity to our neighbours to destroy these creatures, not for any personal injury received, but for prevention; not for the evil they have done, but the evil they may do. . . . .

"Moses was a merciful, meek man, and yet with what fury did he run through the camp, and cut the throats of three and thirty thousand of his dear Israelites that were fallen into idolatry: and what was the reason? 'T was mercy to the rest to make these examples, to prevent the destruction of the whole army. . . . .

"And the title of *barbarous* and *cruel* will soon be taken off from this law too. I am not supposing that all the dissenters in England should be hanged or banished; but as in cases of rebellions and insurrections, if a few of the ringleaders suffer, the multitude are dismissed, so a few obstinate people being made examples, there is no doubt but the severity of the law would find a stop in the compliance of the multitude."

These extracts will sufficiently show the scope and style of the work. To any one in our days it seems scarcely possible that the tenor of it should have been ever mistaken. But it was by both parties. The steady gravity with which the outrageous proposals were stated quite mystified them, and the book was universally received as genuine—by the high churchmen with delight, by the dissenters with dismay, and by moderate men with grief and abhorrence. When it was known that it was written by De Foe, the clamour raised against him was as extravagant and absurd as the previous blunder was stupid. The dissenters especially, he says, "flew at him like lightning, ignorantly and blindly, not seeing that he had sacrificed himself and his fortunes in their behalf; they rummaged his character for reproaches, though they could find little that way to hurt him; they plentifully loaded him with ill language and railing, and took a great deal of pains to let the world see their own ignorance and ingratitude." We may, however, say in excuse for them that there were some apparently hard hits for them in the book, and that, to borrow Sir Thomas Browne's words, "many positions seem quodlibetically constituted, and, like a Delphian blade, will cut both ways." The clamour was so great that De Foe thought it necessary to conceal himself. He published an 'Explanation,' though he protests "he thought when he wrote the book he should never need to come to an explanation, and wonders to find there should be any reason for it." But the violence of his enemies did not slacken: a complaint was made in the House of Commons (Feb. 25) against the work, and after the obnoxious parts were read, it was resolved "That this book, being

full of false and scandalous reflections on this parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman to-morrow in New Palace Yard." Meanwhile the government had issued a proclamation offering a reward for the apprehension of the author. As it is not often that we can obtain an official description of the person of a celebrated man, it may be worth while to quote this; in reading it some allowance must of course be made for the tendency there always is in officials to describe delinquents in terms the reverse of flattering. De Foe himself several times, in subsequent writings, refers with some little subacidity of temper to this account of his "Dutch nose and sharp chin."

"St. James's, Jan. 10th, 170$\frac{2}{3}$.

"Whereas Daniel De Foe, alias De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entituled 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters:' he is a middle-sized spare man, about forty [forty-two] years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard, in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile work near Tilbury Fort, in Essex; whoever shall discover the said Daniel De Foe to one of her majesty's principal secretaries of state, or any of her majesty's justices of the peace, shall have a reward of fifty pounds, which her majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery."

The proclamation was successful, "the man being betrayed fell into the hands of the public ministry." He was tried for a libel, and the Attorney-General, Sir Simon Harcourt, treated him with great brutality. His own counsel he complains misled him. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to "pay a fine of two hundred marks to the queen, to stand three times in the pillory, be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure, and find sureties for his good behaviour during seven years."

And this execrable sentence was passed upon him after he had by "good words been wheedled to throw himself into their hands and submit, they giving him that gewgaw the public faith for a civil and gentleman-like treatment . . . yet they treated him in this most barbarous manner, on pretence that there were no such promises made, though he proved it upon them by the oath of the persons to whom they were made. . . . Thus he was ruined and undone, and left a monument of what every man must expect that serves a good cause, professed by an unthankful people." ('Consolidator.')

So long as the Tories remained in power this atrocious sentence was persevered in. He was duly set in the pillory; but it was not in the nature of the English people to insult over a man who was thus exposed not because he had committed a crime, for the true intent of his writing was now fully understood, but out of revenge. His exposure was in fact a triumph for him. The crowd looked on with silent pity, and when he was taken down expressed their sympathy "with loud shouts and acclamations." His persecutors cared not to repeat the exhibition. De Foe was not ashamed of his elevation. On his return to his prison he published his "Defiance of the Minister's Illegal Proceedings," in a 'Hymn to the Pillory;' and "their not thinking fit to prosecute him for it was a fair confession of guilt in the former proceedings, since he was in their power, and, as they thought, not like to come out of it" (Pref. to Works). The Hymn is one of his most spirited pieces of verse; and it quickly passed through several editions. He starts out in a loud strain,—

> "Hail, hieroglyphic state machine,
> Contriv'd to punish fancy in!
> Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
> And all thy insignificants disdain:"

and never slackens his vigour throughout, while he describes those who have, and those who ought to have, stood in it; and he winds up with a sting sharp enough

to deter the ministers from provoking him by another procedure:—

"Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times,
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes!"

In his prison he did not give himself up to despair. He had all his prospects in life cut off; his manufactory was destroyed, his employments were gone: but he had a family to provide for, and with resolute industry he addressed himself to his task. Whilst in prison he wrote a continuation of his previous satire under the title of 'More Reformation, a satire on himself;' from the preface to which it appears that the dissenters still believed "that a certain book, which 't is too true for me was of my writing, was writ with a design to have all the dissenters hanged, banished, or destroyed, and that the gallows and the galleys should be the penalty of going to a conventicle, forgetting that at the same time I must design to have my father, my wife, six innocent children, and myself, put in the same condition. All the fault I can find in myself as to these people is, that when I had drawn the picture, I did not, like the Dutchman with his man and bear, write under them, *this is the man, and this is the bear*, lest the people should mistake me." He also made collections of his writings in consequence of their having been collected and published by a piratical printer, of which he warmly complains. Another of the works that occupied him in his prison was published under the title of 'The Storm; or, a Collection of the most remarkable Casualties and Disasters which happened in the late dreadful Tempest both by Sea and Land, on Friday, Nov. 26th, 1703;' it is a superior work in every way to what might have been expected from the title, and it was several times reprinted. Besides these he published during his imprisonment fifteen or sixteen pamphlets on the prevalent religious and political topics, or in defence of the public and private worth of the late king. We have examined

most of these, and though of but temporary interest they serve to display the powerful intellect, amazing industry, and extensive resources of this wonderful man. But even all this, abundant as it appears, was not all that he accomplished during this imprisonment, of about eighteen months' continuance. He also, while in prison and uncertain when he should get out, projected and commenced the publication of his Review, a periodical that prepared the way for the Tatlers and Spectators of a later period. This work, which was at first published weekly and afterwards twice a week, was written wholly by himself, and was never remitted during the nine years that it lasted.

"The high-flying party" were driven from office in April, 1704; and Harley, who had succeeded the Earl of Nottingham as secretary of state, immediately made overtures to De Foe, who gives the following curious account of the affair. "While I lay friendless and distressed in the prison of Newgate, my family ruined, and myself without hope of deliverance, a message was brought me from a person of honour, who, till that time, I had never had the least acquaintance with, or knowledge of .... The message was by word of mouth thus:—'Pray, ask that gentleman what I can do for him?' But in return to this kind and generous message, I immediately took my pen and ink, and wrote the story of the blind man in the Gospel, to whom Our Blessed Lord put the question 'What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee? Who, as if he had made it strange that such a question should be asked, or as if he had said that I am blind, and yet you ask me what thou shalt do for me? My answer is plain in my misery, 'Lord, that I may receive my sight!'" Harley understood the intimation; but it was four months before he procured De Foe's release. The queen, when the matter was brought before her at the council, declared that "she had left all that matter to a certain person, and did not think he would have used him in that manner." These were not mere words, says De Foe, as she gave convincing proofs, for she "was pleased particularly to enquire into my circumstances and family, and by my

Lord Treasurer Godolphin to send a considerable supply to my wife and family, and to send to me the prison money to pay my fine and the expenses of my discharge. . . . Here is the foundation on which I built my first sense of duty to her majesty's person, and the indelible bond of gratitude to my first benefactor." And this frank acknowledgment of his obligation, with a plain statement of those subsequently received, was made when the queen was dead and Harley in disgrace.

On his release he thought fit to retire for a while into the country, but as he complains he found that "a country recess no more than a stone doublet can secure a man from the clamours of the pen." Although he maintained entire silence, "the scribblers of the day vented their scurrilous street ribaldry and bear-garden usage, some in prose, and some in those terrible lines they call verse," till, though he "thought he had a talent of patience as large as might serve him in common with his neighbours," he found he could endure it silently no longer. He accordingly published what he called his 'Elegy,' being metaphorically dead, *i. e.*, bound for seven years "not to write what some people may not like; and if that be not equivalent to being dead, as to the pen, I know not what is," and he "thus puts the case in order to a truce." He does not however forget to sprinkle some tart words even in this Elegy; while he exclaims loudly against the "legal tyranny" that has silenced him, he says: —

"Yet undisturbed I safely sleep,
And calm as death my silence keep;
I laugh at all the anger of mankind
Who, loth to hear the Truth, my pen confin'd;
I smile at human policy,
Who always stop that mouth whose words they can't deny."

He had retired to Bury St. Edmund's, where he employed himself in writing his Review; but probably he did not continue there very long. Harley saw his ability, and soon "employed him in several honourable though secret services." What these were he does not state,

but intimates that they were attended "oftentimes with difficulty and danger." When Harley was driven from the ministry, De Foe, with his full concurrence, continued to perform the same services under his rival Godolphin, who procured for him "the continuance of an appointment which her majesty had been pleased to make, in consideration of a former special service he had done, and in which he had run as much risk of his life as a grenadier upon the counterscarp." What this special and dangerous service was is left untold, but we gather from another part that it was "done in a foreign country."

Meanwhile our author, besides his Reviews, had gone on adding pamphlet to pamphlet with unflagging diligence. Among others appeared in verse a 'Hymn to Victory;' a 'Double Welcome to the Duke of Marlborough,' in which, while he celebrates the conquests of the hero, he adds an earnest cry for peace; and 'The Dyet of Poland, a satyr.' He also wrote some religious tracts, and some on the high-church and dissenting controversy,—for he appears soon to have cast off his care about his "seven years' silence," assured perhaps of the protection or acquiescence of the ministry. He wrote, too, several political pamphlets; and a couple of works in which he first gave decided intimation of his peculiar inventive powers. One of these, a little tract of a few pages, was produced under rather singular circumstances. A religious publication known as 'Drelincourt on Death' had been translated from the French, but its weighty qualities had not procured for it a rapid circulation. The publisher, like his shelves, "groaned under the burden." In his distress he applied to De Foe, who undertook to write a sufficient recommendation of the work. He quickly produced 'A true Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the next Day after her Death, to one Mrs. Bargrave at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705;' unquestionably the best ghost story of the kind ever invented. No other ghost ever came in such a rational way. The apparition is no pallid spectre clad in white, and coming in the midnight hour to speak terrible

things. She is the good, well-intentioned spirit of a plain kindly Christian woman, come to have a little parting feminine gossip with an old friend, and to condole with her in her sorrows; and she comes in the ordinary manner wearing her scoured silk gown, knocking at the door in broad daylight, and taking her seat in the elbow chair; and giving no intimation that she is not real flesh and blood. Mrs. Bargrave was in a little trouble at the time, and the conversation quite naturally took a religious turn, and quite naturally they talked about the religious books which in former days they used to read together. And then when they talked of death Mrs. Veal assured her that "Drelincourt's book on Death was the best ever written on that subject. She also mentioned Sherlock, the two Dutch books which were translated written upon Death, and several others. But Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of Death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt. She said, Yes. Says Mrs. Veal, fetch it. And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up stairs and brings it down." And then Mrs. Veal quotes it and makes a few remarks upon what he says, and presently passes to other matters without any more references to the book. The account is all written in this homely style, from the narration of Mrs. Bargrave, whose honesty and character are vouched for by a neighbouring justice of the peace. The bait took. Its truth was not questioned, and the desired consequences naturally followed; for who that wished to prepare for death would not possess a book which a visitant from the other world had pronounced to be the best on the subject? The relation was afterwards prefixed to Drelincourt (which quickly passed through many editions), and its authenticity long remained undoubted. Boswell, in his 'Life of Johnson,' says, "I mentioned the famous story of the appearance of Mrs. Veal. *Johnson.* I believe, sir, that is given up: I believe the woman declared on her death-bed that it was a lie" (iii. 194, ed. 1835). Neither Johnson nor his biographer seems to have suspected that the whole was a hoax. Even

now there are probably many people who implicitly believe it, ghost and all. We know of some such, of both sexes.

The other work to which we referred, is an octavo volume of tolerable bulk, entitled 'The Consolidator; or Memoirs of Sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon,' translated from the Lunar language. It is a satirical review of the doings of the public men of England, an attack on the misconduct of men of all classes and orders. Not only the warriors and statesmen, but the poets and wits are sharply rebuked; and foreign policy as well as home is examined. Some parts of the book are of singular causticity and power, but it is, as a whole, rather tedious—partly, no doubt, from the temporary nature of most of it. Swift evidently owed a good deal to it, if he did not catch the idea from it of his 'Gulliver's Travels;' but Gulliver is incomparably more artistical in its execution. The lunarian veil is far too flimsy, and it is full of rents. The freedom of the work, and the somewhat indiscriminate character of its censures, together with the nature of his other political and ecclesiastical writings about this time, seem to have enraged the enemies of De Foe into absolute fury. Having to go into the western counties on some business, a scheme was concocted for kidnapping him and carrying him off to one of the colonies, or pressing him for a soldier. Suits were also commenced against him in his absence for fictitious debts, and pains were taken to circulate reports of his having fled from justice. If he had not published statements of all these things, at the time, in his 'Review,' they would have been scarcely credible.

In 1706 he published his longest and favourite poem, the 'Jure Divino, a Satyr, in 12 books,' and extending through more than 300 folio pages. It is an elaborate argumentative satire against non-resistance and passive obedience. The work was directed against a set of tyrannical principles that were becoming fashionable; but though it contains much of good forcible writing, it may be doubted if this was a sort of work likely

to be nearly so efficacious in checking their progress as some of his shorter and brisker pieces. But he was about to enter upon a different employment. When Godolphin, having renewed to him his former appointment, introduced De Foe to the queen, she was pleased, he says, to refer with approbation to his previous services, and to inform him that she "had appointed him for another affair, which was something nice," and she added that "the lord treasurer would tell him the rest." It was to proceed to Scotland as secretary to the English Commissioners for the promotion of the Union between the two countries. This measure was extremely unpopular in Scotland, and De Foe's office was both difficult and dangerous. His persuasive skill was put in full requisition; besides his immediate employment, he appears to have diligently sought to remove the objections of all influential persons with whom he came into contact; and his pen was constantly engaged in writing pamphlets for, or answering others against, the Union. He was looked upon as one of the leading agents of the English government; and, on one occasion at least, the mob broke his windows, and he had some difficulty in escaping their vengeance. De Foe was no doubt rewarded for his services, the value of which was fully acknowledged; but when some time afterwards it was asserted that he had received a pension for them, he plainly "declared to all the world that he had had none." In 1709 he published a 'History of the Union,' in which he has embodied full particulars of every step taken in that measure. This work, from his intimate knowledge of all the proceedings, even to "every most secret affair," his access to all important documents, and the scrupulous care with which it was compiled, so that as he declares "nothing material can have escaped him," is a production of great historic value; while the pleasant, easy, if not very dignified style in which it is written renders it one of the most agreeable books of the kind. There are displayed in it the same facility of narrative, explicitness, and comprehensiveness with equal minuteness of detail; and the same skill in assuming the position of the several actors, as were afterwards shown in his novel

"histories;" and alone it would have won for him the title of an able writer and a keen observer.

During the next few years his career was peaceable and not unprosperous, though not quite uncheckered. His patron Godolphin was, in 1710, forced to make way for Harley, De Foe's first benefactor; but the change made little difference in De Foe's position. He thought it proper to place himself in the hands of Godolphin, who good-naturedly advised him to wait upon the new lord-treasurer as soon as affairs were settled. Harley laid his case before the queen; but although still employed he does not seem to have retained his old appointment, preserving, as he says, "the queen's interest, but without any engagement of service." From the tone of his Reviews it is evident that he was beginning to tire of political engagements; and he expressly announces that he shall for the future speak of public affairs with more caution, "how he embroils himself with a party who have neither mercy nor sense of service." He still continued, however, to issue occasional pamphlets, though somewhat less frequently.

But a cloud was gathering that darkened all his prospects, and when it burst destroyed all his plans. The weak queen declined in health, and her court became daily a theatre for more and more violent intrigues, while the party of the Pretender became proportionably elated and more confident and unscrupulous in their advocacy of a restoration. De Foe again stood forth to the encounter. In his Review and by tracts he warned his countrymen of what they were to expect if they admitted the French pensioner. He met with his old reward. For three of these pamphlets—'Reasons against the Succession of the House of Hanover;' 'And what if the Pretender should come?' and 'An Answer to a Question that nobody thinks of, viz., What if the Queen should die?'—he "was prosecuted, taken into custody, and obliged to give 800*l.* bail:" and this, though the irony was even more transparent than in the case of 'The Short and Easy Way!' It was scarcely possible, indeed, that tracts could have been devised more calculated to arouse suspicion and distrust of the Pretender.

As he said, "No man in the nation ever had a more riveted aversion to the Pretender and to all the family" than he, and no man could have written more bitterly against them. But as it was, he was again prosecuted for publishing doctrines which he abhorred and intended to ridicule! perhaps really because it was felt that he was injuring the prospects of the family, whose all depended on those doctrines. He says that some of his leading prosecutors owned, "with more truth than honesty, that they knew this book had nothing in it, and that it was meant another way; but that De Foe had disobliged them in other things, and they were resolved to take the advantage they had, both to punish and expose him. They were no inconsiderable people who said this; and had the case come to a trial, I had provided good evidence to prove the words." ('Appeal.') This time, however, he escaped without trial. When he attended at the Queen's Bench to discharge his bail, he says, "I had an indictment for high crimes and misdemeanours exhibited against me by his majesty's attorney-general, which I was informed contained 200 sheets of paper." But this long array of crimes and misdoings was not opened. The trial was put off to the next term. In the interim De Foe was advised to submit his case to her majesty and throw himself upon her mercy. He knew, from sad experience, that he had little reason to place reliance on his innocence if he were tried. He knew also, as he says, "that in such cases it was easy to make any book a libel, and that the jury must have found the matter of fact in the indictment, viz., that he had written such books." But what might have followed he knew not. Wherefore he cast himself upon the clemency of the queen; who, after the matter had been carefully examined in the council, and the books read, was graciously pleased to issue a patent of pardon.

His imprisonment had been but brief. Whilst the trial was impending and he was at large on bail, he had made some remarks in a number of the Review, tending to show the innocence of his intentions. This the judges chose to consider an improper proceeding "while the case was before them in a judicial way," and committed

him to Newgate for contempt. De Foe acknowledged his error, but pleaded ignorance of its being improper, and the judges, after a short time, granted his release.

It was during this imprisonment that he concluded the 'Review,' which he had commenced in his former imprisonment. "In Newgate it began, and in Newgate it ended." He had now carried it on unaided for nine years, but he felt that he could no longer continue it with advantage. His trial was before him, and the result of it was uncertain. He felt that he must prepare for the worst. He must close his engagements and wait the event.

The 'Review' was the first of the English literary periodicals. Steele is frequently said to have first published periodical essays on subjects of general interest; but De Foe in the 'Review' was the originator, and whatever credit is due to Steele must be given to him for having dissociated them from politics, which were the staple of the 'Review,' while they were not admitted into the 'Tatler.' The first number of the 'Review' was published in February, 1704, of the 'Tatler' in April, 1709. When the 'Review' was first published it was in weekly numbers (in 4to., price a penny), and the politics were, or professed to be, confined to the affairs of France. Afterwards it was issued twice a week, and the politics of the day, both British and foreign, were discussed with the fullest freedom and energy. There was also a good deal of intelligence mingled with animadversion, so that to some extent it partook of the character of a newspaper. What may be called the literary portion consisted mainly of the proceedings of a certain "Scandal Club," which took cognizance of the prevalent fashions and manners, and answered questions respecting points of love, law, literature, and morality with all the promptitude and decision of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator.' By one who wishes to catch a glimpse of the real social state of England at that period it may be consulted with great advantage; but the merely temporary nature of the larger portion renders the continuous reading of it, except as a task, out of the question. As a series of essays it is far inferior to

its more eminent successors; but it contains passages of considerable power. Wanting as it does the exquisite polish and easy courtly air of Addison, and the playful wit of Steele, it may be questioned if either of them could have reached the rude homely vigour of some of its better parts. Having never been reprinted, it is now extremely rare, only to be met with, indeed, in the larger public libraries, while a perfect copy is not known to be in existence. Its rarity induces us to give an extract from it, believing that our readers will be glad to see a specimen of this in preference to either of his other and more familiar works. In the number for Oct. 4, 1707, he says he has been requested to answer the question—"What is the worst sort of husband a woman can marry?" which he does in a thoroughly characteristic manner. The question he is obliged to "confess has led him a long way about, into the great, great variety of bad husbands of the age." Of these, after some general remarks, he mentions four sorts:—"1, There is the Drunken Husband, whose picture it would take up a whole volume to describe. 2, The Debauched Husband. 3, The Fighting Husband. 4, The Extravagant Husband." These he describes at some length, and then goes on as follows:—"Well, good people, here are four sorts of ill husbands, and take one of them where you will, the best of them is bad enough, and hard is that woman's case, especially if she be a woman of any merit, whose lot it is; but yet I think my first-rate is behind still; there is yet a bad husband that is worse than all these, and a woman of sense had better take up with any of these than with him, and that 's—A Fool Husband.

"The Drunkard, the Debauched, the Fighting, and the Extravagant; these may all have something attendant, which in the intervals of their excesses may serve to alleviate and make a little amends to the poor woman, and help her to carry through the afflicting part; but a Fool has something *always about him* that makes him intolerable; he is ever contemptible, and uninterruptedly ridiculous; it is like a handsome woman with some deformity about her, that makes all the rest be rejected; *if he is kind*, it is so apish, so below the rate of manhood,

so surfeiting and so disagreeable, that, like an ill smell, it makes the face wrinkle at it; *if he be froward*, he is so insufferably insolent, that there is no bearing it. His passions are all flashes, struck out of him like fire from a flint: if it be *anger*, 'tis sullen and senseless; if love, 'tis coarse and brutish; he is *in good*, wavering; *in mischief*, obstinate; *in society*, empty; *in management*, unthinking; *in manners*, sordid; *in error*, incorrigible; and *in everything*, ridiculous.

"Wherefore upon the whole, my answer is in short, That the worst thing a sober woman can be married to, is a FOOL; of whom whoever has the lot,—*Lord have mercy*, and a + should be set on the door, as of a house infected with the plague."

De Foe carried on the work for nine years, and gave to it a continued freshness amidst a constant and ever-varying round of other literary occupations. And yet a year or two before it ceased to exist Gay thus wrote of it in his 'State of Wit:' "The poor 'Review' is quite exhausted, and grown so very contemptible, that though he has provoked all his brothers of the quill, none will enter into a controversy with him. The fellow, who had excellent natural parts, but wanted a small foundation of learning, is a lively instance of those wits, who, as an ingenious author says, will endure but one skimming." And it is of De Foe that he is speaking! Why there was cream enough behind to have churned a score Gays out of! But Gay was one of the coterie of whom Johnson says in the 'Life of Swift,' "from their letters it might be inferred that Swift and Pope, with Arbuthnot and Gay, had engrossed all the understanding and virtue of mankind; that their merits filled the world; or that there was no hope of more."

The remainder of the queen's reign was a season of the vilest intrigue. De Foe, as merely a subordinate servant of the government, was removed somewhat out of the predominant influence, and Harley by this time knew him too well to ask of him anything that was not consistent with integrity. But the growing distaste he manifests for politics probably arose from the insight he had obtained into the meanness and selfishness of the leading

statesmen, and a distrust of all of them. His enemies however ceased not their pursuit of him. The utter disgrace of Harley, and the death of Anne, left him without any friend at court, and exposed to the full malice of his assailants. On the family of Hanover he had only the claim of having been their earnest advocate. Although a Whig, he was not a mere party man, and by the Whigs he was disregarded. His appointment was gone, and even the arrears of his salary were left unpaid. In these circumstances, and hunted down by the persevering malice of his persecutors, the spirit of the strong man at length gave way. For a time he remained silent under the "infinite clamours and reproaches, causeless curses, unusual threatenings, and the most unjust and injurious treatment in the world;" but after a while he so far rallied as to venture to publish 'An Appeal to Honour and Justice though it be of his worst Enemies.' This is the work from which we have quoted so many of the particulars of his previous public life, of which it professes to be, and undoubtedly is, a true account. What the Israelites said of the prophet he quotes as his motto, "Come, let us smite him with the tongue, and let us not give heed to any of his words;"—and it was but too descriptive of the treatment he had experienced. In some respects this is one of the most remarkable of all his publications. Writing under the solemn impression that his life was near its close,—in his own words "that by the hints of mortality, and by the infirmities of a life of sorrow and fatigue, I have reason to think I am not a great way off from, if not very near to, the great ocean of eternity,"—he passes under review the whole of his life, and in a strain of manly seriousness, which is often eloquent and always impressive, defends his conduct and intentions. While he declares his unconcern at the rage and clamour of party men, he acknowledges that he deeply feels the misconceptions of those whom he believes to be good men and good Christians, but he believes that they will some time or other have their eyes opened. "A constant, steady adhering to personal virtue and to public peace, which, I thank God, I can appeal to him, has always been my practice, will at last restore me to the opinion

of sober and impartial men, and that is all I desire." He then turns to refute some calumnies respecting his conduct in his family—but his feelings seem to have overpowered him, and the piece concludes abruptly. "While this was in the press and the copy thus far finished," says the publisher in a note, "the author was seized with a violent fit of an apoplexy, whereby he was disabled finishing what he designed in his further defence; and continuing now for above six weeks in a weak and languishing condition, neither able to go on, nor likely to recover, at least in any short time, his friends thought it not fit to delay longer the publication."

He did recover, but this was a turning point in his life. He meddled no more with politics; henceforth his career was that of a literary man, and little is known of his future doings but by the dates of his publications. But never did his real strength of character more reveal itself. He was now fifty-four years old, and probably in straitened circumstances; yet he addressed himself with the energy of a young man to an entirely new course. It was after this time that he wrote those works that have rendered De Foe a household name. His first works, arising probably from the state of mind induced by his misfortunes and his severe illness, were of a religious character. Of these we need only mention the 'Family Instructor,' which appeared in 1715, and to which he published a second part three years later. It was preceded by a recommendatory letter by the Rev. S. Wright, a popular London minister, the name of the author being carefully concealed. In the religious world it became exceedingly popular, being so much admired that some good men did not scruple "to recommend it as well from the pulpit as the press;" and it retained its popularity till a recent period. By parents it was regarded as their manual; as another work that he wrote in 1722 was looked upon as the manual of the young men and maidens. This was his 'Religious Courtship,' which became at least as popular as the other, and retained its popularity at least as long a time. Even to our own day it was in such circles placed in the hands of young people. Now it is a little antiquated, having

given way to Hannah More's 'Coelebs,' and among the young ladies we are told to some of the many feminine guides that have kindly volunteered their services within the last few years. "Being designed to divert as well as to instruct," both the 'Family Instructor' and 'Religious Courtship' are in dialogues; though the former has something more of the dramatic form; indeed, as he says in the preface to the second edition, "it was the author's first design to have made it a dramatic poem." Towards the end of his life he published 'A New Family Instructor,' but it is inferior to the first and never became very popular.

In 1719, when De Foe was about fifty-eight years old, appeared his master-work—'The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner.' Like several other of the writings that are looked upon as among the most valuable of our literary possessions, 'Robinson Crusoe' with difficulty found a publisher. It is said to have gone the round of the "trade" before one was met with hardy enough to venture on the speculation. With the public its success was never doubtful: and the venturesome publisher is said to have cleared by it the then unusual sum of a thousand pounds. Since then it has passed through more editions probably than any other book of the century in which it was written. It was, like every other of De Foe's works, scoffed at when it appeared, but it now takes its acknowledged rank as one of the three novels of universal acceptance. And it is worthy to stand beside Don Quixote and Gil Blas. Like them it has been translated into every language, and is read with delight by people of every nation. Its inimitable qualities have been acknowledged as well by the learned as the unlearned; it is read with almost equal pleasure by the young and the old. With the thankless captiousness that is often shown toward the productions of genius, its originality has been questioned, and even now we hear it occasionally spoken of as a mere expansion of the adventures of Alexander Selkirk. Nothing can be more absurd. The idea of a solitary man dwelling on an island was no doubt taken from his story—De Foe expressly intimates it—but that is all. Selkirk was alto-

gether a different being from Crusoe; a poor hapless mortal, much such another as Robinson was for the first few days only. The real elasticity of mind which the Yorkshireman possessed, and the Scotchman wanted, is a good deal more like what was displayed by the Musquito Indian who was left alone for above three years on the island of Juan Fernandez. The account of this man in Dampier's Voyages De Foe most undoubtedly made use of, as he has also of Selkirk's story; but after all, the obligation to both is but small, and everything that makes the book so delightful we owe to his genius. A second part of the 'Adventures of Robinson Crusoe' appeared a few months after the publication of the first. Like all second parts, it has been considered as inferior to its predecessor; but except that the interest of the story had been already in a great measure satisfied, it is not easy to say in what the inferiority consists. The continued popularity of the book induced the author to publish about three years afterwards a religious supplement, called 'Serious Reflections during the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe,' but it was never very popular, and has long almost ceased to be read. However well meant it might be, it was an excrescence on the original; and alone it was tedious. Robinson's own common-place, sensible reflections, in their proper places occur so naturally, that the work would be incomplete without them; but a book full of them strung together without the narrative is too serious an affair—especially after so pleasant a story. It is the sermon *after* dinner.

The year following the publication of 'Robinson Crusoe,' De Foe published another story of the same order, 'The Life, Adventures, and Pyracies of the famous Captain Singleton;' and in 1725 another entitled 'A New Voyage round the World, by a course never sailed before;' both works of uncommon interest, and only inferior to the great work.

In 1719 he appeared in a somewhat different style with the 'Dumb Philosopher,' being the life of one Dickory Cronke, a tinner's son in Cornwall, who was born dumb and continued so for fifty-eight years; and how some days before he died he came to his speech.

Dickory was a religious philosopher, and says a great many very instructive things: there is also added at the end a series of prophetical observations upon the affairs of Europe in general, and Great Britain in particular, for the next ten years following its publication, which no doubt helped the sale. Our author was so well pleased with his dumb philosopher, that in the next year he published in a much bulkier form the life of another, though of a rather different order—a Mr. Duncan Campbell, a dumb man, "who writes down any stranger's name at first sight, with their further contingencies of fortune, and is now living in Exeter Court, over against the Savoy in the Strand." This is a curious production, and, though evidently a hasty one, contains a fair sprinkle of the genius of De Foe. Duncan is a highlander, and has the gift of second sight, about which, and brownies, and other northern superstitions, there is a good deal of information. A few years later, as we shall see, De Foe returned with some ardour to this kind of subject. We may notice in passing, that, as if to show his versatility, he this year published a translation in rhyme of Du Fresnoy's poem, 'The Art of Painting.'

In 1722 he commenced a new sort of novel by the publication of 'The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the famous Moll Flanders.' Of this kind of biography, in which he probably drew on the knowledge he had obtained of the habits of thieves and profligates of both sexes during his residence in Newgate, and his observation of the conduct of these classes during a long life spent in London; he gave another sample the same year, in the 'Life and Adventures of Colonel Jack, who was born a gentleman, put apprentice to a pickpocket, flourished six-and-twenty years a thief, and was then kidnapped to Virginia; came back a merchant, was five times married, went into the wars, behaved bravely, got preferment, was made colonel of a regiment; returned again to England, following the fortunes of the Chevalier de St. George; was taken at the Preston battle; received his pardon from the late king, is now at the head of his regiment in the service of the Czarina, fighting against the Turks, completing a life of wonders, and re-

solves to die a General,' which is a pretty tale in itself to put upon a title-page. The story is well told, though it flags as it advances. But the Life of the little Forsaken Boy, in the commencement, has never been equalled, and approached only by Dickens, whose passages of a similar order constantly remind one of its little picturesque bits, and quiet touches of pathos. He completed the triology by the publication, in 1724, of 'Roxana, or the Fortunate Mistress.' In his prefaces De Foe contends for the morality of these pieces, and their tendency to improve as well as delight the reader, though he admits they may be made an ill use of. "In telling all the progressions of crime run through in threescore years," he says in one of them, "an author must be hard put to it, to wrap it up so clean as not to give room, especially for vicious readers, to turn it to his disadvantage." No doubt, as Moll Flanders observes after relating one of her naughty doings, "every branch of the story, *if duly considered*, may be useful to honest people;" and though there is a little freedom in parts, the tales are purity itself compared with the present race of French novels which are found so instructive. One mistake, if we may venture to call it a mistake, that prevails in the thieves' stories, with which we have in our own day been so abundantly favoured, he always avoids: he does not make his highwaymen and pickpockets a race of noble-minded, tender, sentimental ruffians. They are thieves always. The women are not chaste; nor the men brave and generous and graceful, acting as they do purely out of a sort of refined misanthropy. There is no dallying with vice. With him crime and immorality are not varnished over. They are there in their grossness and their truth, and they bring with them their proper reward.

There is one other novel of a somewhat similar kind, 'The Life and Adventures of Mrs. Christian Davies,' which is pretty generally attributed to him, and is inserted without the slightest remark in some of the collections of his miscellaneous works. But the style is so utterly unlike, and so much worse than that of any other of his many volumes, that it seems hardly possible he could have written

it. Besides it was published in 1740, and the preface states that Mrs. Davies died on the 7th of July, 1739; now as De Foe himself died in April, 1731, it is not easy to understand how he could have written the account of a woman's death eight years after his own.

About the same time as he published the 'Life of Moll Flanders,' he also published the first of his historical romances—works of such extraordinary truthfulness that they have frequently been mistaken for authentic memoirs even by men of high attainments. 'The Memoirs of a Cavalier; or a Military Journal of the Wars in Germany and the Wars in England, from the year 1632 to the year 1648,' is written with so apparently minute an acquaintance with the proceedings it describes, that the feeling that the author must at least have had possession of some real journal, or have derived his information somehow from one who had a share in the actions described, is irresistible, till we remember that the author is De Foe. The 'Memoirs of an English Officer who served in the Dutch War in 1672, to the Peace of Utrecht in 1713, by Captain George Carleton,' are as true and as deeply interesting as the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier.' Along with these may be placed the 'Journal of the Plague Year;' on the whole perhaps one of the most marvellous of his works after 'Robinson Crusoe.' In this History of the Plague it is indeed highly probable that he embodied a good deal of genuine tradition. He was four years old at the time of the visitation; his father was a citizen of Cripplegate, and must have anxiously watched its progress, and he, as we have seen, was alive as late as 1703. From him our author must have heard a great deal of minute information about it, and from others, while the impression was recent, he could have no difficulty in obtaining more. Be that as it may, the book is as far above all other plague journals, whether real or fictitious, as 'Robinson Crusoe' is above all other mariner's adventures. The merits of these three works may be summed up in the statement that Lord Chatham was in the habit of quoting the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' as authority for the military proceedings of the civil war; that Johnson recommended 'Carleton's Memoirs' as the best account of Lord Peter-

borough's campaign; and that Dr. Mead, the physician, referred to the 'Plague Journal:' and all of them in undoubting dependence on their authenticity.

In 1724, the same year in which he published 'Roxana,' he sent forth the first volume of a work of a very different character, 'A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain,' and in the two following years he completed it. "The preparations for this work," he says, "have been suitable to my earnest concern for its usefulness. Seventeen very large circuits, or journeys, have been taken through divers parts separately, and three general tours over almost the whole English part of the island; in all which the author has not been wanting to treasure up just remarks upon particular places and things." At the time of making these laborious journeys it will be remembered that he was about 63 years of age, a noticeable proof of his untiring energy. No other work of the kind then existing could at all compare with this one, and we have been in the habit for years of referring to it as a useful adjunct to more recent works. It is one of the most *sensible* and comprehensive topographical works we have.

All these works would seem a pretty fair "skimming" from a "poor fellow" whose wit was exhausted some dozen years before; but a good many have been of necessity passed over, and some yet remain that must be named, though they can be little more than named. The first, a singular book with a singular title, 'The Political History of the Devil,' is a thoroughly enjoyable production, and would by itself declare its author to be a man of genius. It was published in 1726, and in the course of the next year appeared a continuation of it, entitled 'A System of Magic,' which is quite worthy of the first part. This was followed in the same year by 'An Essay on the History and Reality of Apparitions.' All these are written in a pleasant manner, half jest, half earnest, that forms quite a contrast, and an agreeable one, to the downright reality of the rest of his writings. All of them were, as they well deserved to be, very popular.

About this time his attention appears to have been a good deal engaged by the subject of trade, and

matters connected with it; arising perhaps from his preparation for the 'Description of England,' in which such matters are carefully noticed. His largest and most popular book of this kind appeared in 1727, in two good sized volumes entitled 'The complete English Tradesman,' a work that, notwithstanding the subject, is really pleasant reading, and no doubt has been very useful to those for whom it was intended. In the following year he published 'A Plan of the English Commerce,' and 'Augusta Triumphans; or the Way to make London the most flourishing City in the Universe,' and this he quickly followed by 'Second Thoughts are best; or a further improvement of a late scheme to prevent street robberies; by which our streets will be so strongly guarded, and so gloriously illuminated, that any part of London will be as safe and pleasant at midnight as at noon-day, and burglary totally impracticable,' a consummation at which we have not arrived yet, even with gas-light and the new police. These last works are certainly extraordinary, and make one wish that De Foe had been a secretary of state. Many of the propositions are crude, and better have been since suggested, but any one who is acquainted with the state of our cities then will see how great an advance would have been made had De Foe's plans been adopted. We have mentioned a good number of his writings, but they form only a small part of the whole. The entire list contains the titles of above one hundred and seventy distinct publications.

Such incessant occupation we might suppose would at least have placed him in easy circumstances, especially when we remember how many of his later writings met with immediate success. For a while indeed this seems to have been the case; but it was not so long. The story of his last days, as we read it in a letter which he wrote in August, 1730, a few months before his death, is very melancholy. The letter is addressed to Mr. Butler, the husband of his youngest and favourite daughter, whose great-great-grandson lent it to Mr. Wilson for publication in his Life of De Foe. From this it appears that De Foe was at Greenwich, apparently in concealment, and "sinking under the weight of an affliction too heavy for my

strength, and looking on myself as abandoned of every comfort, every friend, every relation, except such only as are able to give me no relief." He is, he says, "weak, having had some fits of a fever that have left me low. But these things much more. I have not seen son or daughter, wife or child, many weeks, and know not which way to see them. They dare not come by water, and by land here is no coach, and I know not what to do." But all this is not the terrible sorrow which is crushing him,—"the affliction too great for his strength," nor is it the persecution of vindictive creditors, for, he says, "my spirit has carried me on through greater disasters than these. It has been the injustice, unkindness, and I must say inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family, and, in a word, has broken my heart; and as I am at this time under a weight of very heavy illness, which I think will be a fever, I take this occasion to vent my grief in the breasts of those who I know will make a prudent use of it, and tell you that nothing but this has conquered me, or could conquer me. *Et tu, Brute!* I depended upon him, I trusted him, I gave up my two dear unprovided children into his hands; but he had no compassion, and suffered them and their poor dying mother to beg their bread at his door, and to crave as if it were an alms, what he is bound under hand and seal, besides the most sacred promises, to supply them with; himself at the same time living in a profusion of plenty. It is too much for me . . . . I would say, I hope with comfort, that it is yet well—I am so near my journey's end, and am hastening to the place where the 'weary are at rest, and the wicked cease to trouble;' but that the passage is rough and the day stormy; by what way soever He pleases to bring me to the end of it, I desire to finish life with this temper of soul in all cases; *Te Deum laudamus.*"

He died on the 24th of April, 1731, in the parish—it may have been in the house—in which he was born. He was buried two days afterwards in Bunhill-fields, then called Tindall's burial-ground, the favourite place of interment with dissenters, and that in which were deposited the remains of John Bunyan and others of their

most eminent men. Mr. Wilson copied the following entry of his interment from the register: "1731, April 26, Mr. *Dubow*, Cripplegate." He died without a will, but insolvent, for Mr. Chalmers found in the books at Doctors' Commons, "that letters of administration on his goods and chattels were granted to Mary Brooke, widow, a creditrix, in September, 1733, after summoning in official form the next of kin to appear."

Thus lived and thus died De Foe. Spending his days and nights, his earnest mind and best thoughts, for his country, he lived a constant struggle with poverty, the butt of the calumniator, misunderstood by the foolish, the scorn of the wise:* and he died bankrupt in estate and overwhelmed with sorrow.

To estimate aright the moral and intellectual character of De Foe it is necessary to look at all that he did. Of his private life scarcely anything is known. Of his political career and public conduct we must judge by his works. He has been called a party scribe, a Grub-street author, and many other similar names with which it was customary in the last century for a certain class of writers to bespatter those whom they chose to censure. But assuredly he was not a party writer. His political pamphlets are singularly consistent. He did not write merely to serve those he was associated with. He wrote because it was needful to write: and having felt the need he seems always to have looked steadily at the matter, and then to have spoken his own mind fearlessly about it. To us there appears to be an evident tone of honesty about all his controversial writings. He stood forth as the

* Pope placed him, whilst tottering on the brink of the grave, among the Sons of Dullness in the Dunciad! Twice he mentions him, and each time coupled with an untruth. In one instance there is an assertion with respect to his moral character, which his whole life refutes, and which is in this case known to be without any foundation. In the other he sneers at his having stood in the pillory — "Earless on high stands unabashed De Foe," in which is also an untruth, for his ears were untouched, and he was much less disgraced by his elevation than Pope by the ungenerous mention of it.

opponent of what he thought to be tyranny both in church and state, and he fought as one doing righteous battle.

Of his later writings we have already spoken at sufficient length. The distinguishing excellence of all of them, that which every critic has pointed out, is the strong impress they bear of truth and reality. This, with the appearance of candour, of a desire to avoid concealment, to which the homeliness of the phraseology so much conduces, is very remarkable, and imparts to them an indescribable charm. His novels were meant, he tells us, to instruct as well as amuse, and the narrator seems to keep that constantly in view by ever and anon throwing in some plain sensible reflection. We have indeed no high philosophic flights such as we meet with in works written now-a-days, with a similar design; but then we have no dramatic exaggeration, or flimsy sentimentalism, or cold indifference, or heartless mockery—which is a great comfort. What is said, is said simply, unaffectedly, and honestly. He wrote genuine English—thoroughly idiomatic, but by no means faultless. He wrote far too much to write all well. His style has a colloquial ease, but also a colloquial negligence. It sadly wanted pruning. It is excellence run wild, but in which the very exuberance is a sign of vigour. His fertility is astonishing, his industry worthy of all honour. Perhaps no other man ever wrote so variously and so well. He has attained the first rank in but one instance, but he has done well in each. Altogether he was a man of a masculine intellect, a lively imagination, a cultivated mind; and through life he displayed unwearied industry, unswerving courage, and resolute honesty of purpose.

END OF VOL. XI.

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THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

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BRITISH WORTHIES.

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HALLEY.

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

BRITISH WORTHIES.

EDMUND HALLEY, the second English philosopher of the later day of Newton, was born October 29, 1656, at his father's country-house at Haggerston, near London: Mr. Halley the father was a wealthy soap-boiler in Winchester Street. The son was educated at St. Paul's School, of which he was captain at fifteen years of age. He had then begun to lay the foundation of that store of various knowledge for which he was afterwards so remarkable. At Midsummer, 1673, when, before he was quite seventeen, he was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, he was strong in Latin,

Greek, and Hebrew, and stronger in mathematics and astronomy: he had discovered for himself the alteration of the variation of the needle, before he found in books that it was already known. In 1676 he commenced his career by publishing in the Philosophical Transactions a direct geometrical method of finding the aphelia and eccentricities of the planets.

The father, a tradesman of the old school, supplied his son liberally with astronomical instruments. To understand this, the reader must remember that the London man of business in the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries was generally a friend of knowledge, and not unfrequently a promoter of it who had learned its value at one of the Universities. The poor creature of the eighteenth century, who is described as asking his son what learning was worth on 'Change, and whether Aristotle ever made cent. per cent., belongs to another race of men, which will soon be quite extinct. The schism between learning and commerce seems to have been a consequence of the two revolutions, and of the religious and political animosities to which they led. It is by no means unlikely that Halley's father was capable of reading and judging of his son's first paper. Be this as it may, the son, thus encouraged by his father, applied himself to the observation of Jupiter and Saturn, and detected, for the first time, that acceleration of the one and retardation of the other, the explanation of which has since been made so strong a confirmation of the theory of gravitation. Desiring to amend the tables of these planets, he soon saw that nothing could be done without better catalogues of stars than then existed: and learning that Hevelius and Flamsteed were employed on such work in the northern hemisphere, he fixed on the south as the scene of his own operations. With his father's consent, effectively shown by an allowance of 300*l.* a year, he chose St. Helena as a proper spot from which to observe; for that island he set sail in November, 1676, still a minor, with a recommendation from the king to the East India Company. His principal instruments were a large sextant, quadrant, and telescope, and a pen-

dulum clock. He remained at St. Helena two years, not much pleased with the climate, nor with the disposition of the Governor towards him. He formed * a catalogue of 350 stars, observed a transit of Mercury over the sun, and suggested the use which (in the case of Venus) has since been made of such phenomena in determining the distance of the sun from the earth. He observed also that increase of curvature in the moon's orbit at and near the half moons, which was afterwards explained by Newton as a consequence of gravitation. And, on the voyage out, he discovered the necessity of shortening the pendulum of the clock as the ship approached the equator, which was also afterwards explained by Newton, to whom Halley's observations first conveyed the knowledge of the phenomenon. The catalogue was published in 1679, under the title of *Catalogus Stellarum Australium.*

Immediately after Halley's return, in November, 1678, he was created Master of Arts (Oxford) by Royal Mandate, and was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. This body immediately dispatched him on a mission to Hevelius, the celebrated astronomer of Dantzig, to examine and report on the mode of observing of the latter. Hevelius would not use the telescope, contending that observations might be better made without it, and challenging inspection. Halley arrived at Dantzig, May 16, 1679, and immediately commenced a course of observations with Hevelius, which he continued till the end of July, when he returned to England, satisfied that his coadjutor's observations were certainly good. Hevelius, in his records of this year, calls him a very pleasant guest, a most honest man, and a sincere lover of truth.

In 1680 and 1681 Halley travelled in France and Italy, partly in company with Nelson, afterwards well known as the author of a work on Feasts and Fasts. At

* The reader will remember that forming a catalogue of stars includes the accurate determination of their places in the heavens by repeated observations: and the sextant and quadrant mode of proceeding implies very heavy calculation for each star.

the end of 1681 he married the daughter of Mr. Tooke, Auditor of the Exchequer: with this lady he lived upwards of fifty-five years. From 1682 to 1684 he was engaged at his residence in Islington with the commencement of a series of lunar observations. He intended to continue them for eighteen years, the period of a revolution of the moon's node (which, as we shall see, he afterwards accomplished). But the death of his father, and some legal difficulties in which his property was thereupon involved, obliged him to "postpone all other considerations to the defence of his patrimony." He published many papers at this time: and in 1685 and 1686 took that remarkable share in the production of Newton's Principia which we have described in our memoir of Newton. It was while his own affairs were embarrassed by the great fire and suits at law that this miracle of energy (for Halley is nothing less) occupied himself with the question of gravitation, sought for information from Hook, Wren, and Newton, found out what the latter had done, induced him to begin the Principia, interested the Royal Society in its continuance, kept Newton up to his engagement, prevented him from mutilating it in disgust, undertook to see the work through the press, paid the expense of printing, and made himself thoroughly master of its contents, the most difficult task of all.

In 1691 the Savilian Professorship at Oxford became vacant, and Bishop Stillingfleet was requested to recommend Halley. Whiston informs us he had it from Dr. Bentley, that the bishop, hearing that Halley was not a believer in Christianity, desired to be excused until his Chaplain (who was Bentley himself) should have talked with the reputed infidel. In the conversation which thereupon took place, Halley "would not so much as pretend" to believe, and the appointment was elsewhere given. We shall presently see that some counter-evidence has been offered on this point. In 1696, the same year in which Newton was appointed to the Mint in London, Halley was appointed Comptroller of that at Chester. At the end of two years he applied to King William for

means to pursue his magnetical observations. The request was granted; he was appointed a *Captain in the Navy*, and the command of the *Paramount*, one of the class of vessels called *Pinks*, was given to him. He set out in November of that year, and had crossed the Line, when he was induced to return, by finding that his crew were little inclined to obey him, and that his First Lieutenant was himself a mutineer. At his return, this officer was dismissed the service; and Halley set out again in September, 1699, no longer Captain only, but Commodore, with two ships under his command. He now traversed the Atlantic, touching at the Brazils, the West Indies, St. Helena, &c., and collected materials for the chart of magnetic variations, which he published on his return. In 1701 he sailed again to survey the British Channel, of which he published a chart. He was then sent to the Adriatic, to assist in the formation of harbours in the Emperor's dominions; and on his return in November, 1703, threw off his epaulettes and put on his gown again, being appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford. It is not known that anything was said this time about his religious opinions. In his capacity as Professor, he edited a splendid edition of the Conic Sections of Apollonius, in 1710. More than this, he deciphered and published, from an Arabic manuscript, a translation of the work of Apollonius *De Sectione Rationis*. Not that he understood a word of Arabic, but he had a few pages which had been translated by Dr. Bernard, which he used, with the diagrams, as a key to the rest. And Dr. Sykes, the Professor of Hebrew, assures us that Halley brought to him emendations of this Arabic text, pointing out what was said, and what ought to have been said, and what Dr. Sykes found might have been said with much slighter alteration than Halley could have supposed.

Halley became resident in town again some years before 1713, for he was largely mixed up with Newton in the proceedings against Flamsteed, and was a member of the Committee which drew up the *Commercium Epistolicum*, in the dispute with Leibnitz (see our memoir

of Newton on both these points). He must take his share of the blame of both transactions; but some of those who have endeavoured to defend Newton have made Halley his scapegoat. This is not fair; there is nothing about the general demeanour of Halley which would lead any one to suppose that his faults would tend in that direction: indeed, we may safely say, that the objectionable conduct in both cases is not at all the usual excesses of a character like his, energetic, facing opposition, not caring for it nor fearing it, and using none but the most open means of meeting it. This is Halley, the above cases excepted; put them aside, and judge him by the rest of his conduct, and we cannot help inferring that when upon two occasions we find him acting in the weaker part of Newton's character, and not in that of his own, he was acting under the influence of Newton, whom of all men he most loved and respected. It was not in Halley to break the seal of Flamsteed's catalogue, without giving notice to the latter; but when we find him exhibiting the proof sheets in a coffee-house, and boasting of his corrections, we see that he is himself again.

In 1713 Halley became Secretary to the Royal Society, and in 1720, after the death of Flamsteed, he was appointed to succeed the latter. His labours at the Observatory consisted principally in the execution of his favourite old plan of taking lunar observations, through a whole period of the moon's nodes, from 1722 to 1739. He was now old, and the period during which he held the post of Astronomer Royal, compared with those of his predecessor Flamsteed and his successor Bradley, is hardly entitled, if we look at its effect upon the progress of science, to be called more than a strong twilight night between two bright summer days. But he had done his work and earned his fame: and he died January 14, 1741-2, in the 86th year of his age. He was buried at Lee, near Blackheath. One son of his lived to maturity, and died before him.

An account of Halley must be very long or very short: and ours, of the two, must have the latter quality. We

need do no more than name, as prominent instances of his success, among labours which are less generally understood, his discovery of the long inequality of Jupiter and Saturn—his southern catalogue of stars—his magnetic charts—his editions of the Greek Geometer Apollonius—his important discovery, from the Chaldean eclipses, of the acceleration of the moon's mean motion—his famous prediction of the return of the comet which now bears his name—his explanation of the appearance of Venus by day—his recommendation of the transit of that planet for the determination of the sun's distance—his application of the barometer to the measurement of heights—his theory of the trade-winds—his estimation of the vapour raised from the sea—his algebraical researches on equations—his learned and decisive inquiry into the circumstances of the landing of Julius Cæsar in Britain—his tables of mortality, the first constructed, made from the registers at Breslau—his researches in the application of Algebra to the theory of lenses, which turned Lagrange, at the age of seventeen, from a follower of the ancient geometry to one of the modern analysis—his improvements in logarithms—his improvements in the diving-bell. The celebrated prediction on the comet was published in 1705, and was the result of a calculation of the orbits of a large number of recorded comets. The orbits of those of 1531, 1607, and 1682 bore such a resemblance to each other, that Halley was led to believe these three comets were but one. The calculation of the orbits was at that time a work of much skill.

There is no one of the multifarious branches of knowledge which Halley cultivated in which he did not prove himself capable of surpassing all his contemporaries, except only Newton in mathematics and physics. He realises the idea of the admirable Crichton. Such varied knowledge, so deep in all its parts, such universal energy, so equally distributed through a long life—have hardly a parallel. If any one were to ask which we thought most likely, another Halley or another Newton, that is, as extraordinary a man as the former or as the latter, we should reply—without denying the vast superiority of

Newton in those points in which he was superior—that we should think the second more reasonably to be expected than the first. Wherever Halley laid his hand, to do work cut out by himself, he left the mark of the most vigorous intellect, the soundest judgment, the most indomitable courage against difficulties. His share in the production of the 'Principia,' as explained in our 'Memoir of Newton,' entitles us to say that but for him, in all human probability, that work would not have been thought of, nor when thought of written, nor when written printed.

Halley was a mathematician of the first order, called off by a love of application from the enlargement of the bounds of the exact sciences; but carrying away with him a power in those sciences which never, that we know of, failed him in his need, except in the great question, the solution of which was reserved for Newton. And here his character is distinctly seen. Instead of expending his force upon this one subject, and withdrawing himself from all his various objects of pursuit, he proceeded to inquire among those who were likely to have considered the subject, what degrees of success they had obtained. Possibly he had it in his mind to try, in the event of his finding nothing, what he could have done himself: and we know enough of his power over the incipient methods, which were organized by Newton and Leibnitz, to think it tolerably certain that he would have had some success. But there would have been no one *Principia* written by one man. Halley would have thrown his first results among the mathematicians, and would have proceeded, in conjunction with others, to build up by degrees the edifice of which Newton never even spoke about the foundation till he had almost erected the superstructure. But the moment Halley found the man who could do what was wanted, he gave up the idea of being his fellow-labourer, and almost *made* him do it. He armed himself with the influence of the Royal Society, a body which contributed most powerfully to the result: indeed, without such a force at his command, it is difficult to see how even Halley, with all his management, could have kept

a sufficient hold upon the timid and retired student, who would rather his transcendant powers should be useless, than be subject to the common lot of all greatness, envy and opposition. There is not so curious a spectacle in the history of science, as Halley and Paget appointed a Committee by the Royal Society (a unit before a cipher) "to keep Mr. Newton in mind of his promise."

We have before spoken of the opinions of Halley on religion, as a matter of recent* investigation. On the one hand, there is the statement of Whiston, which we have cited. In answer to this, it is fully shown that the point on which Halley's orthodoxy was suspected, lay in

* See a pamphlet (printed by the Ashmolean Society at Oxford), the substance of which is from the papers of the late Professor Rigaud, written by his son, the Rev. Stephen Rigaud, entitled 'A Defence of Halley against the charge of Religious Infidelity,' Oxford, 1844, 8vo. Also, a letter in the monthly notices of the Astronomical Society, vol. vi., page 204. Mr. Rigaud, jun., considering it a duty to believe, whether the mind is convinced or not by the evidence, or else taking for granted that all professed unbelief is hypocrisy, naturally proceeds as in defending a criminal, and gives circumstances their weight as against a grave charge, instead of in support of one side of a simple historical fact. To us, who claim no right to charge any honest opinion whatever with criminality (not even Mr. Rigaud's opinion upon what constitutes crime) as long as the holder of it respects the rights of his fellow-men, and behaves as a man ought to do, these same circumstances are by no means so convincing as to him. And though we are gravely informed at the end of the pamphlet, that, in the author's opinion, none but minds "rejoicing in iniquity" can still admit this "charge" to be true, we will not be moved even by this curious preimputation upon ourselves, to say that the maker of it, who we have no doubt is honest, has committed a crime. But we must smile for all that. The Ashmolean Society, which printed the pamphlet, has prefixed the usual caveat, stating that they "desire it to be understood that they are not answerable as a body for any facts, reasonings, or opinions, advanced in papers printed by them." We have much pleasure in complying with their desire and understanding accordingly.

his supposed belief that the material world was from all eternity, a belief from the imputation of which his writings show he was desirous to clear himself. We have no doubt that Bentley made the statement to Whiston; but seeing in our own day that people will constantly affirm others to be no believers in Christianity, upon a standard of doctrine formed in their own minds, with which those whom they speak of will have nothing to do, we can conceive it to be just as possible that Halley, in his conference with Bentley, came out one of Bentley's unbelievers. And if they got into a controversy, all who know the character of Bentley will remember that he cared little for any aspersion. Mr. Rigaud brings forward the certificate given to Halley by his own College, when he was a candidate for the Professorship, bearing testimony to his "genius, probity, sobriety, and good life," and asks whether these words could be used of a professed sceptic. If the word *piety* had been there, it would have been more to the purpose; to us the words seem evasive. We pass over minor testimonies, such as that of Sir William Browne, that Halley attended church when he was a student at Oxford, and so on, to come to the point which we think has not been, and cannot be, got over.

In 1734, Dr. Berkeley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, published his famous tract called 'The Analyst, or a Discourse addressed to an Infidel Mathematician.' All the world knew that Halley was the person intended; and the pamphlet raised a controversy which, from first to last, produced nearly thirty pamphlets or reviews. Berkeley's object was to show that mathematicians admitted in fluxions mysteries as great as those which, as he asserted, many of them rejected in theology. There is cited from the second edition of the Biographia Britannica, a story, to the effect that Garth excused himself for not believing Christianity, and cited Halley as his leader and authority: and that Addison told this story to Berkeley. On this story Mr. Rigaud observes, "It must be acknowledged that if it had the authority of Berkeley, there would be no escaping from the conclusion which it involves." *Now, it has the authority of Berkeley.*

In his answer to an opponent, entitled 'A Defence of Freethinking in Mathematics,' London, 1735, 8vo. page 10, speaking of Addison, whom he names, Berkeley says, "He [Addison] assured me that the infidelity of a certain noted mathematician, still living, was one principal reason assigned by a witty man of those times for his being an infidel." And his opponent, Dr. Jurin (under the name of Philalethes Cantabrigiensis), a man likely to be well informed on the current topics of his day, has nothing to answer as to Addison or Halley, but only says of the disciple, "Surely this witty man is in jest; at least he was no wise man." We agree with Mr. Rigaud that there is no escaping from the conclusion. We heartily wish that this attack and defence of religion and religions, by means of authoritative names, were done and over; but as long as it is continued, it must be done correctly. There is no shade of feeling, from perfect indifference to grovelling superstition, no kind of doctrine, from atheism to the extreme of submission to church authority, which may not boast the support of some names of powerful intellect. And we have always observed, that in proportion as these names are relied on, evidence and argument are abandoned. We agree with Dr. Jurin, that the witty man above mentioned was no wise one; but he has plenty of imitators in all sects and all churches.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, one account says in Lombard Street, another in the Strand, another in Cheapside; according to his own statement in Spence's *Anecdotes* on the 21st, according to Warton and Johnson on the 22nd of May, 1688. Notices of his parentage occur in various parts of his writings. In his 'Letter to a Noble Lord' (Lord Hervey), published in 1733, after mentioning that his father was a younger brother, he adds:—"He was no mechanic, neither a hatter, nor . . . . a cobbler, but in truth of a very tolerable family; and my mother of an ancient one." And in his 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot' (otherwise entitled the 'Prologue to the Satires'), which appeared in 1734, he says, speaking of himself,—

> "Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause
> Whilst yet in Britain hon our had applause)
> Each parent sprung."

Lo

To which in the folio edition of 1735 the following note is subjoined:—"Mr. Pope's father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. His mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. She had three brothers; one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family."

The facts that may be considered to be ascertained are these: His father, Alexander Pope, was the younger of the two sons of a clergyman of the Church of England, settled in Hampshire, and was born (it has been said, after the death of his father) about the year 1642. Being intended for a mercantile life, he was placed, when a boy, with a merchant in Lisbon, where he became a convert to popery. Pope's own notion that he was of the family of the Earls of Downe (in the Irish peerage)—in consequence of which extraction it is asserted by a writer in the *Biographia Britannica* that he once intended to give a piece of plate to Trinity College, Oxford, in memory of Sir Thomas Pope, the founder, who was uncle of the first Earl of Downe—appears to be without any foundation.* His father became a wholesale linen-merchant in Lombard Street, London, and married Editha, one of the seventeen children of William Turner, Esq., of Burfit Hall, in Yorkshire, another of whom was married to Samuel Cooper, the celebrated miniature-painter. Mrs. Pope, whose family was Roman Catholic, had been previously married to a person of the name of Racket, and had by him a son, Charles, whose wife was the Mrs. Magdalen Racket often spoken of as the poet's sister: he styles her in his will his sister-in-law.

Pope's father would be forty-six when his son was born, and his wife two years older. They had no other children. Very soon after, we are told, Mr. Pope re-

* See note in Warton's 'Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope,' ii., 326; and 'Life' by Bowles, p. 17.

tired from business, scared by the Revolution, but carrying away with him about 20,000*l*. It is affirmed that, instead of investing his money or placing it out at interest, he locked it all up in a chest, from which he took from time to time what his expenses required—"being conscientiously determined," says Johnson, "not to entrust it to the government." But he might have found other profitable ways of employing it which would not have offended his conscience, if he had not distrusted the general security of the new order of things. After all, it is probable enough that the story may be without any foundation, and also that the amount of the fortune with which Mr. Pope retired from business may have been much exaggerated. Martha Blount told Spence that it was only ten thousand pounds. What is certain is, that he established himself in the first instance in Kensington, where he bought a small estate; and that he afterwards sold this property, and took up his residence at Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he had purchased a house and about twenty acres of land. He survived till November, 1717, when he died suddenly, at the age of seventy-five, in his son's house at Twickenham, to which he had removed from Binfield a short time before. Writing to his friend, Edward Blount, immediately after, Pope says, "He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal." His character has been drawn by his son in some lines that follow those quoted above:—

"Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife;
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walked innoxious through his age:
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness passed unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan."

The information that the old gentleman had not married a noble wife might, but for the necessities of the rhyme, have been spared; for, however respectable, he certainly does not seem to have belonged to the class in which marrying into a noble family is customary. As for Pope's mother, it is probable that, like the mothers of most remarkable men, she may have been a woman of superior natural endowments and strength of character; but he would seem to have been misled by his filial affection, which was very strong, when he describes her, in his 'Letter to Lord Hervey,' as having been "as well born and educated as the lady whom his lordship had made choice of to be the mother of his own children." Lady Hervey, a daughter of General Lepel, was celebrated for her talents and accomplishments as well as for her beauty; and a collection of her Letters, which was published after her death, proves that she must have been one of the best educated women of her time. A single letter of Pope's mother, on the other hand, which has been preserved (first printed in Bowles's edition of Pope's works), would seem to prove her to have had scarcely any literary education. It is addressed to her son, and runs, or hobbles, as follows:—"My Deare—A letter from your sister yust now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charles Racket, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not send it. He will not fail to coll here on Friday morning, and take ceare to ccarrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaster; he will dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke-street: but the day will be unsirton, soe I think you had better send itt to me. He will not fail to coll here, that is Mr. Mannock." It is evident from this that the old lady was no mistress of orthography and punctuation; but the dislocated state of the expression is perhaps only the effect of haste. The letter is preserved among the many curious epistolary scraps on the backs of which Pope scribbled the rough draughts of his *Iliad* and *Odyssey;* and the handwriting is a very good one. Some portions of the translation of Homer are transcribed by the old lady in the same hand. Mrs. Pope lived till June, 1733, when she died at the age of ninety-three. She

was dead, therefore, when the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot' was published; but she must still have been in existence when the beautiful lines in which she is there mentioned were written:—

"Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

From his father Pope is said to have inherited his crooked person, and from his mother his constitutional headaches; as, indeed, he has himself intimated in some lines originally written for this same 'Epistle,' but afterwards rejected:—

"But, friend, this shape, which you and Curll admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire;
And, for my head, if you 'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my mother, not the Muse."

In the poem, as it actually stands, he speaks of himself as lean and short, afflicted with a cough like Horace, and having one shoulder higher than the other, like Alexander the Great.

In this 'Epistle to Arbuthnot,' Pope has himself described his life as a "long disease;" and he is said to have been from his infancy of a delicate constitution, though it was not till he was about twelve years old that his features assumed the appearance of ill health. He is recorded to have been a gentle and sweet-tempered child; but it was not only when he was young, as Johnson relates, that his voice was so pleasing as to obtain for him the name of the little nightingale: the fact is mentioned by Lord Orrery, who, in his 'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift,' says of Pope:—"His voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southerne used always to call him the little nightingale." Southerne knew Pope all his life, and survived him. Notwith-

standing his musical voice, however, Pope had no knowledge of the art of music.

It has been stated upon his own authority that by the time he was eight years old he had learned to read of an old aunt (who must have been a sister of his mother's), and to write by copying printed books. He was now put under the care of the family priest, whose name was Banister, and who long afterwards resided with the Tichbourne family. Banister began teaching him Latin and Greek together, but had him in charge only for about a year. He was then sent to a Catholic seminary at the village of Twyford, near Winchester, where, being as yet only ten years old, he wrote a satire on his master. From Twyford he was removed to another seminary (that is, a Catholic school), taught by a master of the name of Deane, in London, first for a short while in Marylebone, then at Hyde Park Corner. Under his two last masters, he used to say, he did little but lose what he had learned from his first. This seems to have brought him to the close of his twelfth year. He then returned to his father's house at Binfield, and was there for a few months under a fourth priest. "This," he said to Spence, "was all the teaching I ever had, and, God knows, it extended a very little way. When I had done with my priests, I took to reading by myself, for which I had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry; and in a few years I had dipped into a great number of the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. This I did without any design but that of pleasing myself; and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy led me; and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods just as they fall in his way. These five or six years I still look upon as the happiest part of my life." On another occasion, after stating that he had taught himself both Greek and Latin, he added, "I did not follow the grammar, but rather hunted in the authors for a syntax of my own; and then began translating any part that pleased me, particularly in

the best Greek and Latin poets; and by that means formed my taste, which, I think verily, about sixteen was very nearly as good as it is now."

He has said, in his 'Epistle to Arbuthnot:'—

> "As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
> I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;
> I left no calling for this idle trade,
> No duty broke, no father disobeyed."

He told Spence that he had begun writing verses farther back than he could well remember. When he was about eight years old he read Ogilby's translation of Homer; and even in the latter part of his life, while holding Ogilby's poetic skill in contempt, he used to speak with rapture of the pleasure he had derived from this first large poem with which he had become acquainted. From Ogilby's Homer he proceeded to Sandys's Ovid, which he also greatly enjoyed; as he did likewise a very bad translation of part of Statius. When he was about twelve, and before he had left Mr. Deane's school at Hyde Park Corner, he wrote a kind of play, which he got acted by his schoolfellows. He describes it as having been composed of speeches from Ogilby's Iliad tacked together with verses of his own. A little after this he began an epic poem on the subject of Alcander, Prince of Rhodes. "I wrote four books toward it," he said to Spence, "of about a thousand verses each, and had the copy by me, till I burned it, by the advice of the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury) a little before he went abroad (in 1723)." He had endeavoured, he added with a smile, to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into this one work; "there was Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian." This taste for rhyming had been all along encouraged by his father. His mother told Spence that her husband, "who," she said, "was an honest merchant, and dealt in Hollands wholesale," although no poet himself, used to set his son to make English verses when very young. "He was

pretty difficult in being pleased," she added; "and used often to send him back to new-turn them. *These are not good rhymes;* for that was my husband's word for verses." Waller, Spenser, and Dryden were the young poet's principal favourites, and for a time he preferred the two former to the last; but eventually he at least took Dryden for his master and his model. "I learned versification," he said to Spence, "wholly from Dryden's works; who had improved it much beyond any of our former poets; and would have probably brought it to its perfection, had not he been unhappily obliged to write so often in haste. Dryden always uses proper language; lively, natural, and fitted to the subject. It is scarce ever too high or too low; never, perhaps, except in his plays."

A period of about seven years passed in this manner in Windsor Forest, bringing him from the age of between twelve and thirteen to that of between nineteen and twenty, or from about A.D. 1700 to 1707. Of his poetical compositions of this period which have not been preserved, besides the epic of Alcander, which was about two years in hand (his thirteenth and fourteenth), mention is made of a tragedy on the subject of St. Geneviève, a comedy, panegyrics on all the princes of Europe, and a translation of the story of Acis and Galatea from Ovid. He told Spence indeed that in the scattered lessons he set himself about that time he translated above a quarter of the Metamorphoses; and the meaning seems to be that the translation was in verse. That of Cicero's treatise *De Senectute*, which he also executed in the same early period, was of course in prose. And before he was twenty-one, when he first came before the world as a poet, he had written the following pieces which remain among his works:—his 'Ode on Solitude,' when he was about twelve; his verses 'To the Author of a Poem entitled *Successio*' (Elkanah Settle), at fourteen, and soon after printed in a volume of Lintot's Miscellanies; his 'Imitations of English Poets,' Chaucer, Spenser, &c., some of which were executed when he was fourteen; his 'Translation of the First Book of the The-

bais of Statius,' in 1703; that of 'The Epistle of Sappho to Phaon' from Ovid, about the same time; his modernized versions of Chaucer's 'January and May,' and 'Wife of Bath's Prologue,' at sixteen or seventeen; his Pastorals at sixteen; and the first portion of his 'Windsor Forest' at about the same age, although it was not completed till 1712.

He emerged, too, occasionally from his country retreat, and was already beginning to make himself heard of in the world. He has himself in one of his Letters mentioned the fact of his having seen Dryden, whom, however, he says he was not so happy as to know. It is related by his early biographer Ruffhead that he had himself taken for this purpose to Will's Coffee-house, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where Dryden was wont every evening to take his armed chair, in winter by the fire, in summer in the balcony. As Dryden died in 1700, this must have happened when Pope was only about twelve years old. We cannot, therefore, think with Mr. Roscoe (*Life of Pope*, p. 17) that the circumstance is the same with that mentioned in a letter to Swift from Sir Charles Wogan, in which Sir Charles says, "I had the honour of bringing Mr. Pope from our retreat in the Forest of Windsor to dress *à la mode*, and introduce at Will's Coffee-house." Most probably the incident of the boy being taken, or going by himself, merely to look upon the object of his veneration—*Virgilium tantum vidi* (I have but seen Virgil) is his own expression—took place while he was at school in London. He returned to the metropolis, we are told, for a short time when he was about fifteen, to take lessons in French and Italian. One of the first persons of distinction to whom he became known was Sir William Trumbull, who, after having been ambassador to the Pope, and then Secretary of State from 1691 to 1697, had retired to Easthamstead, the place of his nativity, which is in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Sir William was a good classical scholar, and greatly enjoyed reading and talking of the Greek and Roman writers, and about literary subjects generally, with his young acquaintance. They used, Pope told Spence, to ride

out together three or four days in the week, and at last almost every day. Afterwards, when they separated, they carried on a correspondence by letters, which has been in part preserved, and extends from October, 1705, to within a short time of the death of Sir William in 1716. In 1704 Pope was introduced by Trumbull to Wycherley, the poet and dramatist, then broken down in mind as well as in fortune, but still enjoying considerable literary reputation. It was thought at first by Pope a great compliment to be consulted by the veteran in the revision and correction of a quantity of new poetry which he was then preparing for the press; but the verses were so bad, and Wycherley's vanity and impatience, augmented and made more unmanageable by his decay of memory, so great, that the honour was soon forgotten in the trouble, and he was at last glad to make his escape from both. His printed correspondence with Wycherley, which begins in December, 1704, ends in May, 1710; but they continued good friends till Wycherley's death, about five years after. Another person with whom he formed an acquaintance about the same time was Walsh, also known as a poet, and really possessed of much taste and good sense. He told Spence that he got acquainted with Walsh when he was about fifteen; but their printed correspondence shows that they did not meet till after April, 1705, on the 20th of which month Walsh writes to Wycherley returning Pope's Pastorals, which the latter had sent to him, and expressing his strong desire to know the author. They were accordingly introduced, and Pope spent a part of the summer of this same year with Walsh at his seat of Abberley, in Worcestershire. Walsh, he told Spence, used to encourage him much, and to tell him that there was one way left of excelling; "for, though we had several great poets, we never had any one great poet that was correct;" "and he desired me," said Pope, "to make that my study and aim." Their connected correspondence ceases in October of that year; but there is a note from Walsh, dated in July, 1707, desiring Pope to say when he will have a coach and horses sent for him to Worcester, and expressing a hope

of seeing him before the end of the month. Walsh died the following year, at the age of forty-nine.

It appears to have been about this time also that Pope became acquainted with Mr. Henry Cromwell, a man of fashion, and not unknown in literary circles, but more distinguished in the world of gallantry and dissipation. Pope and he became very intimate, and a correspondence took place between them, which some years after (in 1727) was given to the world by the notorious Edmund Curll, to whom the letters had been sold by a *quondam* friend of Cromwell's, Mrs. Eliza Thomas, a woman of pleasure, but also of some literary talent, which had attracted to her the complimentary notice of Dryden. Pope for this put the lady in the *Dunciad*, where she figures under the name of Corinna. The correspondence with Cromwell extends from March, 1708, to December, 1711, ceasing many years before Cromwell's death. In the notes to the *Dunciad*, Pope's letters to this gentleman are described, not quite correctly, as having been written when he was almost a boy, and it is added that the author was ashamed of them "as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer." In Spence's *Anecdotes* Pope is made to say, it is difficult to understand with what precise meaning:— "My letters to Cromwell were written with a design that does not generally appear; they were not written in sober sadness."

Other acquaintances and admirers of his genius which his 'Pastorals' and some other pieces, while as yet circulating only in manuscript, procured for him, were George Granville (afterwards Lord Lansdowne), Garth, Betterton, and, as he told Spence, not long after these, St. John (afterwards Lord Bolingbroke). To these names may be added those of Congreve, Swift, Atterbury (Bishop of Rochester), Lord Somers, and others, whom he has commemorated in his 'Epistle to Arbuthnot:'—

"————————————Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
E'en mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self, great Dryden's friend before,
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!"

At last in the year 1709 his first pieces that were printed appeared in the Sixth and last volume of the collection entitled 'Miscellany Poems,' which had been begun by Dryden and was published by Jacob Tonson, then occupying the shop at Gray's Inn Gate, in which, at a later date, when Tonson had removed to the Shakspeare's Head, over against Catherine Street in the Strand, Thomas Osborne established himself. Tonson, it appears, had applied to Pope upon the subject of printing his Pastorals, or one of them, some years before this. A note from him, dated the 20th of April, 1706, runs as follows:—"Sir, I have lately seen a Pastoral of yours in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hands, which is extremely fine, and is approved of by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you at my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no person shall be more careful in the printing of it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it, than, Sir, yours, &c." The volume, when it came out in 1709, contained the following pieces by Pope:—'January and May, or the Merchant's Tale, from Chaucer;' 'The Episode of Sarpedon, translated from the Twelfth and Sixteenth Books of Homer's Iliad;' and all the four 'Pastorals.' There is also an anonymous imitation of part of the *Cento* of Ausonius, a probable author of which it would be difficult to assign if it be not by him. Among the other contents were two laudatory addresses, inscribed, the first, 'To my Friend, Mr. Pope, on his Pastorals, by Mr. Wycherley;' the other, 'To Mr. Pope, by another hand;' and the volume, which closed with Pope's Pastorals, began with those of Philips.

In 1711 Pope published his 'Essay on Criticism,' without his name. In one part of 'Spence's Anecdotes' he is made to state that he showed this work to his friend Walsh in 1706; but there is no doubt some mistake here. In another place he is represented to have said, "My Essay on Criticism was written in 1709, and published in 1711; which is as little a time as ever I let anything of mine lie by me." As afterwards printed under his own inspection it was declared in the title to have been written in 1709. One account makes it to have at first attracted little or no notice; but the traditional story to that effect is irreconcilable in some of its details with known facts; it is certain, at any rate, that it was soon generally and eagerly read: the first edition consisted of a thousand copies; there appears to have been a second the same year; and it is certain that it reached a fourth in 1713. It was violently attacked by Dennis and others; but their furious invectives, consisting in great part of personal abuse of the author, did it no harm.

It is stated by Mr. Roscoe, Pope's latest biographer, that the publication of the 'Essay on Criticism' was followed by that of 'The Rape of the Lock,' in its first form, or without the machinery of the sylphs and gnomes, in the same year. It appeared without the name of the author, in a volume of *Miscellanies* published by Lintot. And the poem, Mr. Roscoe conceives, was not republished, as we now have it, till the year 1714, when Lintot brought it out in an octavo pamphlet by itself. He will have it, therefore, that a letter from Pope to Martha Blount, accompanying a copy of the poem, and dated May 25, 1712, refers to the second or enlarged impression, and that the date should probably be May 25, 1714. But this account of the matter is irreconcilable with various passages in Pope's correspondence. For instance, Craggs, in a letter dated May 23, 1712, writes:—"But where hangs the *Lock* now? I hear no more of it; will it come out in Lintot's *Miscellany* or not?" This seems to make it quite clear that the first edition had not yet come out. It must have been that edition, apparently, which Pope sent to Miss Blount two days after the date

of Craggs's letter. Then we have a letter from Sir William Trumbull, dated March 6, 1713, thanking Pope for a copy of the poem received on the 26th of the preceding month. This cannot have been the first edition; nor can March, 1713, mean here what we should now call March, 1714, unless the correspondence be misarranged; for after Sir William's letter we have another from Pope to him, dated April, 1713. From all this it seems to be certain that, although the poem may have been written and circulated in manuscript in 1711, it was not printed even in its original form till 1712; and probable that it appeared in its enlarged form early in the following year.*

If there be any truth in the account given by Warburton, the additions to 'The Rape of the Lock' were made after Pope became acquainted with Addison. When the idea of the machinery occurred to him, Warburton tells us, he communicated it to Addison, who, however, received it coldly, and dissuaded him from making any alteration; "for that the poem in its original state was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal.*" Now we know that Addison and Pope were not acquainted till some time after the beginning of the year 1712. Addison had noticed the 'Essay on Criticism,' in highly laudatory terms, in the 253rd number of the *Spectator*, published 20th December, 1711. On the 20th of January, 1712, Steele writes to Pope, "I have received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour done to your *Essay*,

* The passage in the letter to Martha Blount, which both Roscoe and Bowles interpret as referring to the additions made to the *Rape of the Lock* in the second edition, relates clearly to the other contents of the volume of *Miscellanies*, in which the first edition of the poem appeared:—"You have no hopes of entertainment but from the rest of this book, wherein, they tell me, are some things that may be dangerous to be looked upon: however, I think you may venture, though you should blush for it, since blushing becomes you the best of any lady in England," &c.

I have no pretence to. It was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with; which is the best return I can make to you for your favour." Steele himself had probably not been long known to Pope at this time. Arbuthnot and Prior, who belonged to the opposite political party of the Tories, were earlier acquaintances. Gay, who became one of his most intimate friends, had introduced himself by dedicating to him his poem called 'Rural Sports,' published in 1711.

The circumstances in which 'The Rape of the Lock' originated are known to most readers. Belinda, the heroine of this most brilliant of mock epics, was Miss Arabella Fermor; the ravisher of her lock of hair was Lord Petre; the common friend at whose happy suggestion Pope wrote the poem, which was perfectly successful in its immediate purpose, the restoration of the lady's good-humour, and the reconcilement of the two families, was an old gentleman, Mr. Caryl, of West Grinstead, in Sussex. Pope, however, in a *jeu d'esprit*, published in 1715, under the title of 'A Key to the Lock, or a Treatise proving, beyond all contradiction, the dangerous tendency of a late Poem entitled *The Rape of the Lock* to Religion and Government, by Esdras Barnivelt, Apoth.,' satirized the attempts to discover a secret political meaning in certain famous works of fiction, by pretending that Belinda was Great Britain; the Peer, the Earl of Oxford (Harley); the lock which he had cut off, the Barrier Treaty; Clarissa, who lent the scissors, Lady Masham; Thalestris, who provoked Belinda to resent the loss of the lock, the Duchess of Marlborough; and Sir Plume, her beau, Prince Eugene. The true Sir Plume, by the bye, was a Sir George Brown; he was very angry at the figure he was made to act, and no wonder. Spence assures us, however, that he is pictured to the life.

Pope's 'Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue, composed of several passages of Isaiah the Prophet, written in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*,' appeared in the *Spectator* for the 14th of May, 1712. It was introduced by Steele in the following words:—"I will make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which

is written by a great genius, a friend of mine in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker." The name of the author is, however, intimated or hinted in the paper for the 12th of November in the same year, in which a correspondent is made to ask whether the poem is not by Mr. Pope.

Pope's letter to Steele on the spirit of the verses said to have been repeated by the Emperor Adrian on his death-bed appeared, not in the *Guardian*, as stated by Mr. Roscoe, but in the 532nd number of the *Spectator* (for November 10th, 1712). Nor did Steele accompany it, as Mr. Roscoe supposes, by any observations of his own upon the question which it discussed. The letter, as Pope complains in another written to Steele on the 29th of November, had not been intended for publication; and Steele's objections which he notices in his second letter must have been objections privately communicated to him. Nor was the translation contained in the first letter, and which Steele printed, the verse translation which Mr. Roscoe gives; this, as far as we can find, was never published either in the 'Spectator' or in the 'Guardian;' the version in the 'Spectator' No. 532 is a literal prose version. Nor was the Ode entitled the 'Dying Christian to his Soul' printed in either of those publications, as Mr. Roscoe's account would lead us to suppose; although it appears from Pope's correspondence that it was written at Steele's request made on the 4th of September, 1712. Pope contributed several prose papers to the 'Spectator' and 'Guardian' in the course of the years 1712 and 1713.

In the 'Spectator' for October 30, 1712, which is by Addison, mention is made of "the late Miscellany published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman." Of this 'Miscellany' we do not find that Mr. Roscoe takes any notice. Perhaps it may have been that published by Lintot, containing the first edition of the 'Rape of the Lock.' Mr. Roscoe states that "several of the productions of Pope at this period are to be ascribed to

the solicitations of Steele; and in particular his *Ode for Music* (*Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*), which, it is added, was first published in 1713, separately, by Lintot. By a letter from Steele dated November 12, 1712, and Pope's answer four days after, we learn that 'The Temple of Fame' was then communicated to Steele and Addison, but had been written two years before. In the printed title it is stated to have been written in 1711. When or where it first appeared, Mr. Roscoe does not inform us. In the advertisement prefixed we are told that the hint of it was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*; but in truth, the whole of the latter half of it is a very close version from that poem. The earlier portion, however, which is the finest, is mostly Pope's own.

Mr. Roscoe assigns the composition of the 'Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady' to the year 1712. When or how it was first published we are not informed. All the researches of all Pope's biographers and commentators have failed to throw much light upon the subject of this beautiful poem. Warton affirms that the name of the lady was Wainsbury. Mr. Roscoe takes no notice of the account given by his predecessor Bowles, who in his edition of Pope's Works (1808) says:—"The story, which was told to Condorcet by Voltaire, and by Condorcet to a gentleman of high birth and character, from whom I received it, is this:—That her attachment was not to Pope, nor to any Englishman of inferior degree, but to a young French prince of the blood-royal, Charles Emanuel, Duke of Berry, whom in early youth she had met at the court of France. In 1710, if we give this date to the *Elegy*, the Duke of Berry must have been in his twenty-fourth year, being born 1686." Johnson thinks that the 'Elegy' was written about the time when the 'Essay on Criticism' was published, or in 1711.

Having now finished his 'Windsor Forest,' the first part of which had been written in 1704, Pope published it in 1713. The same year he wrote a Prologue to Addison's tragedy of Cato, which was printed by Steele, along with Garth's Epilogue, in the thirty-third number of the *Guardian*, published on the 18th of April.

He also soon after drew up and published his humorous *jeu d'esprit* in prose, entitled 'Narrative of the Frenzy of J. D.,' in retaliation upon Dennis for his attack upon the new tragedy. This interference, however, for some reason or other, was not well taken by Addison, who even went the length of getting Steele to write to Lintot, desiring him to tell Dennis that he wholly disapproved of what Pope had done, and that when the 'Narrative' had been offered to be communicated to him before its publication he had said that "he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and he was sorry to hear of it." This was no doubt the beginning of an estrangement between Pope and Addison, which, as commonly happens in such cases, other things soon occurred to widen.

In this year also happened Pope's quarrel with Ambrose Philips. In the month of April, Steele published in the *Guardian* a series of papers upon Pastoral Poetry, written according to one account by himself, according to another by Tickell, the intimate friend of Addison, the last of which, published on the 17th of April, concluded by declaring that, as Virgil was the true successor of Theocritus, so Virgil was succeeded by his son Spenser, Spenser by his eldest-born Philips. On this Pope wrote an additional paper, in which, comparing the Pastorals of Philips with his own, which it may be remembered had been published in the same volume, he professed to give the preference on all points to the former, but so managed the matter as to make his pretended criticism from beginning to end a piece of ridicule upon poor Philips. Steele's haste or carelessness must have been extreme, if, as is asserted, he did not see the joke; at all events he printed the paper, which makes the fortieth number of the *Guardian*, published on the 27th of April (not the 17th, as Mr. Roscoe has it). When the jest exploded, as of course it did immediately, Philips was furious; and he and Pope were ever after bitter enemies.

The latter, however, would seem to have continued for some time after this on good terms with Addison. The following passage in a letter to Addison, which

appears to have been written in 1713, is supposed to allude to the ironical criticism on Philips:—"As I hope, and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure to me that you guessed so right in regard to the author of the *Guardian* you mentioned." What follows shows the relation in which he stood at this time to Steele, and also what was thought of this Whig connection by some of his friends of the opposite party:—"But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in these papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people take it ill of me that I write with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects. . . . . I cannot imagine whence it comes to pass that the few *Guardians* I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher (meaning the editor, Steele), till very lately; yet almost every body told me of it.....The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. Steele as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but, as old Dryden said before me, it is not the violent I design to please." He adds:—"I generally employ the mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas, and the evenings in the conversation of such as I think can most improve my mind, of whatever denomination they are." We know from others of his letters that he was in London taking lessons from Jervas in the autumn of this year. He pursued the art so far as to make copies of several pictures, some of which still exist.

We may here mention, what is not noticed by Mr. Roscoe, that in a volume which Steele published, with his name, in 1714, under the title of 'Poetical Miscellanies, consisting of Original Poems and Translations, by the Best Hands' (printed for Tonson), there appeared for the first time Pope's 'Wife of Bath's Prologue,' with which the collection opens, and also two passages trans-

lated by Pope from the Seventh and Thirteenth Books of the Odyssey. The volume, which is dedicated to Congreve in a very encomiastic address, contains likewise contributions from Gay and Tickell, and several from Philips.

Others of Pope's compositions had probably appeared before this in the collections called *Miscellanies* which were published from time to time both by Tonson and Lintot. Mr. D'Israeli, in his *Quarrels of Authors*, has given from an account-book of Lintot's some very curious information respecting the prices which appear to have been paid for various pieces of Pope's by that publisher. For the translations of the First Book of Statius, and of the Fable of Vertumnus and Pomona from the Fourth Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, he paid on the 19th of February, 1712, 16*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; for the first edition of the Rape of the Lock, on the 21st of March, 1712 (a date which confirms what we have advanced above as to the time of the first publication of the poem), 7*l.*; for Windsor Forest, on the 23rd of February, 1712 (that is, we suppose, 1713), 32*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*; for the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day (or Ode for Music), on the 23rd of July, 1713, 15*l.*; for the Additions to the Rape of the Lock, on the 20th of February, 1714, 15*l.*; for the Temple of Fame, on the 1st of February, 1715, 32*l.* 5*s.*; for the Key to the Lock, on the 31st of April, 1715, 10*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.* These were probably all first editions. There is also an entry under date of the 17th of July, 1716, of 15*l.* for the Essay on Criticism, which, as we have seen, had originally been printed five years before for Tonson.

A translation of Homer had been very early suggested to Pope by his friend Sir William Trumbull. He had submitted some specimens to Sir William before April, 1708, as appears from a letter of Sir William's of that date, in which he says:—"I must say that I entirely approve of your translation of those pieces of Homer; . . . . nay, I am confirmed in my former application to you, and give me leave to renew it upon this occasion; that you would proceed in translating that incomparable poet, to make him speak good English," &c. We have

seen that after this Pope published some specimens of translation from the Iliad in 1709, and from the Odyssey in 1714. Before the latter appeared, he had, after consulting with his friends, and especially with Addison, made up his mind to undertake the task of producing a complete version of the former poem. His proposals were issued in the beginning of November, 1713. The work was published by subscription, and 654 copies were subscribed for, at the price of six guineas for the six quarto volumes. By the arrangement made with Lintot, who obtained the publication by offering the highest terms, all these copies were to be supplied to the author, and he was besides to have 200*l.* for each volume. The entire sum that Pope obtained for the work was thus 5320*l.* 4*s.* It occupied him for nearly seven years. The first volume was published in June, 1715;* the second in 1716; the third in 1717; the fourth in 1718; the fifth and sixth in 1720.

At the same time with the publication of Pope's first volume, another translation of the First Book of the Iliad came out, professing to be by Tickell. Pope, however, believed it to be really the performance of Addison, and was greatly irritated. It appears to have been under the feelings excited by this suspicion that he wrote the famous character of Addison under the name of *Atticus*, which, however, although sent to Addison at the time, was not published till many years afterwards, when it was inserted as a portion of the 'Epistle to Arbuthnot.' Still Addison and he came to no actual rupture; and, after all, no sufficient evidence has been produced to

* And therefore Mr. Roscoe ought to have perceived that the letter from Pope to the Earl of Burlington, giving an account of a journey to Oxford in company with Lintot, could not have been written, as he supposes, in August, 1714, and cannot refer to Pope's first visit to Oxford made in that year and month. (*Life of Pope*, p. 127; *Works*, viii. 290.) One of the longest and most remarkable paragraphs in the letter gives Lintot's account of an incident that had arisen out of the recent publication of the first volume of the Homer.

show that Addison had any thing to do either with the composition or with the publication of the rival translation bearing Tickell's name.

In March, 1716, Pope established himself in the house and grounds at Twickenham where he spent the remainder of his life. He had only, however, a lease of the place. The estate at Binfield was sold, and his father and mother accompanied him to his new residence. His father, however, as we have already mentioned, survived only to November, 1717.

While his 'Homer' formed his principal task, Pope still found leisure to produce other occasional poetical pieces. Of these the most remarkable was his 'Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard,' the most impassioned of all his writings, which it appears from a letter to Martha Blount was principally, if not wholly, composed during a visit which he made to Oxford in the autumn of 1716. In 1717 he published the first volume of a general edition of his poems, in folio, and also in quarto, to accompany his 'Homer.' He also continued his study of the art of painting under Jervas, in whose house he used commonly to lodge when he came to town.

It was during this period, too, that his intimacy and correspondence with the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu began and terminated. They had been well known to each other before her ladyship left England with her husband in August, 1716; they corresponded all the time she remained at Constantinople, and till her return to England in November, 1718; the poet then induced his fair friend to take a house at Twickenham; she afterwards, at his request, sat for her portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller; their intercourse went on very harmoniously for some time; but circumstances, the nature of which is matter only of conjecture and dispute, ere long produced a change; it is evident that something which Pope had written or done, probably with no such intention, had offended the lady; and by the year 1720 a complete alienation appears to have taken place. It was not till some years after this, however, that matters came to an open quarrel between them.

In 1717 Pope lost his friend Parnell, and Garth and Rowe both died in the course of the following year. In 1721 he published an edition of the poems of Parnell. And the same year came out his edition of *Shakespeare* in six quarto volumes, for which Tonson, the publisher, paid him 217*l.* 12*s.* It did not add to his reputation; and exposed him to the triumphant correction of Theobald, who, as Johnson has expressed it, "first in a book called *Shakespeare Restored*, and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory." Pope's name at first made his edition go off well; a large part of the impression, consisting of 750 copies, was disposed of at the original high price of six guineas; but some years afterwards 140 copies, which remained in the hands of the publisher, brought only 16*s.* each.

His proposals for translating the *Odyssey* appear to have been issued by Pope in the latter part of the year 1722. The work was to consist of five volumes, the price of which to the subscribers was to be five guineas; but the subscription was stated to be not solely for his own use, but partly for that of two of his friends, by whom he was to be assisted in the work. These were Fenton and Broome, by whom the prose notes to the *Iliad* had been principally contributed. The contract with Lintot, the publisher, was the same as for that work, except that only 120*l.* was to be paid for each volume, in addition to the copies provided for the subscribers, who amounted to 574. In this way Pope would receive 3613*l.* 2*s.*, out of which he had to pay his assistants. One account is that Fenton had 600*l.*, and Broome 300*l.*; another, which is more probable, makes Fenton to have had only 300*l.*, and Broome, by whom all the notes were written, 500*l.* The translation of the *Odyssey* did not occupy nearly so much time as that of the *Iliad*: Johnson says that the work was finished in 1725; Mr. Roscoe only states that the three first volumes were published in that year, and does not say when the two others appeared.

In 1727 the three first volumes of the collection of *Miscellanies* by Pope and Swift were published under

the care of the former. They contained, among other pieces, the celebrated treatise of Martinus Scriblerus, *On the Bathos*, or *The Art of Sinking in Poetry*, which is supposed to have been principally the composition of Pope. It called forth a violent outcry from the mob of low writers of all kinds satirized in it, many of whom gave vent to their rage through the press. In retaliation Pope wrote *The Dunciad*, which, in its original form, extending to only three books, was first brought out in Dublin, in July, 1728. The sensation which it excited, and the eagerness with which it was read, are sufficiently indicated by the fact that no fewer than six subsequent editions, one of them printed in Dublin, the others in London, appeared before the end of the same year. The first perfect edition, however, was published in London, in March, 1729, in quarto, and with notes. The work was immediately multiplied by many other impressions; an injunction which had been obtained by the original publisher having been subsequently dissolved by the Lord Chancellor King, on the ground that the affidavit by which it had been sought did not state either that the copyright had been acquired from the author, or who the author was. That the poem, however, was Pope's nobody appears to have entertained a doubt from the first. In this original form of 'The Dunciad,' the part of the hero of the poem was assigned to Theobald.

Pope's next publication was his *Epistle* addressed to Lord Burlington, originally entitled *On Taste*, then *Of False Taste*, lastly *Of the Use of Riches*. It was published in 1731, being the first written of the *Four Moral Essays* of which it is now arranged as the last. It was followed in 1732 by what is now the third of the *Moral Essays*, that on the same subject addressed to Lord Bathurst, which was also originally an epistle, but was afterwards converted into a dialogue. The First Part of the 'Essay on Man,' addressed to Lord Bolingbroke, appeared, anonymously, in 1733; the three remaining Parts in the course of that and the following year. Meanwhile, in December, 1732, Gay, the one of all Pope's friends to whom perhaps he was most attached,

died at the early age of forty-six; and in June of the year following he lost his mother at that of ninety-three.

The Epistle to Lord Cobham, 'Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men,' now the first of the *Moral Essays*, was published in 1733; that entitled 'Of the Characters of Women,' addressed 'To a Lady,' that is, to Miss Martha Blount, and now standing as the Second Essay, in 1735. The first of the *Imitations of Horace*, that of the First Satire of the Second Book, also appeared in 1733, with the title of 'Dialogue between Alexander Pope of Twickenham, in Com. Midd., Esq., on the one part, and his Learned Counsel on the other,' that is, Mr. Fortescue. This last production occasioned open war between Pope and his old friend Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, taking offence at a couplet in the piece which she applied to herself, entered into an alliance with Lord Hervey, who had also smarted under the rod of the great satirist, and, in conjunction with his lordship, addressed an abusive epistle in verse 'To the Imitator of Horace.' It was soon followed by another addressed 'To a Doctor of Divinity (Dr. Sherwin) from a Nobleman at Hampton Court,' which, however, is believed to have been the performance of Hervey alone. To this Pope immediately wrote and published a reply in prose, dated the 30th of November, 1733, and entitled, 'A Letter to a Noble Lord, on occasion of some Libels written and propagated at Court in the year 1732-3.'

In 1734 appeared the highly finished poem now arranged as the *Prologue to the Satires*, under the title of 'An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot;' and in the same year, the 'Imitation of the Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace.' In 1735 Pope published a second volume of his collected poetical works, under the title of 'Miscellaneous Poems,' printing it, like the former, both in folio and in quarto. His modernized versions of two of Donne's Satires, or, as he entitled them, 'The Satires of Dr. John Donne Versified,' are supposed to have appeared for the first time in this volume.

His next publication was that of his 'Letters.' It has already been mentioned that some letters of Pope's

to his friend, Henry Cromwell, having fallen into the hands of Curll, were published by him in 1727. In 1729, Pope himself printed some of the letters that had passed between him and Wycherley. No more of his correspondence was given to the world till in May, 1735, Curll announced in the 'Daily Postboy' 'Mr. Pope's literary Correspondence for thirty Years, from 1704 to 1734,' and soon after brought out a volume with that title, which went through three editions in the same year. It was followed by two more volumes in 1735, by a fourth in 1736, and by a fifth in 1737. In 1735, also, there appeared several other collections entitled, 'Letters of Mr. Pope and several Eminent Persons,' which appear to have been mostly copied from Curll's edition. The account that Curll gave of the manner in which the letters came into his possession was designed to make it appear that they had been secretly sent to him by Pope himself; and a sort of suspicion has continued to exist that Pope may have taken this way of bringing before the world what it might have been thought indecorous for him to take part openly in publishing. We must think that this imagination is irrational at all points, both in the motives by which it supposes Pope to have been actuated, and in the interpretation which it puts upon the various circumstances of the affair. Pope, however, immediately proceeded to prepare for the press a genuine edition of his correspondence with his friends, which came out, in quarto and also in octavo, in the beginning of the year 1737. It was followed in the same year by a booksellers' edition, in 3 volumes octavo, professing to contain all the letters given in the author's own edition, and also all those that were genuine in the former collections, together with some never before printed. This affair likewise drew from Pope two humorous pieces in prose, entitled 'A Horrid and Barbarous Revenge by Poison on the Body of Mr. Edmund Curll, Bookseller,' and 'A Further Account of the most deplorable Condition of Mr. Edmund Curll,' in allusion to an assertion which Curll had gravely made in one of

his volumes that he had been one day taken by Pope to the Swan Tavern in Fleet-street, and dosed with half a pint of Canary in which antimony had been mixed. These were both published in 1736.

A few years after this a volume of the correspondence of Swift with Pope and others of his friends was published in Dublin, which Curll immediately pirated, and reproduced under the title of 'Dean Swift's Literary Correspondence for twenty-four Years, from 1714 to 1738; consisting of original Letters to and from Mr. Pope, Dr. Swift, &c., 1741.' It is not clearly understood how these letters were obtained by Faulkner, the Dublin publisher; advantage was no doubt taken by some party or other of the state of mental incapacity into which Swift had by this time fallen. Their appearance seems to have given great annoyance to Pope.

Meanwhile, in 1737, he had published no fewer than four more *Imitations* of Horace; namely, those of the 'First Epistle of the First Book,' addressed to Lord Bolingbroke; of the 'Sixth Epistle of the First Book,' addressed to Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield; of the 'First Epistle of the Second Book,' addressed to the King (George II.) under the name of Augustus; and of the 'Second Epistle of the Second Book,' addressed to Colonel Cotterell of Rousham, near Oxford. They were all published separately by Dodsley. In the same year he produced his Imitation of Horace's 'Ode to Venus' (the First of the Fourth Book). The following year he published his Two Dialogues entitled 'One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty Eight,' which are now arranged as the 'Epilogue to the Satires.' In 1740 appeared, under the title of 'Selecta Poemata Italorum,' and bearing the name of Pope as the editor, a collection of Latin poems by Italian writers, which had been previously published in one volume in 1684 with the title of 'Anthologia,' and, as is supposed, under the care of Atterbury. In 1741 he brought out, in two volumes quarto, his collected letters and prose works, including the 'Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus,' which were now published for the first time, but had been written by himself and Ar-

but not many years before. Finally, early in 1742, appeared the 'Fourth Book of the Dunciad;' and in the following year a new edition of the entire poem, in which it was brought to the state in which we now have it, with Cibber substituted as the hero in the place of Theobald. Cibber had provoked the poet's vengeance by a scurrilous attack he had printed the preceding year under the title of 'A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, inquiring into the Motives that might induce him in his satirical Works to be so frequently fond of Mr. Cibber's Name.' In 1744, after the publication of the new *Dunciad*, Cibber replied in 'Another occasional Letter to Mr. Pope,' but was not honoured with any further notice.

The Dunciad, in its new form, was the last work which Pope sent to the press. All that he did in the short remainder of his life was to revise and correct his former writings. He died at his house at Twickenham, about eleven o'clock at night, on the 30th of May, 1744, a few days after the completion of his fifty-sixth year.

By his will, dated the 12th of December, 1742, Pope left all his manuscript and unfinished papers to his friend Lord Bolingbroke; and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, the property of all such of his works already printed, as he had written, or should write, commentaries or notes upon, and which had not been otherwise disposed of or alienated, and also all the profits which should arise from such posthumous editions as he should publish without future alterations. Warburton, already celebrated as the author of *The Divine Legation of Moses*, and other works, had become known to Pope about the year 1738, having drawn his attention by a series of papers which he had published in the periodical work called *The Republic of Letters*, in reply to an attack made upon the *Essay on Man* by a French writer, M. de Crousaz, who had endeavoured to show that the system of philosophy expounded in the poem was opposed to revealed religion. An intimate friendship rapidly grew up between them; Pope soon after introduced Warburton to his old friend, Mr. Allen, of Prior Park,

near Bath, whose niece and heiress Warburton eventually married, and by whose interest he was, sixteen years after Pope's death, promoted to the bishopric of Gloucester; and in his last days, the great poet both employed Warburton's pen in writing the annotations and other explanatory matter published with the new Dunciad, and availed himself of his counsel and assistance in the revision of his other writings. The first complete edition of Pope's works was published by Warburton, in nine volumes, in 1751. Before this, however, the position which he occupied as Pope's literary executor had involved Warburton in a remarkable controversy. In 1749 appeared an octavo volume, entitled 'Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, on the Idea of a Patriot King, on the State of Parties at the Accession of King George the First.' The *Letters* were anonymous, but were well known to be by Lord Bolingbroke, who was still alive. No one of Pope's friends had, down to the hour of his death, evinced greater affection for him than Lord Bolingbroke had done. But now, in an *Advertisement* prefixed to these *Letters*, a statement was made, to the effect that the original draughts of them had been entrusted some years before to Pope, on his express promise that they should be shown only to five or six persons, who were named to him, and that nevertheless it had been discovered since Pope's death that he had had an edition of 1500 copies of them secretly printed. All this was told in the rudest terms; Pope was not named, but designated throughout by the terms, "this man," and "this person," and the worst possible construction was put upon the proceeding, which was stigmatised as nothing else than a deliberate fraud and breach of trust. The editor of the *Letters*, and the writer of the Advertisement, is believed to have been Mallet, by whom Bolingbroke's other writings were published after his death; Mallet had quarrelled with Pope, and was probably glad of this occasion to indulge his personal spite; but he must nevertheless be supposed to have written what he did with Bolingbroke's consent and approval. In the circumstances, the attack was certainly as outrageously un-

reasonable a one as ever was made. Pope could not have had the papers printed with any other design except to preserve what he believed would do honour to his friend. Warburton immediately wrote and published a vindication of Pope, in the form of 'A Letter to the Editor of the Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism,' &c. To this Mallet, or Bolingbroke, replied, in 'A Letter to the most Impudent Man living.' Such was the end of a friendship which had subsisted without interruption, and had seemed only to grow warmer as it grew older, for nearly forty years.

To his friend Martha Blount, described as "younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square," Pope bequeathed "out of a sincere regard and long friendship for her," the sum of 1,000*l.*, to be paid immediately on his decease, all the furniture of his grotto, the urns in his garden, all his household goods, chattels, plate, and whatever else he had not otherwise disposed of in his will, and also for her life, the produce or interest of all his estate, money, and bonds, after the payment of his debts and a few legacies. According to Miss Blount's own account to Spence, "everybody thought Mr. Pope worth a great deal more than he left behind him. What was over, after paying legacies, &c., did not amount to 2,000*l.* (beside the 1000*l.* left to her, and mentioned in the will)." Teresa and Martha Blount were members of an old Roman Catholic family, resident at Maple-Durham, near Reading, and sisters of Edward Blount, who was very intimate with Pope from an early date, till his death in 1726. Nicholas St. John, the great-great-grandfather of Pope's friend Bolingbroke, married a lady of this family, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Blount, of Maple-Durham. Pope's acquaintance with them is conjectured by his biographers to have begun about the year 1707; but Spence quotes Martha Blount herself as expressly stating that her first acquaintance with Pope was after he had begun the *Iliad*. His first attachment appears to have been to Teresa, the elder, who is said to have possessed much more talent and wit than her sister;

but Martha ultimately became his favourite. There is no reason, however, for supposing that any warmer feeling than that of friendship ever existed on either side. Above sixty letters to and from these ladies are published in the editions of Pope's correspondence by Bowles and Roscoe.

ROBERT WALPOLE.

THIS distinguished statesman was the eighteenth male heir of his family in lineal descent. His ancestors traced up to the time of the Norman Conquest. They took their name from the small town of Walpole, in Norfolk, on the confines of Lincolnshire, where they had a residence, until one of them exchanged the family seat for Houghton, in the same county. Sir Edward Walpole, the grandfather of our premier, was returned by the borough of Lynn-Regis to the Convention Parliament of April, 1660, which voted the restoration of Charles II. For the loyal zeal he displayed, this Sir Edward received the Order of the Bath. He was an eloquent speaker, and had great weight and personal influence in parliament. He was also noted as a thorough man of business in town, and as a joyous and hospitable host in the country. Robert, the eldest son and heir of this Sir Edward, became a warm Whig, and was actively engaged with those who brought about the Revo-

lution of 1688. He sat in parliament for Castle Rising, in Norfolk, from the first of William and Mary until his death in the year 1700. He, too, was a good man of business, and, though of very convivial habits, he greatly improved the family estate by living much in the country, and attending to agriculture and to all his own affairs. His farms were the best managed in the county which has since become the best English school for farmers. He had *nineteen* children by one wife—Mary, only daughter and heiress of Sir Jeffery Burwell, of Rougham, in Suffolk. The great Sir Robert was his third son and fifth child. He was born at Houghton on the 26th of August, 1676. He was educated at a private school at Massingham, and afterwards on the foundation at Eton, and at King's College, Cambridge. At college he attracted notice by his natural talent and vivacity, and—still more—by his determined Whiggism. Being seized by a malignant small-pox, he was attended by Dr. Brady, the famous historical advocate of Toryism. "We must take care to save this young man," said the doctor, "or we shall be accused of having purposely neglected him because he is so violent a Whig!" And when, contrary to all expectation, the young man recovered from the frightful disease, Brady said, "His singular escape seems to me a sure indication that he is reserved for important purposes." Although naturally averse to the study of languages, he applied himself with sufficient diligence to become a fair classical scholar; and he contracted a taste for Horace, and acquired a familiar acquaintance with his works, which lasted for life. On other subjects and studies more immediately connected with the affairs of actual life, he showed great powers of application. His mind was solid rather than brilliant; but he had a keen faculty of observation, and this he improved by practice in society. There was a Saxon heartiness in his manner which attracted friends, and when he himself contracted an affection for a man it was generally steady and lasting. This was proved in the days of his greatness by his college companions, Doctor Hare and Doctor Bland, whom he promoted in

the church, the first to be Bishop of Chichester, the second to be Provost of Eton College and Dean of Durham. Walpole himself was destined for the church, but his views were altered by the death of his eldest surviving brother, which left him heir to the family estate. With that confidence in his own powers, without which greatness is rarely achieved, he used to say in after-life, when he was prime minister, that if his brother had not died he would have been Archbishop of Canterbury.

He became heir to the estates in 1698. He immediately gave up his scholarship at King's College, and very shortly withdrew from the University altogether, to reside with his father in Norfolk. There, he was noted as a keen sportsman, good shot, bold rider, jovial companion, and knowing farmer, skilled in soils, subsoils. and manures, in the breed of horses, oxen, and sheep, in the price of markets, and in all those things which concern rural economy. His father, like the good man of business that he was, felt that a landed proprietor ought to know all these matters, and was very anxious that his son should attend the markets as regularly as any farmer in the country. This was not, and never has been, the usual training of statesmen and prime ministers; but many a statesman would have been the better for it, and Walpole would not have been the prime minister that he proved himself if he had been without it. Age had not altered his father's convivial habits. The old gentleman still drank like a Squire, and insisted that his son should drink two glasses for his one, inasmuch as he was younger and stronger, and could discreetly carry more wine under his belt, and it was unseemly that the son should be quite sober while the father was drunk. This was a vital part of the moral philosophy of Houghton. Sir Robert took his wine rather freely all the days of his life, without injuring his robust constitution; but the family philosophy, or the effects of it, were lost upon his sons. The heartless, effeminate Horace Walpole neither drank nor did anything else like his bluff father; and if he got rid of, or

was constitutionally disqualified for, some of the family vices, he also slipped off all the family, manly virtues.

On the 30th of July, 1700, Walpole married, in Knightsbridge Chapel, Catherine, daughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London, a young lady of great beauty and many accomplishments. On the 28th of November of the same year his jovial old father died, and left him in possession of the family estate, which was then better than 2000*l.* per annum. He immediately entered parliament as member for Castle Rising. So soon as he took his seat he engaged actively in business, and joined the Whigs in promoting the Protestant succession and thwarting the designs of the Jacobites. His first attempt at parliamentary oratory does not appear to have been very successful or brilliant; but he soon commanded attention and respect as an able man of business, an acute politician, and a good practical debater. The great leaders of the Whig party felt his value; and in March, 1705, when their influence had risen in parliament and in the cabinet, Walpole was appointed one of the council to Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, then Lord High Admiral. Taking the lead in that council, he showed so much prudence, firmness, and industry under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, that he won the confidence and esteem of the great Duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin. Every session he assumed a higher position in parliament; and in 1708, on his promotion to the office of Secretary at War, the management of the House of Commons was entrusted to him by his party. His able management of the war-office, his energy and promptitude, contributed greatly to the successful campaigns of Marlborough in the Low Countries. In 1710 he was appointed one of the managers of the impeachment of the notorious Doctor Sacheverel. He had strongly and wisely opposed that proceeding in private, foreseeing that persecution would only give importance to an insignificant and very ridiculous priest; but he was compelled to give way to his elders and superiors, and when the impeachment had been determined upon, the duty of

conducting it devolved chiefly upon him, as ministerial leader in the Commons. His speech before the Lords was much admired: it was, in parts, humorous and witty, the drollery lying in his imitating Sacheverel's style, and long stringing of abusive epithets. But the unlucky prosecution of the turbulent high-church parson was attended by all the evil consequences he had anticipated. The effects were disastrous to his party, and contributed to its final overthrow. When the serious farce was over, Walpole, though not much given to literary composition, published a pamphlet, entitled 'Four Letters to a Friend in North Britain upon the Publishing the Trial of Dr. Sacheverel,' in which he laboured to identify the party who supported Sacheverel with the Jacobites, who were secretly plotting to raise the Pretender to the throne. He was right; but at the very head of that party, though veiled and masked, stood Queen Anne herself, who, having no children to succeed her, felt scruples of conscience as to her conduct to her father, and an eager longing that the crown, after her death, should devolve to her exiled and proscribed half-brother. By the intrigues of Mrs. Masham, Harley, and St. John (which have been described in our memoir of Marlborough), and by disunion among themselves, the Whig administration was soon broken up. The unprincipled Harley, who became Tory premier, set so high a value on Walpole's abilities and influence, that he endeavoured to persuade him to accept a place in the new administration, and declared him to be worth half his party. But the quick-sighted politician saw that Harley was building his fabric on a quicksand; and prudence and patriotism alike dictated his refusal to have any connexion with that adventurer, or with St. John, who began to plot against Harley the moment their joint plots against the Whigs had been crowned with full success.

The triumphant Tories, who had taken the command of the army out of the hands of the great Marlborough, now charged the ex-ministers with extensive corruption and inaccuracy in the public accounts, and maintained their accusations with all the virulence of party spirit.

The defence of his colleagues was ably conducted in parliament by Walpole, who understood accounts much better than any of them. To punish his zeal for his friends, and to disqualify him for the offices of advocate and witness, a similar accusation was directed against himself personally. On the 17th of January, 1712, a majority of the House resolved that while secretary-at-war he had been "guilty of a high breach of trust and of notorious corruption," and that he should be committed to the Tower and expelled the House. All that had been attempted to be charged against him was the receipt of two sums of 500*l.* each, to which, by precedent and usage, he appears to have been fairly entitled. Walpole justified his trifling "perquisites," as Marlborough had done his great ones; but this did not prevent the Tories from declaring that his punishment was too mild—that he deserved to be hanged. Meanwhile his Whig friends regarded him as a martyr to their cause, and flocked daily to his apartment in the Tower, which bore the appearance of a crowded levée rather than that of a state-prison. In the leisure he enjoyed there he did more for his vindication with his pen than he could have done in the face of his enemies who had already condemned him and resolutely closed their party ears to his bold voice: he wrote and printed a pamphlet which was considered by his friends, and by most impartial and well-informed men, as a complete refutation of the charges affecting his character. Disdaining to make any concession, he remained a prisoner in the Tower until the prorogation of parliament. He was forthwith re-elected for Lynn Regis; but (in accordance with a doctrine afterwards declared illegal in the case of John Wilkes) he was declared incapable of sitting in *that* parliament. At the general election which followed the dissolution of July, 1713, he was again returned by the burgesses of Lynn; and when—on the 16th of February, 1714—that new parliament assembled, he quietly took his seat.

A few months after this, on the accession of George I., Walpole, with his brother-in-law, Viscount Townshend, had a principal share in the formation of the Whig ad-

ministration. He was himself appointed paymaster-general of the forces and of Chelsea Hospital. After the rash Jacobite rebellion of 1715, and the dissolution of parliament which took place that same year, the Whig ministry were so far strengthened by an increased and apparently steady majority, that they had the opportunity of avenging themselves, constitutionally, for the persecution they had endured from their predecessors in power. At the same time it was imperative on them, as ministers of the first king of the house of Hanover, to denounce, and, if possible, extinguish the faction that had nearly succeeded, in the last years of Queen Anne, in altering the Protestant succession to the throne. Vindictive feelings were alien to Walpole's jovial nature; he had suffered severely from the malice of his enemies, but he, for one, did not pursue them for personal motives or for mere revenge. His object was national. He drew up the report on which the impeachments and attainders that followed were founded, and took a leading part in the several prosecutions; yet he showed no rancour, and shrank from the violence of those who would have visited the offences of the Harleys and St. Johns with death on the scaffold.

During the difficulties caused by the rebellion in the North, Walpole was appointed first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. From the moment of that high promotion state-affairs began to improve: he was the best financier of that day, the man of business most attentive to details; and he spared himself no toil, no trouble. The fatigue and anxiety he suffered at that alarming crisis brought on a severe illness. Before his recovery the memorable Septennial Bill, which had been prepared with his concurrence, was passed. It was, perhaps, scarcely justifiable, on constitutional grounds, to prolong the duration of a parliament that had only been chosen for a shorter term; but the extraordinary circumstances of the country, a threatened invasion, a strong party—possibly even a parliamentary majority—favourable to the claims of the Pretender, rendered a dissolu-

tion at that time highly dangerous to the public peace and to the safety of the crown.

The Septennial Bill was, in its origin, intended to secure the new dynasty of Hanover on the throne of these kingdoms; and it indisputably had that effect. Dissension in the cabinet, and the constant intrigues of the Hanoverian courtiers and the king's mistresses, broke up this administration, which otherwise would have had a fair chance of stability; and in April, 1717, Walpole delivered up his seals to the king, in spite of his majesty's earnest solicitations that he would retain them in connection with a new ministry. Before his resignation, Walpole had submitted to parliament a plan for reducing the interest of the national debt, and for establishing a sinking fund. The resolutions had already been agreed to, but the bill for giving effect to them was left to his successors to carry through. (See 5 Geo. I., c. 3.) Walpole remained in opposition until 1720. Meanwhile he distinguished himself by the ability and practical knowledge with which he opposed the measures of government. He exposed the South Sea scheme for liquidating the national debt (a scheme originally entertained by Harley) when first propounded by the government; and, though parliament was deluded by its plausibility and magnificence, and scarcely listened with patience to his arguments, the country had soon reason to remember his remarkable prediction that "Such will be the delusive consequences, that the public will conceive it a dream."

In June, 1720, he consented to take office, and was appointed paymaster of the forces, his brother-in-law, Lord Townshend, being at the same time appointed president of the council. But Walpole did not engage much in business until the ruinous panic caused by the failure of the South Sea speculations had verified his worst predictions. The king, the whole court, the country—without distinction of parties—then looked up to him as the only Palinurus: he was unanimously called upon to devise measures for the restoration of public credit. No pilot had ever to steer through a more

perilous sea; no minister was ever placed in a more difficult position. The terror and phrenzy of the public, the indignation of parliament, the utter helplessness of his colleagues in office, and the equivocal connection of not a few of those colleagues and of not a few of the court with the scheme and the operations in 'Change Alley, were terrible obstacles to the proper consideration of so pressing a subject. Except Walpole, everybody seemed to shrink from it. Even the Prince of Wales had joined in the general scramble; and there was scarcely a lord or duke, or great lady in the land but had speculated in the South Sea stock, or in some one or more of the many companies which had grown as rapidly out of that parent scheme as fungi out of rotten wood. What mortal man could then do, Walpole did, and with most admirable promptitude and decision. It was impossible to repair the mischief already done, or to indemnify parties for the tremendous losses they had sustained, but he succeeded, in a miraculously short space of time, in restoring public credit and tranquillity; and he displayed both firmness and moderation in the punishment of those who had been guilty of participation in the frauds of the fatal company. Had he been swayed by the vindictive humour of some public men, or by the outcry of the ignorant multitude, hundreds of governors, directors, sub-directors, and shareholders would have been driven out of the country or have pined away the remainder of their lives in prison, and there would have been a confiscation of property and a continued prosecution which must have reduced many thousands of families to ruin and absolute penury.

Marlborough's son-in-law, Lord Sunderland, at the head of the ministry, had been accused of receiving fictitious stock; but, by the great parliamentary influence and earnest exertions of Walpole, he was acquitted. He was not, however, sufficiently cleared in public estimation to retain his office of first lord of the treasury; and on his resignation, in April, 1721, Walpole was appointed to his place, with an administration submissive to his views, and highly favourable to his interests. By his consummately wise and prudent conduct in the great

panic year of 1720, this statesman has an imperishable claim on the admiration and gratitude of his country.

Having restored confidence, and settled for a time the sadly deranged financial affairs of the country, Walpole immediately turned his attention to commerce, feeling a happy assurance that the resources of these kingdoms were immense, and that everything was to be hoped from an extended freedom of trade.

He found heavy taxes and restrictions upon the imports and exports of many of the most important articles of commerce; and with a spirit far in advance of his age, he removed them. One hundred and six articles of British manufacture were allowed to be exported, and thirty-eight articles of raw materials to be imported duty free. In June, 1723, the king created Walpole's son a peer, by the title of Baron Walpole, of Walpole, in the county of Norfolk. Walpole had declined this honour himself, from the fear of losing his influence over the House of Commons if removed to the Upper House; but other marks of royal favour were not wanting. In 1724 he was created a Knight of the Bath, and in 1726 was installed a Knight of the Garter. But though strong in parliament, and standing well with the king, Walpole was continually in danger from the intrigues of the court. On the accession of George II., however, Walpole was so fortunate as to find a protector in Queen Caroline, whose influence over the king enabled her to maintain Walpole in office, although a change had been determined upon, and afterwards to support him against the persevering machinations of all parties.

Among the many anecdotes which the witty and sarcastic (and not always reliable) Horace Walpole has recorded of his father and his times, there is one relating to the behaviour of the courtiers on the accession of George II., when it was confidently anticipated that dismissal and disgrace would fall upon Sir Robert. All the nobility and gentry in town ran to kiss hands. Lady Walpole went amongst the rest, but she could not make her way "between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the queen than

the third or fourth row." "But," continues Horace, "no sooner was she descried by her majesty, than the queen said aloud, 'There I am sure I see a friend!' The torrent divided and shrunk to either side;' 'and, as I came away,' said my mother, 'I might have walked over their heads, if I had pleased.'"

The history of Sir Robert Walpole's long administration would be little less than a history of his times. There were no important debates in parliament, no deliberations in the cabinet, no negotiations with foreign states, in which he did not bear the most conspicuous part as the first statesman of his day. The most remarkable measure proposed by him, and that which is perhaps the most creditable to his talents as the minister of a commercial country, was the excise scheme, brought forward by him in 1733. The object of this measure was to convert the Customs duties payable upon certain articles of import immediately on their arrival in port, into excise duties payable on taking them out of warehouses for home consumption. He also proposed to confine the taxed commodities to a few articles of general consumption, and to exempt from taxation the principal necessaries of life and all the raw materials of manufacture. "A thriving system," said Walpole—"a system of bonding or warehousing for re-exportation, may easily be instituted, *which will tend to make London a free port, and, by consequence, the market of the world!*" The plan itself, and the arguments by which he supported it, prove the soundness of his views of taxation and commerce; but, unhappily, the measure was artfully misrepresented as a scheme for a general excise, and the country being misled by the able writers opposed to the minister, by the clamours of those interested in existing abuses, but more than all by the unpopular name of "excise," were almost unanimous in its condemnation. Public feeling became at length so excited that a popular outbreak seemed to threaten any further progress with the bill; and Sir Robert was very reluctantly obliged to abandon it. He was fully persuaded of its great advantages to the country, but said, "I will not be the minister

to enforce taxes at the expense of blood." In more tranquil times another minister was enabled to pass the bill, but so modified and altered that while the most unpopular parts of it were retained, those which would have favoured manufactures and commerce were omitted.

In 1737 the court influence of Walpole was much shaken, first by the violent and indecent quarrel between the king and Frederick, Prince of Wales (father of George III.) and the avowed and active hostility of the prince to the king's government, and especially to Walpole; and secondly, by the death of Queen Caroline. The high regard of the queen for the able minister was testified even on her death-bed. Turning to Walpole, who, with the king, was standing mournfully by her bedside, she said to him, "I hope you will never desert the king, but continue to serve him with your usual fidelity;" and, pointing to the king, she added, "I recommend his majesty to you." Shortly afterwards, the king showed Walpole an intercepted letter, in which it was affirmed, that in the queen the minister had lost his sole protector. "It is false," said he; "you remember that on her death-bed the queen recommended *me* to *you*."

The minister, however, soon found himself in the midst of great embarrassments, from some of which Caroline, who had an extraordinary influence over the mind of her husband, might very possibly have saved him, had she lived. Peace was indispensable to the development of his commercial views and schemes of internal improvement, and Walpole had, all along, been essentially a peace minister. But the king, the people, a very strong minority in the Commons, and a decided majority in the Lords, were now eager for war with Spain. This martial passion was excited by orators and authors; by essays, poems, satires, ballads; and it was kept up by all manner of paltry tricks; the best known, but not the meanest of which, was the producing at the bar of the House, as the victim of Spanish cruelty, a fellow who had lost his ears on an English pillory. A cry ran through the land that we were truckling to Spain, and the true, stout, English-hearted Walpole was held

up to detestation as a coward. Still he endeavoured to avert this uncalled-for war, as a great national calamity, which would increase taxation and the public debt, which would interrupt all his home reforms, and which would be almost sure to end without obtaining from the jealous Spaniards that freedom of navigation and trade with their vast colonies in South America, which we more especially aimed at; but he was taunted, insulted, assailed on every side, and was finally overpowered by the union of so many parties in favour of the war. The nation had been filled by a dream of glory, prize-money, conquest, and revenge; and, on the 19th of October, 1739, war was declared in London in the most jubilant manner. Several of the leaders of the triumphant opposition walked in procession after the heralds, who had to proclaim, by sound of trumpet, that an indefinite quantity of human blood was to be shed; and the Prince of Wales, not far behind these political friends, stopped before a tavern at Temple-bar, to drink, with the mob, "Success to the war!" Walpole, in the meanwhile, was uttering, in a sure spirit of prophecy, "They may ring the bells now, but they will soon be wringing their hands!"

He was soon made to feel how much his popularity had suffered from his opposition to the war, and he feared that any failure would be laid to his charge. He entreated the permission of the king to resign, but his majesty exclaimed, "Will you desert me in my greatest difficulties?" and refused to accept his resignation. In the midst of the discussions upon the Spanish war he had also been deserted by the Duke of Argyle, whose talents in debate and personal influence became a serious obstacle to his measures. Discord ensued in the cabinet, and the opposition in parliament became more strenuous than ever. In February, 1740, a motion was made by Sandys for an address to the crown for the removal of Sir Robert Walpole "from his majesty's presence and counsels for ever." No distinct charges were made against the minister to justify so strong an address; but every complaint against the measures of his government, foreign or domestic, during the last twenty years, was used as a

reason for his dismissal. "If it should be asked," said Sandys, "why I impute all these evils to one person, I reply, because one person grasped in his own hands every branch of government; that one person has attained the sole direction of affairs, monopolised all the favours of the crown, compassed the disposal of all places, pensions, titles, ribands, as well as all preferments, civil, military, and ecclesiastical." Walpole defended himself with becoming boldness and dignity, and referred with pride to the successes of his administration. The motion was negatived by a large majority, and a similar motion in the House of Lords met with the same fate. But, notwithstanding this triumph, his power was nearly exhausted. A dissolution immediately followed; his opponents were active at the elections; many of his friends kept back; he himself was indolently confident of success, and on the meeting of the new parliament he found himself in a bare majority. After several close divisions, he was, on the 2nd of February, 1742, left in a minority of sixteen, on the Chippenham election case. On the 6th he was created Earl of Orford by the king, and on the 11th he resigned. On taking leave of him, the king burst into tears, expressed his regret for the loss of so faithful a counsellor, and his gratitude for his long services. The minister's enviable good humour followed him into retirement, and hardly ever forsook him until his mortal illness.

Though driven from office, he was consulted by the king as to the formation of the new ministry, and was, in a manner, allowed to name his successors. His successor in the Treasury was none other than his old friend and dependent, Lord Wilmington, the Sir Spencer Compton of former days, who might have been Prime Minister at the accession of George II., if he had possessed talent and spirit, and had not quailed before Sir Robert Walpole. No sooner was the new administration formed under Pulteney (which, through the influence and address of Walpole, had been composed chiefly of Whigs), than an attack was made upon the ex-minister. The clamour against him was mainly kept up by Pitt,

Lyttelton, the Grenvilles, and all those young men in parliament whom Walpole had been accustomed to call "the boy patriots." On the 9th of March Lord Limerick moved in the House of Commons for a secret committee to inquire into the administration of Sir Robert Walpole during the last twenty years; but his motion was lost by a majority of two. Lord Limerick very soon made a second motion, but proposed to include only the last ten years in his inquiry. This motion was carried by a majority of seven, and a committee of secrecy was appointed. Of the twenty-one members of this committee, nominated by ballot, all except two had been Walpole's uniform opponents. The committee, failing to obtain the evidence of corruption which they had expected, endeavoured to pass a bill of indemnity to all persons who would make discoveries; but this invidious and unjust measure was rejected by the House of Lords. The committee nevertheless made a report, in which they charged Walpole, 1, with having used undue influence at elections; 2, with grants of fraudulent contracts; and 3, with peculation and profusion in the expenditure of the secret service money. These charges were but ill supported, and, considering the clamours that had been raised against the minister, the decided enmity of the committee, and the ample means at their disposal, the report must be regarded, if not as a verdict of acquittal, at least as one of *not proven*. A motion for renewing the inquiry was repeated in the following session, but was defeated by a large majority. From this time Walpole took very little part in public affairs. He was frequently consulted by the king, who never ceased to value his sagacity and great experience; and he retained much political influence, but rarely spoke in the House of Lords, having observed to his brother that he had left his tongue with the Commons. The eloquent Pulteney, who at the very commencement of his administration had committed the mistake of transferring himself to the House of Lords as Earl of Bath, had by that single step sacrificed his popularity and lost all the influence which his eloquence had given him in the Commons. It

is said that the first time on which Walpole, as Lord Orford, met Pulteney in the Upper House, he said to him, with a smile, "My Lord Bath, you and I are now two as insignificant men as any in England." "In which," adds the narrator of the anecdote, "he spoke the truth of Pulteney, my Lord Bath, but not of himself, for my Lord Orford was consulted by ministers to the last days of his life."*

When confined by sickness, his son Horace would have amused him by reading modern histories; but the old statesman had no taste for such things, saying that he knew too well how they were made. In 1743, in his last speech, and one of the finest ever delivered in the House of Lords, he endeavoured to apprise the nation of its danger. On the 5th of November, 1744, the king, through Lord Cholmondeley, earnestly desired his presence in London before the meeting of parliament. A stormy session was anticipated, and the rebellion of 1745, if not foreseen, was in reality on the point of breaking out. The reply of the ex-minister was spirited and noble; he was sick, and suffering much pain, but he would endeavour to travel to Court, and would do all that an old man could for his king and country. He came to London, and assisted George II. in reorganising the cabinet, and in quieting the furious opposition, by bringing about a general coalition of parties, "which," says Lord John Russell, "smoothed the great sea of parliamentary debate; and the session was remarkable for producing scarcely a single division." But the journey, and his exertions in London, were too much for the veteran statesman. After dreadful sufferings from the stone, which he bore with admirable fortitude, he died on the 18th of March, 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried in the parish church at Houghton.

The character of no public man has ever been more misrepresented than that of Walpole. He had the misfortune to be actively opposed by the first wits of his

* Doctor King: Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times.

day. The brilliant talents of Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Swift, and Pope filled the press with sarcasms, and misled the public by the most artful misconstruction of his acts. Even the stage was made subservient to opposition. In parliament he had also able opponents, men of greater, or at least more brilliant abilities and acquirements than himself, but not perhaps more able or more ready in debate, while in true knowledge of business he indisputably surpassed them all. As in the case of the Duke of Marlborough, the wits, the brilliant men, the writing men of the day, were all on the wrong side. Supported as his opponents were by the literary talents of their friends, and having more plausible and popular topics to dilate upon, they succeeded in maintaining a perpetual outcry upon the minister. As he entertained a contempt for mere oratory, unsupported by sober argument and solid facts, and as he had no great respect for political or party literature, he seems for a long time to have been insensible to their power of working mischief. He did not see that people end by believing in the falsehood which is incessantly repeated, and that the reputation of the living, and the good fame of the dead, may be sacrificed, or for a long time committed, by a few brilliant epigrammatic sentences, which tickle the ear, and sink into the memory. How far Walpole deserved the defamation he met with, may in some measure be judged from the fact, that no points of his policy met with so much execration as his Excise scheme, and his resistance to the Spanish war, both of which have been heartily applauded by posterity. As regards the corruption with which he was charged, Burke, affirmed that he was less amenable to it than any minister who ever served the Crown for so great a length of time. He gave bribes, but he received none. The nice arrangements by which places and patronage are made sufficient to retain the adherents of a party and ministry, were not so well understood as at later periods. Instead of providing for their friends, sons, or nephews, Walpole slipped bank notes into the open palms of members of parliament, and bought their particular votes for measures beneficial

to their country, because they would have money for them, or vote on the other side. Lord Carteret, one of his enemies and successors, publicly declared as soon as he got into power, "*that it was impossible to govern England but by corruption.*"

At all events the Commons, being then comparatively unrestrained by popular election, were more open to corruption than at the present day, and the low morality of the times encouraged it. It has been well said by a recent writer—"Yet public opinion is right in distinguishing between the giver and the receiver of a bribe. If he gave pensions to members of parliament, he used the votes which he had bought to secure the peace and promote the prosperity of his country. If he sometimes procured money for the king's continental projects, he kept them on the whole within bounds. And it must be remembered, that the right of the Crown to follow a personal policy stood far higher at that time than now. Openly avowing the loose principles of his age, his conduct was rather above than below his professions. He laughed at boyish notions, as he called them, of patriotism and virtue, in the same jovial spirit in which he drank and swore; and it was therefore natural that his opponents should forget that, while they were intriguing with the Jacobites, he was maintaining and firmly establishing the throne of a constitutional king. There is no reason to suppose that he wasted the public money on converts when they were to be had on easier terms. 'According to your wish,' he writes to his brother Horace, then ambassador at Paris, 'I enclose a letter for you to show to the cardinal and M. Amelot. It is necessary to take in the two great men; and if they are willing to be satisfied with fine words, I am sure there is nothing so cheap.' This humorous consciousness of the undignified nature of his minor political acts is characteristic of a strong-minded man, and of an age of growing earnestness. It is, however, from the great results of his conduct that his real justification must be drawn. It was well that the first two Hanoverian Sovereigns appreciated his

merits. George II. has often been accused of coldness and heartlessness; but he never forgot the words of his wife, who, on her death-bed, recommended her husband and her kingdom to the care and protection of Walpole."*

The extremely difficult circumstances in which Walpole was placed by the claims of the Pretender and the unpopularity of the House of Hanover during the first and second reigns of that House, ought always to be pleaded in his justification. His zeal for the Protestant succession and for the maintenance of peace was certainly the main principle of his political life and administration. He was, for his time, wonderfully averse to blood-shedding, and to all the extreme severities of law. The suppression of the rebellion in 1745 when he was in his grave, was followed by ten times more vengeance and cruelty than the suppression of the rebellion of 1715 when he had a voice in the council. He had a magnanimity above all the resentments of the private man. He was never known to do a personal injury, and he scarcely ever revenged one done to himself. He spared the lives and fortunes of many who, by law, had forfeited both, and who would have taken his if their relative positions had been changed. He recalled the dangerous Bolingbroke [St. John] from his long exile in France, and only smiled at the malice and the political plots with which this benefit was repaid. He did many kind things to irreconcilable enemies, and conferred many benefits on ungrateful friends. The same great authority—Burke—who vindicated him from the charge of systematic corruption thus sums up his great services as a minister:—"The prudence, steadiness, and vigilance of that man, joined to the greatest possible lenity in his character and his politics, preserved the crown to this royal family; and with it their laws and liberties to this country."†

In private life Walpole was distinguished by his

* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. xxxi.

† *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.*

hearty good nature and social disposition. He had little to remind one of the wary politician, or of the successful, triumphant statesman who had been prime minister for more than twenty years. He looked, acted, and spoke like a plain country gentleman who had rarely quitted his estates. His conversation and manners were somewhat rough and boisterous, even as they always had been, whether in court or cabinet. "I am no professor of ceremony," he wrote to Archibald Duke of Argyle: and no man of his station was less ceremonious. But he had at all times of his life the happy art of making friends, and great powers of persuasion. For business of all kinds he had an extraordinary capacity, and the ease with which he executed it led Lord Herbert to say that "he did every thing with the same ease and tranquillity as if he was doing nothing." He afforded a striking contrast to his contemporary the Duke of Newcastle, who was always in a hurry and fluster, who was always doing and never done, and of whom it was said that he looked like a man that had lost half an hour in the morning and was running after it all the rest of the day. Walpole was most hospitable, without the slightest ostentation. Though his habits were so homely, he had many elegant tastes. He was fond of pictures; he was a judge of the merits of high art; and he formed at Houghton the best collection of old masters which had been seen in England since the days of Charles I. Unfortunately the collection of the Whig minister, like that of the Stuart sovereign, was allowed to be broken up and sent out of the country. The pictures at Houghton were mostly bought by the Great Catherine, Empress of Russia.

Walpole never showed any cynical humour, and lived, to the last, with mankind as if he thought well or hopefully of them; but his long ministerial experience had not left on his mind a very favourable impression of the men who meddled with politics and sought for aggrandisement through the avenues of parliament. He was accustomed to say in his old age that it was a fortunate thing so few men could be prime ministers, since every

prime minister must see so much of the trickery and baseness of human nature.

No adequate life of this great statesman has ever been written; but there are good materials collected by Archdeacon Coxe in his 'Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole;' and every full history of the reigns of George I. and II. bears testimony to the political importance of the man, to his energy, ability, and success. His immediate successors lived upon the fragments of his system, which they had laboured to destroy. During his term of office the national prosperity made immense strides. The unhappy Savage, who had tasted of the minister's as well as of Queen Caroline's bounty, spoke truth, even in a panegyric, when he said—

"Now arts, and trade, and plenty glad the Isle."

SWIFT.

THE intellectual character of Swift, a singular combination of the robust and the fanciful, may be said to be half English, half Irish; and he may be considered to have been himself half an Englishman, half an Irishman. If he was actually born in Ireland, he was of English descent by both parents; and it so happened that all that portion of his life in which his mind and character must have been formed, extending from the earliest years of his infancy to middle age, was more or less equally divided between the two countries.

His father's was an English family of old respectability. The eldest branch had been long seated in Yorkshire; and one of its members, Barnam Swift, who passed under the name of *Cavaliero Swift*, and who is described as a man of wit and humour, had in 1627 been created by Charles I. Viscount of Carlingford in the Irish peerage. He died in 1642, leaving only a daughter, who is stated to have been married to the

SWIFT.

notorious Robert Fielding, Esq., commonly called *Beau Fielding*, or the handsome Fielding. To a younger branch belonged the Reverend Thomas Swift, who died Rector of St. Andrew, Canterbury, in 1592, and was succeeded in his benefice by a son William, who afterwards became Rector of Harbledown, near Canterbury, and died in 1624. There is extant a published sermon by this William Swift, who was a divine of some reputation. His wife, Mary Philpott, was heiress to a considerable estate, the right of managing or at least of disposing of which, however, she is said to have retained in her own hands. It is affirmed, too, that she was a capricious, ill-natured, and passionate woman; and the tradition in the family was, that she had disinherited her only son for no greater crime than that of robbing an orchard when he was a boy. It is not so stated, but the orchard, we should suppose, must have been her own. At any rate it appears that all the inheritance that came to the share of this son, whose name was Thomas, was a small property in the parish of Goderich, in Herefordshire, which brought him about a hundred a year. What became of the rest of Mrs. Swift's estate we are not told; but the lady's picture, as well as that of her husband, is still preserved, or at least was in the possession of the family in the latter part of last century, and shows her, we are assured, to have had the look of a shrew. Thomas the son, adopting the profession of his father and his grandfather, became Vicar of Goderich, and also of Bridstow in the same county; suffered severely for his steady and ardent loyalty in the civil war, having been heavily fined, besides losing both his livings; and died in 1658. He married Elizabeth Dryden, of the family of the poet; and by her he had ten sons and four daughters. Of the sons, Godwin, the eldest, studied at Gray's Inn, and was called to the bar; and, having married a relation of the Ormond family, went over to Ireland, and was appointed by the first duke, when lord-lieutenant, attorney-general of the palatinate of Tipperary. The second son, named Thomas, married the eldest daughter of Sir William Davenant, the poet,

and left a son Thomas, who became Rector of Puttenham in Surrey. Of the remaining sons of the Vicar of Goderich, Dryden, William, Jonathan, and Adam are stated to have all come over to Ireland and lived and died there. The only one of the four, however, who left any issue was Jonathan. He was the father of the Dean.

Of this Jonathan Swift the elder very little is known. He had, we are told, "some employments and agencies," a "reputation for integrity," and "a tolerable good understanding;" and had married, we are not told when, a lady of a very ancient Leicestershire family, Mrs. Abigail Erick (the same name with Herrick or Heyrick), who, however, brought him no fortune. He appears to have come over to Ireland about the time of the death of his father in 1658. In Hilary Term, 1665, he was admitted an attorney and member of the King's Inns, Dublin, by the style of Jonathan Swift, Gentleman. On the 14th of November in the same year he petitioned their honours the Benchers for the office of steward of that Society, become void by the death of Thomas Wale; representing that he himself, his father, and their whole family, had been always very loyal and faithful to his majesty and his royal father, and had been very great sufferers upon that account; and that for the preceding six or seven years he had been much conversant about the said Inns, and was very well acquainted with the duty and employment belonging unto the steward thereof, he having assisted the said Thomas Wale in entering of the orders of their honours. He was accordingly admitted steward on the 26th of January, 1666. But he held his office little more than a year. The register of the King's Inns records the presentation at a council of the Benchers on the 15th of April, 1667, of "the humble petition of Abigail Swift, widow," showing that it had pleased God to take away her husband, the late steward of the Society, unexpectedly, and that, being left a disconsolate widow, she had this affliction added to her, that there was due to her from the several members of the Society, for commons and cost commons, about

six score pounds sterling, which she was noways able to get in without their honours' assistance; she therefore craved that her late husband's brother, William Swift, who had manifested himself very willing to assist her, but had been refused payment by various members upon pretence that he had no authority to receive the money, might be duly authorized and appointed to gather in what was due.

The widow was left with an infant daughter, said to have been born in 1666, and according to the common account, she was on the 30th of November, 1667, being St. Andrew's day, delivered of her celebrated son Jonathan, in a small house, now, or at least a few years ago, known as No. 7 in Hoey's Court, Dublin. Sir Walter Scott, in his Life of Swift, first published in 1814, states that the house was still pointed out by the inhabitants of that quarter; adding in a note—"The antiquity of its appearance seems to vindicate the truth of the tradition. In 1809 it was occupied by Mrs. Jackson, a dealer in earthenware." The fact of Swift having been born in Dublin on St. Andrew's day is also expressly asserted in the account entitled 'Anecdotes of the Family of Swift: a Fragment,' which was first published, we believe, by Dr. Hawkesworth in his edition of 'Swift's Works,' 1761, with the assertion that the original manuscript, in Swift's own hand, was lodged in the University Library of Dublin, and which has since been quoted and referred to by all Swift's biographers as drawn up by himself. If the manuscript be really in Swift's handwriting, there is an end of all dispute or doubt about the matter; in that case, if he did not actually draw up the account, he at least adopted it, which, so far as regards the authenticity of the facts, comes to the same thing. But if we were to decide by the internal evidence, we should be disposed to conclude that the paper was not written by Swift. It has not from beginning to end a trace of his style or manner; the relation which it gives of some things is such as would seem very unlikely to have proceeded from him; the expression in one passage, where a disorder which he contracted in his youth is stated to

have "pursued him with intermissions of two or three years to the end of his life," would almost imply that it had not been written till after his death. With regard to the place of his birth, too, we have the express assurance of Pope in 'Spence's Anecdotes,' that Swift told him that he was born in the town of Leicester. Spence's editor, Mr. Singer, observes that Pope probably misunderstood the Dean; "Pope, however," he adds, "seems to have been convinced he was right, for in a letter to Dean Swift he calls England his *native country*." We do not know upon what authority Mr. Singer goes on to remark that, although Swift would often say, when he was provoked at the ingratitude of Ireland, "I am not of this vile country, I am an Englishman," yet "in other moments he never denied that he was born in Dublin, and sometimes even pointed out the house in which he was born."

All the Irish writers about Swift of course stand up for the story of his having been born in Dublin; but their reasoning is not always so intelligible as were to be desired. We cannot make much, for instance, of the following attempt at settling the point by Counsellor Duhigg, in his 'History of the King's Inn,' Dublin, 1806:—"The birth of our great countryman shall be now ascertained beyond cavil or doubt. He was born on the 30th of November, 1667; and in the following month of January his mother renews a complaint of arrears to the Bench, with a pathetic representation of her necessary distress. How many contradictions were heretofore reconciled to make him a native of Leicester! His mother must be presumed to travel post, and at ease, for the purpose of appearing at the King's Inns, in five weeks from her lying-in." Now, this would be a little more satisfactory if the exact date of the petition had been given; for "the month of January" is not necessarily only *five* weeks from the 30th of November. It might be within a day of *nine* weeks. But, even if the date of the petition should prove to be the 1st of January, it would not go for much unless it appears from the petition itself that Mrs. Swift was actually in Dublin when it was

presented. Why not print it in full, as her other petition has been printed? It is strange that it should be merely mentioned by Mr. Matthew Weld Hartstonge, Sir Walter Scott's correspondent, in nearly the same vague way in which it is referred to by Counsellor Duhigg. "I have seen," says Mr. Hartstonge, "another petition from Mrs. Abigail Swift, presented to the Society of King's Inns, in January, less than two months after the birth of her son." Touching the supposition of Swift having been born at Leicester, Counsellor Duhigg proceeds, sarcastically or contemptuously—"All this is to be believed in preference to his own account, or the attestation of a respectable friend." Swift's own account is the 'Fragment,' which we have admitted must be taken as conclusive on the point if it be really in the Dean's handwriting: it is Sheridan, we suppose, who is alluded to as the respectable attesting friend. "However," concludes the Counsellor, "fancy or falsehood must, I believe, yield to recorded truth, which would be settled beyond contradiction if abstracts of King's Inns' accounts had been printed during the Dean's life, which laudable custom has been only adopted from the year 1797. Let an integrity similar to Swift's mark future anecdotes, and the preceding circumstances ascertain his birth, the profession of his father, and the honest but unmerited adversity of the surviving parent."

After all, it may be admitted that the probabilities are in favour of Mrs. Swift having remained in Dublin till after her delivery and the settlement of her late husband's affairs. But she certainly afterwards returned to Leicester, though the biographers do not inform us when; and, with the exception of occasional visits to her son, she spent the remainder of her life there. It may be presumed that she returned to live with or near some of her own relations. The following, however, is the romantic account of Swift's first acquaintance with England, which is given in the so-called autobiographical *Fragment*:—"When he was a year old, an event happened to him that seems very unusual; for his nurse, who was a woman of Whitehaven, being under an absolute necessity of

seeing one of her relations, who being then extremely sick [this is not exactly Swift's usual grammar], and from whom she expected a legacy; and being extremely fond of the infant, she stole him on shipboard unknown to his mother and uncle, and carried him with her to Whitehaven, where he continued for almost three years. For when the matter was discovered, his mother sent orders by all means not to hazard a second voyage till he could be better able to bear it. The nurse was so careful of him that before he returned he had learned to spell; and by the time that he was five years old he could read any chapter in the Bible."

His mother, we are left to suppose from this narrative, remained in Ireland for some years. The common account is that she and her family were at first supported chiefly or solely by her late husband's eldest brother, Godwin Swift. By him Jonathan, when six years of age, was sent to the school of Kilkenny, where his name is still shown cut by himself upon one of the forms. Thence at the age of fourteen he was removed to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was admitted on the 24th of April, 1682. But his uncle Godwin, though making a good figure, is represented to have been in reality an embarrassed man; he had lost much money, it is said, and involved himself in difficulties by some speculations in iron-works and other unfortunate projects; and, if his affairs were in so deranged a state, his allowances to his sister-in-law and his nephew may have been both scanty and irregular. The account given in the 'Fragment' is, that while Swift was at the university, "by the ill-treatment of his nearest relations, he was so much discouraged and sunk in his spirits, that he too much neglected some parts of his academic studies, for which he had no great relish by nature, and turned himself to reading history and poetry; so that, when the time came for taking his degree of bachelor, although he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he was stopped of his degree for dulness and insufficiency, and at last hardly admitted, in a manner little to his credit, which is called in that college

speciali gratia. And this discreditable mark, as I am told, stands upon record in their college registry."

It is certainly extremely difficult to believe that this is Swift's own account. The manner does not seem to be that natural to a man writing about himself even in the third person; it is unlike Swift's manner in any circumstances. No reason appears why, if he was the writer of the account, he should desire to conceal that fact; if the account be in his own handwriting, he cannot be supposed to have had any such desire; yet the above passage manifestly either never did proceed from his pen or is intended to leave the impression that it was written by somebody else. Putting aside the evidence of the handwriting—about which, so far as we are aware, we have nothing more than the assertion of the first editor, or the correspondent from whom he received the paper—we should say that, looking both to the manner and to the matter of this passage, it is in the highest degree improbable that it should have been written by Swift himself. Not only are the facts mentioned in it some of them such as he would not have been forward to record of himself, although they had been true, and as he would scarcely have recited in the terms here made use of, if ever so true, unless he had been condemned to write this sketch of his life as an act of penitence and self-mortification; but the account is at least in one remarkable point directly contrary to what he well knew to be the fact, and a fact of which the most distinct evidence would go down to posterity. It may have been that his bachelor's degree, which he obtained on the 15th of February, 1686, was conferred upon him *by special grace or favour*, by which, perhaps, we are to understand that he was found insufficiently acquainted with some parts of the learning required. We may remark, however, that he does not appear to have been "stopped of his degree;" for he obtained it rather before the usual time. But what are we to think of the assertion that "he had lived with great regularity and due observance of the statutes?" It must be held to be all but impossible that Swift could have written this, when the fact is known to be, as ascer-

tained by Dr. Barrett, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, from the registers of the University, that at least the whole of the latter portion of his academic life was marked by an almost uninterrupted succession of irregularities and punishments. "I find," says the learned Vice-Provost (*Essay on the Earlier Part of the Life of Swift*, 1808), "that between the periods of 14 November, 1685, and 8 October, 1687, he had punishments on him, whether confirmed or taken off, upwards of seventy weeks; that after he had received the above-mentioned punishments, he appears both out of commons and unpunished for ten weeks and upwards; whence (and as I do not believe the censure wrought any reformation in him) I am inclined to believe that he spent the three or four months subsequent to his censure in the country, his high spirit being unable to brook the disgrace." It appears that most of his punishments were for non-attendance in chapel; but he also incurred a large amount of fines by what is called town-haunting, that is, being absent when the night-roll was called. Instead of the money being exacted for the latter offence, however, he was on the 18th of March, 1687, publicly admonished for notorious neglect of duties. At last, on the 30th of November, 1688—the very day on which he completed his twenty-first year—he and another, for their share in a rebellion against the junior dean, in which they are declared to have conducted themselves in a more intolerable fashion than the rest of those engaged, were sentenced not only to be suspended like the others, but at nine o'clock in the morning on the 3rd of December following to crave pardon of the said dean in the public hall on their bended knees; and, as it is stated, under date of the 8th of January, 1689, that all the persons thus suspended were on that day restored, we should seem to be forced to the conclusion that the degradation was actually gone through by Swift.

It has been suggested, indeed, that he may have escaped the humiliating ceremony by leaving the university, which he appears to have done about this time. Yet in that case it is to be presumed he would have borne a

stigma away with him which would have prevented his subsequent admission into the university of Oxford. The indignity of the public pardon-asking, however, seems to have been the last and greatest that he underwent. His connection with his *alma mater* was not terminated by expulsion, as some of his biographers have asserted. But when he left college, probably early in the year 1689, he found nothing to detain him in Ireland and nothing to do with himself there; and so, crossing the sea, he made his way, travelling, we are told on foot, to where his mother was living in Leicestershire.

At what time Mrs. Swift had returned to England we are not informed. Mr. Godwin Swift had died while his nephew was at college, leaving a large family of fifteen sons and three daughters, by four wives (the last of whom survived him for many years), and, if we are to take the common account, very little property to be divided among them. According to Scott, the burthen of supporting Swift now fell upon another of his uncles, Dryden William Swift, and upon Willoughby Swift, the son of this Dryden William, who was already settled as a Lisbon merchant. But here there is apparently some mistake. According both to the *Fragment*, from which the particulars respecting Swift's relations and his early life are mostly drawn, and to the Pedigree prefixed to it, he had no uncle named Dryden William, but two uncles, one named Dryden, the other named William, who are both expressly stated to have died without issue. There was another uncle Willoughby, of whom nothing more than the name is given; but the Willoughby who was settled as a merchant at Lisbon was the eldest son of Godwin Swift. We may add that the language of the *Fragment* scarcely countenances the statement of the modern biographers that Godwin died a poor man. "Godwin," it is there said, "left several children, who have all estates." "He was an ill pleader," it is added, "but perhaps a little too dexterous in the subtle parts of the law." The three words "a little too," we are informed in a note, "were interlined in the original some time after it was first written, and were designed by the

Doctor to be a sneer upon the memory of his uncle." This note is signed D. S., by which we are probably to understand Deane Swift, the grandson of Godwin, one of whose four wives, the *Fragment* states, "to the great offence of his family, was co-heiress to Admiral Deane, who was one of the regicides." By this lady Godwin had a son named Deane, who was the father of the Deane Swift, the writer of the note. The latter died in 1783, leaving a son Theophilus, who was therefore the great-grandson of Godwin, not his grandson, still less the grand-nephew of the Dean, as Scott carelessly designates him. This Theophilus Swift, who was well known both in the literary and in the political world, died in 1815.

The *Fragment* states that Swift continued some months with his mother in Leicester; after which, it is added, "he was received by Sir William Temple, whose father had been a great friend to the family, and who was now retired to his house called Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey." Nothing is said in this document of the relationship between Mrs. Swift and Lady Temple, which is mentioned in the common accounts. And since Swift's cousin Thomas (the same who afterwards became vicar of Puttenham) had also, as it appears, resided with Temple, it may be presumed that the connection between the two families had really begun in the patronage of the Swifts by old Sir Thomas Temple, when master of the rolls in Ireland. A relationship between the Temples and Swift's mother could scarcely have much availed his cousin, the nephew of his father.

Swift's cousin had, according to his own account, acted as domestic chaplain in Temple's family; Swift, who was not yet in orders, seems to have been employed as a sort of amanuensis. Nor for some time, according to the common account, was he treated otherwise than as a very humble dependent. Gradually, however, he acquired the confidence of the retired statesman and diplomatist. This was more especially the case after he had returned from a visit to Ireland which he had been advised to make, apparently some time in the year 1691, in order to get over an ill state of health into which he had fallen.

Growing worse instead of better, he soon returned to Moor Park. He was now, we are told, often trusted with matters of great importance; and anecdotes are preserved which would imply that, even when King William visited Temple to consult with his old friend on affairs of state, Swift was admitted both to their conferences and to the social board at which they sat down together. It is said that his majesty offered the future dean a troop of horse if he would go into the army, and one day condescended to initiate him in the Dutch mode of cutting asparagus. When the bill for triennial parliaments was under discussion, the *Fragment* relates, Swift was dispatched by Temple to the king to state to his majesty the reasons why he ought to suffer the measure to pass; and, being well versed in English history, it is added, he expounded the true state of the case briefly to the king, and more at length to the Earl of Portland. But, although he may have acquitted himself to his own satisfaction, he failed in carrying his point. "This," the narrative proceeds, "was the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts, and he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity." Swift, however, was not at this time under twenty-one years old, as the *Fragment* asserts; the Triennial Bill was brought into the House of Commons in 1693, at which date he was in his twenty-fifth year.

Before this he had taken steps to enter the church. On the 4th of June, 1692, he was admitted of Hart Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford; and on the 5th of July following he went down to the university and took his degree of M.A. It seems to have been nearly two years after this that Temple offered him a situation, worth about 120*l.* a year, in the Irish Rolls office, in which he had succeeded his father as master; but Swift refused to give up his purpose, and they parted in mutual displeasure in the beginning of May, 1594. Having been recommended to Lord Capel, the lord lieutenant, Swift, after a visit to his mother at Leicester, went over to Ireland with the intention of taking holy orders; but when he arrived there he found that he could not attain

his object without a certificate of his conduct during the time he had resided in Temple's family. Obliged therefore to apply to his late patron, he wrote to him, on the 6th of October, what is known as his "penitential letter," having been found with that indorsement in Lady Temple's hand. It is certainly in a sufficiently humble strain. Having explained the necessity of the certificate, he proceeded: "The sense I am in how low I have fallen in your honour's thoughts has denied me assurance enough to beg this favour till I find it impossible to avoid . . . . I entreat that your honour will . . . please to send me some certificate of my behaviour during almost three years in your family; wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say anything to my advantage. The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family, that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour's mercy, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any further than for infirmities." The letter would seem to have mollified Temple, for letters for deacon's orders were granted to Swift on the 28th of October. Those for priest's orders followed on the 13th of January, 1695; and almost immediately after he was presented to the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth about a hundred a year.

To this country parish, in the north of Ireland, Swift now retired. But in the summer of the following year, on the invitation of Temple, he returned to Moor Park; and some time after, about the beginning of the year 1697, he resigned his prebend in favour of a friend. He continued to live with Temple, on a perfectly friendly and confidential footing, till the death of the latter on the 27th of January, 1699. Temple, besides leaving him a small legacy in money, evinced the estimation in which he held him by intrusting him with the charge of publishing his literary remains.

Long before this Swift's had been a busy and practised pen both in prose and verse. So early as in

February, 1692, soon after his return to Moor Park from the visit he had made for the sake of his health to Ireland, we find him thus expressing himself in a letter to a friend, the Reverend John Kendall, vicar of Thornton, in Leicestershire, whom he calls his cousin:—"There is something in me which must be employed, and, when I am alone, turns all, for want of practice, into speculation and thought; insomuch that, these seven weeks I have been here, I have writ and burned, and writ again, upon all manner of subjects, more than perhaps any man in England." Scott says that his first verses were a translation of one of Horace's Odes (the 18th of the Second Book, *Non ebur neque aureum*, &c.); and that they were produced at Oxford when he went down to take his degree in July, 1692. But his three Pindaric Odes, as they are styled, after the manner of Cowley, are all of earlier date: the first, to Archbishop Sancroft, having been written in May, 1689; the second, to Sir William Temple, in June of the same year; the third, and most famous, to the Athenian Society, in February, 1691. This fashion of writing is said to have been recommended to him by Temple and his wife, who were both great admirers of Cowley. The Ode to Sancroft, however, is stated in the heading to have been written at the desire of the Bishop of Ely (Dr. Turner, who was deprived the following year). All this, by the bye, may show that Swift had brought a considerable reputation for talent with him from the university, and that his biographers probably underrate his importance and the position that he occupied during the earlier part of his residence with Sir William Temple. It may be true, however, as Johnson says he had been told, that when he showed his Ode to the Athenian Society to Dryden, the latter, after perusing the elaborate composition, pronounced judgment in the decisive words, "Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." Swift's proud and vindictive nature never forgot this; and he has spoken of Dryden with the bitterest contempt in several of his writings.

The Pindaric Odes were followed in November, 1693, by an address, in ordinary rhyme, to Congreve, and in

December of the same year by another poem in the same form on an illness from which Temple had just recovered. The latter in particular has considerable merit. But a few years later he is believed to have produced in prose what must be regarded as throwing whatever he had written in verse completely into the shade. The year 1697 is assigned as that in which he composed both the 'Battle of the Books' and the 'Tale of a Tub,' although they were not published till 1704. The former was a contribution to the famous contest first about whether the superiority in genius and learning was to be assigned to the ancients or the moderns, latterly respecting the authenticity of the Epistles of Phalaris, which had arisen out of an essay of Temple's. Swift, of course, ranged himself on the side of his patron and the ancients, joining Arbuthnot and the other wits of Oxford against Bentley, the great, and, it must be admitted, in so far as regards erudition and argument, the victorious champion on the other side. The 'Tale of a Tub' is a satire of a much more comprehensive scope, as well as of a far higher order in all respects. In genius and felicity of execution, indeed, it is unequalled by anything else that Swift has written, or by anything of the same kind in the language. Swift never avowed the authorship, and his parson-cousin, as he used to call him, Thomas Swift, the vicar of Puttenham, had the impudence to put forward in print a claim to the principal merit both of the conception and execution of the work; but the evidence, both internal and external, upon which it is assigned to the Dean may nevertheless be held to be quite conclusive and satisfactory. The recklessness and occasional indecorum of the merriment would have made it in any circumstances inconvenient for a clergyman to have such a production printed with his name, or distinctly understood to be his; and in point of fact Swift very early found that the mere suspicion or current imputation of his having written the 'Tale of a Tub' formed a serious impediment in the way of his professional advancement. The main drift of the satire, it is true, was directed against Popery and Presbyterianism,

and its direct object was the exaltation of the Church of England; but many persons, not unnaturally, were shocked at the treatment of any religious subject in such a fashion, and the author was suspected by some and represented by more to be in reality an enemy and scorner of all religion. This, however, was certainly a character that Swift did not deserve. However great the eccentricities and indiscretions to which he occasionally gave way, that he was throughout his life a sincere and steady believer in Christianity can admit of no doubt.

Scott has printed as Swift's a short unfinished piece of verse entitled 'On the Burning of Whitehall, in 1697' (meaning, it is supposed, that the lines were written in 1697, Whitehall having been burned in 1691), which, it is stated, "occurs in his handwriting, and with his corrections, among the papers of Mr. Lyons," who was vicar of Goderich and a friend of Swift. If this poem be really by Swift, it furnishes another probability against the *Fragment*, containing the sketch of his ancestry and early life, being his. In the *Fragment* Charles I. is spoken of as "that blessed martyred prince;" the poem concludes as follows:—

"But mark how Providence, with watchful care,
Did Inigo's famed building spare!
That theatre produced an action truly great,
On which eternal acclamations wait;
Of kings deposed most faithful annals tell,
And slaughtered monarchs would a volume swell;
Our happy chronicles can show alone
——————— tyrants executed one."

Most probably neither the *Fragment* nor the poem is Swift's. The verses, though nervous and striking, do not resemble his manner either in their merits or their defects. And in whatever doubt we might have been left as to how, with his peculiar politics, Whig in civil matters and Tory in ecclesiastical, he might have felt and expressed himself at some time of his life respecting Charles I., the fact, we believe, is that in his undoubted writings he has always spoken of his execution with decided condemnation and horror.

The several writings of Sir William Temple, which after his death were published by Swift, will be found enumerated in our Life of Temple. The *Fragment* states that upon Temple's death he removed from Moor Park to London, "and applied by petition to King William, upon the claim of a promise his majesty had made to Sir William Temple, that he would give Mr. Swift a prebend of Canterbury or Westminster." "The Earl of Romney," the narrative proceeds, "who professed much friendship for him, promised to second his petition; but, as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honour, said not a word to the king. And Mr. Swift, after long attendance in vain, thought it better to comply with an invitation given him by the Earl of Berkeley to attend him to Ireland as his chaplain and private secretary; his lordship having been appointed one of the Lords Justices of that kingdom. He attended his lordship, who landed near Waterford, and Mr. Swift acted as secretary during the whole journey to Dublin. But another person had so insinuated himself into the earl's favour by telling him that the post of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, nor would be of any advantage to one who only aimed at church preferments, that his lordship, after a poor apology, gave that office to the other. In some months the deanery of Derry fell vacant; and it was the Earl of Berkeley's turn to dispose of it. Yet things were so ordered, that, the secretary having received a bribe, the deanery was disposed of to another, and Mr. Swift was put off with some other church livings not worth above a third part of that rich deanery, and at this present not a sixth. The excuse pretended was his being too young, although he was then thirty years old." With these words the *Fragment* ends. The person who supplanted Swift in the office of secretary to Lord Berkeley was a Mr. Bushe. He is said to have received a thousand pounds from the person who afterwards obtained the deanery of Derry. Another account, however, is that Swift's appointment was prevented by the interference of Dr. King, the Bishop of Derry, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. Swift, at any

rate, quarrelled with Lord Berkeley upon this occasion, and left his lordship's lodgings in the Castle. But he did not throw up his situation of chaplain; he even seems to have kept up his friendly intercourse with the rest of the family; and at least a formal reconcilement soon took place with the earl, by whom he was presented to the rectory of Agher, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan. To these preferments were added in the year 1700 the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin; making altogether, Scott calculates, an income of between 350*l.* and 400*l.* a-year. According to Mr. Mason, however, the historian of St. Patrick's Cathedral, this estimate is far too high. Mr. Mason, on the evidence of Swift's own account-books, infers that in 1703 the annual produce of all his preferments was under 200*l.*, and that it became afterwards still less.

Swift continued to reside in Dublin, having apparently returned to the Castle after his reconciliation with Lord Berkeley, till the year 1700. "It is during his residence with Lord Berkeley," observes Scott, "that Swift appears first to have given way to the playfulness of his disposition in numerous poetical *jeux d'esprit*, which no poet ever composed with the same felicity and spirit. Of this class are the inimitable Petition of Mrs. Frances Harris; the verses on Miss Floyd, a young lady of beauty and spirit, who was also an inmate of the family; and some other pieces written during this period. But the most solemn waggery was the Meditation on a Broomstick, composed and read, with infinite gravity, as an existing portion of the Honourable Mr. Boyle's Meditations, which, it seems, Lady Berkeley used to request Swift to read aloud more frequently than was agreeable to him.* In such company, and with such amusements, his time glided happily away, and he retained a high regard for the ladies of the family during the rest of his life. Lady Betty Berkeley, in particular, afterwards Lady

* The common accounts, however, make this to have happened, at a later period of Swift's life, during one of his visits to London.

Betty Germaine, was, to the end of his career, one of his most valuable and most valued correspondents."

In 1700 he took possession of his living of Laracor, which was situated near the northern extremity of the county of East Meath, and fixed his residence there. He remained without any further preferment for more than a dozen years; but a great change nevertheless took place in his position, in various respects, in that space of time.

We will first sketch the history of his public career. From the commencement of his residence at Laracor he had been in the habit of making frequent, almost annual, visits to England. Besides that his mother still lived, he naturally wished to keep up his connexion both with the literary and political world of London, and generally with the country which, if not that of his birth, he continued to look upon as that in which his best prospects of preferment lay. He appears to have been in England in the summer of 1701, when he published his first political pamphlet, 'A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and the Commons in Athens and Rome, with the Consequences they had upon both those States,' being a covert attack upon the recent conduct of the House of Commons in the impeachment of Lord Somers and his colleagues for the share they had had in the Partition Treaty. It attracted much attention, and was attributed for some time to Lord Somers, and afterwards to Bishop Burnet. He returned to England in 1702, and it was now that, upon his avowing himself the author of the 'Discourse,' his intimacy commenced with Somers and Halifax (Charles Montagu), and also with the Earl of Sunderland, to whom he had previously been slightly known. It must have been in one of these earliest visits to the English metropolis, too, that he became acquainted with Addison, Arbuthnot, and others of the famous wits who used to assemble at Button's Coffee-house, where, it is related, he and they first encountered. His own renown as one of the greatest wits of the day, if not the greatest of them all, was established and spread among all classes by the publication in 1704 of the 'Tale of a Tub,' of which no one

from the first seems to have doubted that he was the author. After this he is supposed to have written or begun many tracts on civil and ecclesiastical politics, which he did not publish, and which have not been preserved. Up to this time his friends had chiefly belonged to the Whig party, to which he had himself been attached since his first introduction to any connexion with public affairs under the auspices of Sir William Temple. He had all along, however, as he constantly affirmed, been a high churchman in religion; and there his principles drew him towards the Tories. It was fated, as was to have been anticipated from such a position of things, that he should not long remain in the camp where he now found himself. In the beginning of the year 1708 he proceeded to England with a commission from the Irish bishops to solicit from the ministry the same remission of the first-fruits by the crown for the augmentation of the livings of the poorer clergy in Ireland, which had been granted in England four years before. His application, however, to Lord Godolphin upon this subject was entirely unsuccessful. At the same time he considered himself to be ill-used by both Somers and Halifax, and his just claims to be neglected, in his failure to obtain any preferment for himself. He remained in England till the end of April, 1709; and during this space he published his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man with respect to Religion and Government;' his famous ironical 'Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniences;' his 'Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland to a Member of the House of Commons in England concerning the Sacramental Test;' and his 'Project for the Advancement of Religion and the Reformation of Manners, by a Person of Quality;' all in defence both of religion and of the established church and ecclesiastical system. It was now too that he began his ludicrous persecution of Partridge the Astrologer, in his 'Predictions for the year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.,' and other *jeux d'esprit*, in

the same style.* These Isaac Bickerstaff jocularities are especially memorable as having by their success led Steele to assume the same *nom de guerre* when he soon after set on foot the 'Tatler,' the first number of which was published on the 12th of April, 1709, and to which also Swift contributed several papers.

After nearly a year and a half of almost complete rustication at Laracor, the news of the sudden ministerial revolution in the autumn of 1710, when Godolphin and his colleagues were turned out by Harley and the Tories, again drew Swift from his retirement. Having been again commissioned by the Irish bishops to solicit, in conjunction with two of their own number, the remission of the first-fruits and twentieths, he set sail on the 1st of September, and reached London on the 9th. He was received as usual by his old Whig friends, and renewed his intimacy with Addison and Steele; but both Godolphin and Somers met him as if they had felt that he was already estranged; and by the 1st of October he had discharged his first bolt of satire and contempt at the former in his caustic rhymes entitled 'The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod' (in allusion to the resignation of Godolphin, whose family name was Sidney, and his compulsory breaking of his treasurer's staff). Three days after he was introduced to Harley, who received him, as he has recorded, "with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable." On the 7th he waited upon the new premier again, by appointment, with the professed object of personally opening to him the affair of the first-fruits. His own account, written at the time, will best show how eagerly he was sought to be gained or secured:—"I had no sooner told him my business but he entered into it with all kindness; asked me for my powers and read them; and read likewise the memorial I had drawn up, and put it into his pocket to show the queen; told me the measures he would take;

* See a full account of them in a paper entitled 'London Astrologers,' in Knight's *London*, iii., 246-249.

and, in short, said everything I could wish; and told me he must bring Mr. St. John and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffee-house in a hackney-coach." On the 10th he writes:—"I dined with Mr. Harley to-day. . . . Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday." On the 14th:—"I suppose I have said enough, in this and a former letter, how I stand with the new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and, if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another." On the 21st:—"I dined this day with Mr. Harley. . . . . I stayed till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me anything of my affair. He says the queen has now granted the first-fruits, and twentieth parts, but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice that it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. And I am to see him on Tuesday . . . . . I believe never anything was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better."

The connexion thus auspiciously begun with Harley and St. John quickly ripened into the closest intimacy; and it is to the credit of all parties that the unusual association between the mere wit and the man of letters and the powerful ministers of state was conducted from the first without the slightest degree of either servility on the one side, or exaction or assumption on the other. It is evident from their whole subsequent his-

tory, that both Harley and St. John really liked Swift; they each retained the strongest regard for him, as he on his part did for them, even after they had become the open and bitter enemies of one another. Meanwhile, the conspicuous familiarity with which he was treated by the chiefs of the party, made Swift's acquaintance an object of ambition with every inferior member; casting off Halifax, quarrelling with Steele, and even separating himself from Addison, he now became the close associate of Peterborough, and Prior, and Pope, and whoever else were most distinguished either in politics or in literature on that side. It was under Swift's auspices that the Club or Society of Brothers was formed, in which the choice of these Tory wits and statesmen mingled in a union that for the time at least was in feeling, as well as in form and fashion, fraternal, and in which the enjoyments of social intercourse and relaxation were heightened and ennobled by projects and designs worthy of a learned academy. It was by means of this society, which numbered sixteen members, that Swift contemplated the accomplishment of an object expounded in a letter to Harley, now become Earl of Oxford, which he published with his name, in May, 1712, under the title of 'A Proposal for Correcting, Improving, and Ascertaining the English Tongue.' Harley, however, although he gave fair promises, neglected or delayed doing anything in the matter; and all that came of Swift's proposal was that it drew forth various answers, in some of which he was charged with having principally in view the creation of a place of profit for himself.

Long before this, however, the literary powers of their new ally had been made largely available, and turned to good account, by the ministry in another line. 'Sid Hamet's Rod' had been followed by other squibs in the same style, as the occurrences of the day called them forth. Almost immediately upon his coming over he had undertaken the entire conduct of the weekly paper of his party, the 'Examiner,' which had been started a few weeks before. St. John, Prior, Atterbury,

and others had contributed the earlier papers; but from No. 14 to No. 45, or from the 2nd of November, 1710, to the 7th of June, 1711, the Examiners were all by Swift. They are written with great power, and are filled with the most unsparing invectives against Godolphin, Somers, Sunderland, and others of his old friends. He was induced, according to his own account, to drop the paper in consequence of his style having been discovered, and the many enemies he found he was making. But both while he had the 'Examiner' upon his hands and after he had given it up, his fertile and ready pen was ever and anon startling the town with some separate party *brochure*, usually anonymous. Among these productions may be especially noted, 'A short Character of His Excellency Thomas Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,' a sketch of great severity,* which appeared in November, 1710; 'The Conduct of the Allies and of the late Ministry in beginning and carrying on the War,' which was published in the end of November, 1711, while the question of the peace was under discussion in the House of Commons, and which produced an immense effect; and 'Some Remarks on the Barrier Treaty between her Majesty and the States General,' a continuation of the same argument. It was at this period also that he began, under the title of 'A History of the Peace of Utrecht,' the work which eventually grew into 'The History of the last Four Years of Queen Anne,' but which was not published till many years after his death. Nor ought we to forget the important service which he did by the paper which he addressed, about the end of the year 1711, to the more zealous and impatient section of his party, under the title of 'Some Advice humbly offered to the Members of the

* "It would be no unprofitable employment," we are told by a late editor of Swift's Works, "to compare this character of the earl with the deservedly celebrated delineation of Pope." No doubt the character of Philip Duke of Wharton, in Pope's 'Moral Essays,' is very deservedly celebrated; but the subject of Swift's tract is the Duke's father, Thomas Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Wharton.

October Club,' with the object of inducing them to refrain from pressing an extreme course of policy upon Harley, the effect of which was immediately to divide and ere long to break up the club.

But all this while Swift had obtained nothing for himself; nothing had been done to advance his fortunes or reward him for his services by the ministry who owed him so much. Harley had indeed, early in their connexion, put into his hand a fifty-pound Bank-note, by way of payment for his contributions to the 'Examiner,' which he had indignantly rejected. What he distinctly let his friends understand that he wanted was preferment in his profession, his appointment to a distinguished station in the English church. But time passed on, and he still remained only Prebendary of St. Patrick's and Vicar of Laracor. One day when Harley and St. John were calling him Jonathan, in their usual familiar way, he remarked that he supposed they would leave him Jonathan as they had found him. It is believed, however, that the blame did not lie with the ministers. Swift had himself, in fact, raised the barriers which obstructed his promotion. The mind of the Queen had long been strongly prepossessed against him as the writer of the 'Tale of a Tub.' Sharpe, Archbishop of York, had especially taken pains to impress upon her the impropriety of promoting the author of a production which he represented as in reality a profane satire upon all religion. But, as if this had not been enough, Swift had recklessly drawn upon himself the enmity of one of the most potent personages at court, the Duchess of Somerset, whom, on the suspicion that she had exerted her influence on some occasions to thwart the ministers, he assailed in a manner never to be forgiven, in a bitter *jeu d'esprit*, entitled 'The Windsor Prophecy,' which he produced in December, 1711. It is asserted by Sheridan that some time after this the ministers recommended Swift to fill a vacant bishopric, which is conjectured to have been that of Hereford, which became vacant on the 20th of November, 1712. "But the Duchess of Somerset," continues Sheridan, "who enter-

tained an implacable hatred against him, determined to move heaven and earth to prevent his promotion taking place. She first prevailed on the Archbishop of York to oppose it, whose remarkable expression to the Queen was, 'That her majesty should be sure that the man whom she was going to make a bishop was a Christian.' But, as he would give no better token for this surmise than that Swift was supposed to be the author of the 'Tale of a Tub,' the bishop was considered as acting officiously, out of too indiscreet a zeal, and his interposition was of no avail. The Duchess then went in person to the Queen, and, throwing herself on her knees, entreated, with tears in her eyes, that she would not give the bishopric to Swift; at the same time presenting to her that exceedingly bitter copy of verses which Swift had written against her, called 'The Windsor Prophecy.' The Queen, upon reading them, was stung with resentment at the very severe treatment which he had given to a lady who was known to stand highly in her favour, and bestowed the bishopric on another." Dr. Philip Brise was translated to Hereford from St. David's on the 6th of February, 1713. Some other church preferments were disposed of about the same time without Swift's name being mentioned. Upon this he sent a distinct intimation to Harley that he should retire. It was then arranged that Dr. Sterne, Dean of St. Patrick's, should be removed to the bishopric of Dromore, and that Swift should be appointed to the deanery. The warrant in his favour was signed on the 23rd of February; and early in June Swift left England, and, returning to Ireland after his absence of nearly three years, took possession of his new dignity. Dean of St. Patrick's he was destined to remain for the rest of his life—and indeed, we may say, to keep that title as his own for ever. In his own day he was universally known, both in Ireland and in England, by the name of "The Dean," alone; and he remains the Dean, *par excellence;* the Dean of Deans, the only Dean, so to speak, still.

But before he had yet taken up his residence in Dublin, or had enjoyed more than a few weeks of quiet at

Laracor, he was again summoned to England. Harley and St. John, unlike or opposite in many points of temper and character, had long been diverging from each other, and from close allies and partners in power had now become all but open enemies and competitors for the supreme or sole direction of affairs. It was thought that Swift was the only person by whose influence there was any chance that they might yet be reconciled. He seems to have returned to England in September.* He remained for nearly nine months, during which he resumed his pen as a party pamphleteer, and plied it with as much activity and vigour as ever. It was now that he produced, among other attacks upon his original friends of the other side, his scourging philippic entitled 'The Public Spirit of the Whigs, set forth in their generous Encouragement of the Author of *The Crisis* (Steele), with some Observations on the Seasonableness, Candour, Erudition, and Style of that Treatise.' Lord Orrery asserts that Swift wrote this piece with the consent, if not the encouragement, of the ministry; but one passage in it reflecting both upon the Scotch, whom it characterised as "a poor fierce northern people," and upon the union with Scotland, which was represented in the light of an imprudent and degrading marriage by a person of quality with a woman of inferior rank, whose only portion was a swarm of beggarly relations, excited such a flame of resentment as had well nigh proved fatal both to the writer and his patrons. Both the printer and the publisher were by a vote of the House of Lords ordered into the custody of the black rod; Swift's old enemy, Lord Wharton, loudly demanded that every means should be taken to discover the villainous author of the false and

* Johnson says, "He was not suffered to stay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England." Lord Orrery's account is that he returned to England in the beginning of the year 1714. Scott's narrative is here destitute of dates, and vague. It may be gathered from Swift's correspondence that he probably reached London in the latter part of September, 1713. He had therefore spent about three months in Ireland.

scandalous libel; and all the Scotch nobility then in London went in a body to the queen, with the Duke of Argyle at their head, to insist upon his being punished. It was found necessary actually to issue a proclamation offering a reward of 300*l.* for his discovery; but Harley managed so that Swift, although nobody had for a moment doubted that he was the man, was not molested. Meanwhile the favour in which he stood seemed to rise higher every day. At the public levees of the lord-treasurer he was a more conspicuous figure than the minister himself, taking upon him the principal part both of the talk and the business, treating the persons of highest rank with the most ostentatious or condescending familiarity, and appearing almost to sway and direct every thing. Yet the old obstacle in a higher quarter remained as insuperable as ever. While an alarm was again spread that he was going to be made a bishop, he could not obtain for himself even the almost valueless office of historiographer royal. At the same time all the exertions he made, all the appeals he addressed to both, in the hope of effecting an accommodation between Harley and St. John, proved utterly vain. At last in the beginning of June, 1714, when the inevitable catastrophe was evidently close at hand, he left London, and proceeded to the house of an old acquaintance, the Reverend Mr. Gery, vicar of Upper Letcombe, in Berkshire. Here he wrote the paper entitled 'Some Free Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs,' which, however, was not then published. When the dismissal of Harley on the 27th of July left St. John at the head of affairs, Swift was again sought by both. One of St. John's first acts was to get a treasury order signed by the queen for the payment to Swift of a thousand pounds, to which he conceived he had a claim, in the circumstances of the case, as being required to defray certain extraordinary expenses connected with his induction to his deanery, but which he had never been able to obtain from Harley. At the same time St. John made both Lady Masham and Mrs. Barber write to the Dean entreating him in the strongest terms to return to town.

But when he read Harley's letter, received almost by the same post, in which the ex-minister requested his friend to accompany him on his journey to his country-seat in Herefordshire, Swift did not hesitate, but instantly wrote to Dublin to solicit a renewal of his licence of absence, and prepared to obey that summons. The death of the queen, however, on the 1st of August changed the position of all parties; and Swift (from whom, by the bye, the event intercepted his thousand pounds) set out for Ireland about a fortnight after.

It was during this visit to England, we may here mention, that Swift formed the Scriblerus Club, to which we owe the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus and other performances in the same style. The members were, besides himself, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, together with Harley and St. John (now become Earl of Oxford and Viscount Bolingbroke); nor were the two ministers merely nominal associates. In the altered state of things that had taken place, the Society of Brothers appears to have discontinued its meetings.

But we must now notice some passages of Swift's private life, which have become as famous, and have as much interested the curiosity of posterity, as any thing in the course of his public history.

The only relations, as we have seen, that he had ever known, nearer than uncles, aunts, and cousins—with none of whom he seems to have kept up much intercourse from the time he left college—were his mother and his sister. While he was living as chaplain in the family of Lord Berkeley, or about the year 1700, his sister married a tradesman of the name of Fenton. Lord Orrery's account is that the marriage took place with the consent and approbation of her uncles and relations, and that, although the man was in trade, his "fortune, character, and situation were esteemed by all her friends suitable for her in every respect." "But," continues his lordship, "the marriage was entirely disagreeable to her brother. It seemed to interrupt those ambitious views which he had long since formed: he grew outrageous at the thoughts of being brother-in-law to a tradesman.

He utterly refused all reconciliation with his sister, nor would he even listen to the entreaties of his mother, who came over to Ireland under the strongest hopes of pacifying his anger, having in every other instance found him a dutiful and an obedient son; but his pride was not to be conquered, and Mrs. Swift, finding her son inflexible, hastened back to Leicester, where she continued till her death." According to other accounts, however, Fenton, who was a currier in Dublin, and advanced in life, was a worthless character, and was upon the eve of bankruptcy when the marriage took place. It is asserted, too, by Mr. Deane Swift that Swift not only offered his sister all he had in the world, amounting to about 500*l.*, if she would break off the match, but supported her after her husband's affairs went to ruin.

It was after Swift was settled at Laracor that his mother came to visit him. On arriving in Dublin she took up her lodgings at the house of a Mr. Brent, a printer in George's Lane, husband of the Mrs. Brent who afterwards became the Dean's housekeeper, and whose gossiping propensities he has made merry with in several of his rhymes. Mrs. Swift, who, Scott remarks, "had much of her celebrated son's peculiar humour," amused her landlady's credulity, we are told, "by pretending she had come to Ireland to receive the addresses of a lover, and under that character received her son Jonathan's first visit, before she acquainted Mrs. Brent with the trick she had put upon her curiosity." So long as his mother lived Swift appears to have visited her every time he came to England, which, as we have stated, was at least once every year. Upon these and other occasions when he travelled, he sometimes, according to Lord Orrery, went in a waggon, but more frequently would walk all the way from Holyhead to Leicester or London. On his way, his lordship adds, "he generally chose to dine with waggoners, hostlers, and persons of that rank; and he used to lie at night in houses where he found written over the door *Lodgings for a penny.*" He walked all the way, if we may believe the common story, when he went from Dublin to take

possession of his living of Laracor. His mother died at Leicester, at the age of seventy, on the morning of Monday, the 24th of April, 1710, as he has himself recorded in a memorandum written at the time when he received the news at Laracor, which was not till the evening of Wednesday, the 10th of May, by a letter dispatched from Dublin by his sister, Mrs. Fenton, the day before, inclosing one to her from a friend in Leicester dated on the day of the death. So that, unless Mrs. Fenton kept back the intelligence, which seems improbable, it then took more than a fortnight for a letter to come from Leicester to Dublin. Mrs. Swift had been ill all the winter, and had been confined to her bed and in a state of great weakness and suffering for the last month or six weeks. "I have now," her son adds, after noting down these particulars, "lost my barrier between me and death: God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been! If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice, and charity, she is there."

But other women, not of his blood, also figure in his story. He has himself related the first of his love-affairs (if it is really to be considered such) of the particulars of which we have any record, in a letter written nearly forty years after it happened. It makes, taken all together, rather a curious little romance of real life. "When I went a lad to my mother," he says, "after the Revolution, she brought me acquainted with a family, where there was a daughter, with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I should be in love with her; but when I went to London she married an innkeeper in Loughborough, in that county, by whom she had several children." The man's name, it seems, was Perkins, and the inn he kept was the George. The maiden name of his wife, Swift's flame—he calls her his *mistress* in the course of the letter—was Betty Jones; and her family appears to have been related to that of the Dean: his mother, he says, used to call her mother cousin. They were pretty well off too; for the old lady left her daughter property to the value of 500*l.*;

and upon this Betty subsisted, having separated from her husband, who had turned out a rogue. Swift seems to have heard nothing more of her till about the year 1722, when a daughter of hers, Anne Perkins, the only one then surviving of several children she had had, wrote to him from London. "The subject of the girl's letter," he says, "was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an Irishman, who pretended to be barrack-master-general of Ireland, and desired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother, Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, to inquire about this Irishman. I answered that I knew him not, but supposed he was a cheat: I heard no more." It may be suspected that the "young lady of good fortune" was no other than Anne herself, and we fear that, notwithstanding Swift's warning, she found the self-styled Irish barrack-master-general irresistible. Swift goes on to inform his correspondent that now, in January, 1729, had come a letter to him from Betty Jones, *alias* Perkins, herself, telling him that her daughter Anne had married an Irishman of the name of Giles—that he had died—and that the widow, having gone over to Ireland to collect some debts due to her deceased husband, had resolved to settle there, and, intending to open a shop in Dublin, would, with his leave, borrow three guineas from his housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, which the mother would repay when the Dean should draw upon her in England. Swift did not know what to think of the application, but he desires his friend to send for the person calling herself Mrs. Giles and examine her strictly. "I would be ready," he says, "to sacrifice five pounds on old acquaintance to help the woman." But he adds, "I suspect her mother's letters to be a counterfeit, for I remember she spells like a kitchen-maid." In her lover's imagination at least, it may be inferred from this last expression, Betty Jones had remained pictured as a person of some education and refinement.

But we have also a letter relating to this affair written by him immediately after he had seen good to drop his flirtation, or whatever more it may have amounted to, with poor Betty. This letter, to which we have already

had occasion to refer for another purpose, is addressed to the Reverend John Kendall, Vicar of Thornton, in Leicestershire, whom he calls his good cousin, and is dated Moor Park, 11th February, 1691. He says here: "I shall speak plainly to you, that the very ordinary observations I made with going half a mile beyond the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then itself, I am so hard to please that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world. How all that suits with my behaviour to the women in hand you may easily imagine, when you know there is something in me which must be employed . . . . It is this humour that makes me busy when I am in company to turn all that way: and since it commonly ends in talk, whether it be love or common conversation, it is all alike. This is so common that I could remember twenty women in my life to whom I have behaved myself just in the same way; and, I profess, without any other design than that of entertaining myself when I am very idle, or when something goes amiss in my affairs. This I always have done as a man of the world, when I had no design for anything grave in it, and what I thought at worst a harmless impertinence; but whenever I begin to take sober resolutions, or, as now, to think of entering into the church, I never found it would be hard to put off this kind of folly at the porch. Besides, perhaps in so general a conversation among that sex, I might pretend a little to understand where I am, when I am going to choose for a wife; and though the [most] cunning sharper of the town may have a cheat put upon him, yet it must be cleanlier carried than this, which you think I am going to top upon myself. And truly, if you knew how metaphysical I am that way, you would little fear I should venture on one who has given so much occasion to tongues; for though the people is a lying sort of a beast (and I think in Leicester above all parts that I ever was in), yet they seldom talk without some glimpse of reason, which I declare (so unpardonably jealous I am) to

be a sufficient cause for me to hate any woman any further than a bare acquaintance . . . . Your hints at particular stories I do not understand . . . . I should not have behaved myself after that manner I did in Leicester if I had not valued my own entertainment beyond the obloquy of a parcel of very wretched fools, which I solemnly pronounce the inhabitants of Leicester to be." This is all highly curious, and may be taken as giving us the key to much of Swift's character, and more especially to his mode of proceeding in other more memorable cases of the same kind. In the present letter he describes himself as "naturally temperate," and as not at all in danger of being hurried into any imprudence by mere passion; and the whole history of his relations and intercourse with the other sex compels us to conclude that he never was, properly speaking, in love, although he was fond of female society—of what Spenser calls "the calm of pleasant womankind,"—and although more women than one were at different times the objects of his strong, but not passionate regard. Though not of a warm, he was yet of an affectionate nature; but his attachments to women do not appear to have differed greatly in character from those which united him to his male friends. His mother, Harley, and Stella, seem to have been all loved much in the same way.

If he ever was really in love, it would seem to have been with Miss Jane Waryng, a lady of a respectable family in the North of Ireland, whose brother had been his chum at college. We learn what is known of the history of this affair from two of his letters to the lady, whom he designates by the title of Varina. The first is dated April 29, 1696, and would appear to have been written from his first living of Kilroot, in the county of Down. We gather from it that Miss Waryng was in ill health, that she had been so before Swift knew her, and ever since, and that she made that circumstance her principal argument for delaying their union. The letter throws some light, of which his biographers have not availed themselves, upon the somewhat obscure and dis-

puted circumstances that led to his resignation of his benefice, and his return to Moor Park some months after it was written. It appears that he had already been invited to return by Sir William Temple, and that he contemplated accepting the invitation. "You have now," he says, "had time enough to consider my last letter, and to form your own resolutions upon it. I wait your answer with a world of impatience; and if you think fit I should attend you before my journey, I am ready to do it. My Lady Donegal tells me, that it is feared my Lord Deputy will not live many days; and, if that be so, it is possible I may take shipping from hence; otherwise I shall set out on Monday fortnight for Dublin, and, after one visit of leave to his Excellency, hasten to England; and how far you will stretch the point of your unreasonable scruples to keep me here, will depend upon the strength of the love you pretend for me. In short, Madam, I am once more offered the advantage to have the same acquaintance with greatness that I formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest. I here solemnly offer to forego it all for your sake. I desire nothing of your fortune; you shall live where and with whom you please, till my affairs are settled to your desire; and in the mean time I will push my advancement with all the eagerness and courage imaginable; and do not doubt to succeed." Whether any hesitation or caprice on the part of the lady delayed his departure does not appear. It is quite clear that he was at this time willing and eager to marry her. "But listen," he says, "to what I here solemnly protest, by all that can be witness to an oath, that, if I leave this kingdom before you are mine, I will endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return again, though the king would send me back his deputy." The letter is long, and is throughout in the same earnest strain, leaving no doubt of the writer's sincerity. It is by far the most impassioned letter that Swift is known ever to have written to any woman. But after a lapse of four years we find him in a very different mood. The second letter to Miss Waryng (no longer Varina) is dated from

Dublin, 4th May, 1700, and is in answer to one in which she appears to have given signs of a willingness to surrender at last. He had now been for some time in possession of Laracor and the other annexed livings. "Madam," he begins, "I am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health; for my uncle told me he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate!" She had inquired what had given his temper the sudden turn that had altered the style of his letters since he last came over. "If there has been that alteration you observe," he replies, "I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments to get you from the company and place you are in; both on account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air and before such examples. All I had in answer from you was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and sometimes in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how much you had been in the wrong." "The other thing you would know," he continues, "is, whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress. I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself." He had desired, it seems, an account of her fortune; but it was with no such design as she professed to imagine. "I have told you," he observes, "many a time that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to." He had made the inquiry merely that he might consider whether what she had (which he understands is about 100*l.* a-year) would be sufficient, with his own poor income, to make one of her humour easy in a married state. "The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings," he adds, "I can assure you to be a true one; and since it is a dismal one, even in your own opinion, you can best draw consequences

from it." The place where he has been appointed to reside, situated within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from Dublin, has no house; so that the only way is either to build one, for which he is too poor, or to hire one at Trim, where there is hardly one to be got. He proceeds for some time longer in the same discouraging strain; and then winds up as follows:— "I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? Are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs with an income of less, perhaps, than 300*l.* a-year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humour as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable when we are neither visiting nor visited? Can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? Shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a — ? Have you so much goodnature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? Shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts or cities without him?" This unusual style of catechising would not be rendered more palatable by the intimation subjoined, that whenever she could heartily answer the questions he had asked in the affirmative, he should be ready to marry her, even though neither her fortune might be large nor her person beautiful. Competency in the one, he says, and cleanliness in the other is all he will look for. We may presume that this letter effectually finished the romance of Varina.

Varina was succeeded by a more celebrated name. The account that Swift himself has given of Esther John-

son, or Stella, appears to be correct. She was born, he tells us, at Richmond, in Surrey, on the 13th of March, 1681; she was therefore thirteen years and a half younger than Swift. "Her father," he adds, "was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth." Lord Orrery, who notices the common scandal that both she and Swift were the illegitimate children of Sir William Temple (which appears to have rested on nothing, and is opposed to all the probabilities and almost possibilities of the case, in so far at least as Swift is concerned), describes Stella's father as having been Temple's steward. Scott makes him to have been by profession a merchant in London; Stella's mother he describes as "a woman of acute and penetrating talents, the friend and companion of Lady Giffard, Temple's favourite sister, and cherished by her with particular respect and regard until the end of her life." "Johnson, the father," he adds, "died soon after Stella's birth; but Mrs. Johnson and her two daughters were inmates of Moor Park for several years." Swift's account is that he had known Esther from the time she was six years old, and had "had some share in her education, by directing what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue." "She was sickly," he says, "from her childhood until about the age of fifteen; but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection." At Sir William Temple's Miss Johnson contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years, Mrs. Rebecca Dingley. Temple at his death left her 1000*l.*; she seems to have had previously about 500*l.* of her own; and her fortune afterwards received an accession of about 500*l.* more. Mrs. Dingley had also an annuity of twenty-seven pounds. When Swift found himself settled in Ireland, after his presentation to Laracor, he invited the two ladies to come over to that country; and they removed

thither in the year 1700. His own account is that upon a consideration of the higher interest of money in Ireland, which was then ten per cent., while all the necessaries of life were at half the price they bore in England, and also very much for his own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in Ireland, he prevailed upon them to settle in that country. He appears to have been in England when they came over; and at first they took up their residence in Dublin. When he took possession of his living of Laracor, they accompanied him to that quarter; but they only occupied the parsonage when he left it on a visit to Dublin or to England, residing at other times in lodgings in the neighbouring town of Trim, or in the house of Dr. Raymond, the vicar of that parish, who was a married man. And when Swift, upon becoming Dean of St. Patrick's, removed to Dublin, while they accompanied him to that city, the same plan of life was observed; whenever he left the Deanery the two ladies established themselves there; but when he was at home they had their own lodgings on Ormond Quay, on the other side of the Liffey.

Swift acknowledges that, when they first came over, "the adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal." But this, he says, soon blew off by Miss Johnson's excellent conduct. In this account, written a few hours after her death, the Dean has painted her endowments, both moral and intellectual, in brilliant colours. She appears to have possessed considerable force and decision of character, and much readiness and vivacity; but perhaps more robustness than delicacy of nature. The incident of her, when a house in which she and Mrs. Dingley lodged was attacked by a parcel of robbers, stealing softly to her dining-room window, putting on a black hood to avoid being seen, priming her pistol, gently lifting up the sash, taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, and discharging the pistol loaded with bullets into the body of one of the villains who stood the fairest mark, and who died of the wound the next morning, was no doubt a proof of her heroism at four-and-

twenty; but if, when going about the affair so deliberately, she could have managed to wing the fellow instead of shooting him dead, it would perhaps have been as well. A lady wont to have her health drunk for having killed her man, in whatever circumstances, does not present exactly the most attractive image of feminine loveliness. And surely the grossness which we find both in Swift's letters to Stella and in some of her own bons-mots is something beyond what can be wholly accounted for by the peculiar manners of that day. These bons-mots, by the bye, of which Swift has preserved a short collection, hardly any of them rise above mere liveliness or smartness. From what Swift says, however, she must have had more education and instruction than is supposed by Scott, who represents her as having been "deficient in many of the most ordinary points of information." Swift tells us that her memory was not of the best, and that her frequent attacks of illness, for the most of her life, had prevented her from making the progress in reading which she would otherwise have done; but he adds:— "She was well versed in the Greek and Roman story, and was not unskilled in that of France and England. She spoke French perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physic, and knew somewhat of anatomy, in both which she was instructed in her younger days by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding."

In regard to the eminent personal attractions of Stella, we have, in addition to what is said by Swift, the testimony of Mrs. Delany, who saw her once by accident, as reported to Scott by a friend to whom that lady had been known. Mrs. Delany, we are told, "was struck with

the beauty of her countenance, and particularly with her fine dark eyes. She was very pale, and looked pensive, but not melancholy, and had hair black as a raven." With such advantages of mind and form, even her equivocal position in reference to Swift did not prevent her from being seriously addressed by at least one other admirer. This was the Rev. Dr. William Tisdall, a friend of Swift's. His proposals, however, were rejected by Stella; and although Swift appears to have been charged by Tisdall with interfering to obstruct the success of his suit, it is most probable that no active interference on his part was required, and that the lady's affections were already his own. This was in the early part of the year 1704: a letter from Swift to Tisdall, written from London on the 20th of April in that year, would imply that the lover had already had his refusal, although he might not have given up all hope. It would seem too that the whole affair had passed while Swift was in England. "I appeal to my letters to herself," he writes, "whether I was your friend or not in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went so far to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it on their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit. I have always described her to you in a manner different from those who would be discouraging; and must add, that, though it has come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank and of that sex more than is usual to men of my level and of our function, yet I have nowhere met with a humour, a wit, or conversation so agreeable, a better portion of good sense, or a truer judgment of men and things; I mean here in England, for as to the ladies of Ireland I am a perfect stranger. As to her fortune, I think you know it already; and if you resume your designs and would have further intelligence, I shall send you a particular ac-

count." He had said in the preceding part of the letter that if his fortune and humour served him to think of marriage, he would certainly, among all persons on earth, make the choice that had been made by Tisdall; but this, he declares, was the utmost he had ever given way to; "and I must assure you sincerely," he adds, "that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you." It is impossible, however, to suppose that he can have been ignorant or unsuspicious of the state of poor Stella's heart. As for her, she appears from this time, as Scott observes, "to have considered her destiny as united to that of Swift." And the world, too, seems to have looked upon her as his. She never had another lover, and, with the exception of a visit of five or six months to England in 1705, she never was after this out of Ireland, or separated from Swift while he was in that country.

Why Swift did not at this time marry Stella, to whom he was undoubtedly much attached, as well as she to him, has been the subject of much conjecture and speculation, into which we cannot here enter. But it does not appear that for the present Stella found her position, however peculiar, to be an unhappy one, or would have found it such, however long it had continued, if she might only have been allowed to believe while she lived that she occupied without a rival the highest place in Swift's regard.

This, however, was not to be. It was during Swift's long visit to England, which began in September, 1710, that he first saw Esther Vanhomrigh, who has become famous under the appellation of Vanessa. Her mother was an Englishwoman; her father, Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, had been a Dutch merchant, who had been employed by King William as commissary of stores in the Irish war, and afterwards held the appointments of muster-master-general and a commissioner of revenue. At his death he left property to the value of about 16,000*l.* to be divided equally among his two sons and two daughters, of whom Esther was the elder. About the year 1709 Mrs. Vanhomrigh (the name, according

to Lord Orrery, is to be pronounced *Vanmummery*) had come over from Ireland, and settled in London, in a house in Bury Street, St. James's, near that in which Swift was lodged. During his absence of nearly three years, Swift communicated to Stella an account of the proceedings of nearly every day, in a series of letters, which he dispatched about once a fortnight, and which form what is known as his 'Journal to Stella,' making by far the most interesting and illustrative portion of his biography. So early as on the 25th of September, we find him noting as follows:—"I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door;" which there can be no doubt from the sequel was at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. It has been suggested that the connection of the Vanhomrighs with Ireland may have probably first brought Swift and them acquainted. Another entry, under date of the 8th of October, is: "I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way; so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger." At last, on the 30th, he writes: "I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's." Meanwhile, however, Stella's curiosity had been awakened. In his next letter we find him, on the 8th of November, parrying a question she had put: "What do you mean—'That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?' I know no such person; I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! you know whom I have dined with every day since I left you better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah?" But a new interest was already springing up in Swift's bosom, and faster perhaps than he was himself aware. Esther Vanhomrigh, not yet twenty, and if not pre-eminently beautiful, yet lively and graceful, had been fond of reading before she knew Swift, and this habit and the tastes which it inspired naturally drew them together. He became the director, and in some sort the companion of her studies, and soon no doubt found, for all the flattery of the great and the charms of his spreading celebrity, that his happiest hours were those spent in the society of this interesting girl. "From several passages in the Journal," says Scott, "Swift's constant and inti-

mate familiarity in the Vanhomrigh family is manifest; and it is plain also he soon felt that his acquaintance with Miss Esther was such as must necessarily give pain to Stella. While Vanessa was occupying much of his time, and much doubtless of his thoughts, she is never once mentioned in the Journal directly by name, and is only twice casually indicated by the title of Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter. There was, therefore, a consciousness on Swift's part that his attachment to his younger pupil was of a nature which could not be gratifying to her predecessor, although he probably shut his own eyes to the consequences of an intimacy which he wished to conceal from those of Stella. Miss Vanhomrigh, in the mean while, sensible of the pleasure which Swift received from her society, and of the advantages of youth and fortune which she possessed, and ignorant of the peculiar circumstances in which he stood with respect to another, naturally, and surely without offence either to reason or virtue, gave way to the hope of forming a union with a man whose talents had first attracted her admiration, and whose attentions, in the course of their mutual studies, had by degrees gained her affections, and seemed to warrant his own." What followed is to be chiefly gathered from Swift's poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa,' which is supposed to have been written in 1713, and must have been written after he obtained his deanery, the name *Cadenus* being an anagram of *Decanus* (the Dean). It appears that Vanessa at last intimated to him the state of her affections in language which he could not affect to misunderstand. This was probably after he had begun to prepare for returning to Ireland. "He answered the avowal of Vanessa's passion," Scott continues, "at first in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem. Vanessa seems neither to have been contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration, but, to the very close of her life, persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passion than this cold proffer was calculated to afford." This was the state in which

matters stood when Swift returned to Ireland, in June, 1713. "The effect," Scott afterwards observes, "of his increasing intimacy with the fascinating Vanessa may be plainly traced in the Journal to Stella, which, in the course of its progress, becomes more and more cold and indifferent, and breathes fewer of those aspirations after the quiet felicity of a life devoted to M. D. [Stella and Mrs. Dingley] and the willows at Laracor, uses less frequently the affectionate jargon called the 'little language,' in which his fondness at first displays itself, and in short exhibits all the symptoms of waning affection. Stella was neither blind to the altered style of his correspondence, nor deaf to the rumours which were wafted to Ireland. Her letters are not preserved; but, from several passages of the Journal, it appears that they intimated displeasure and jealousy, which Swift endeavours to appease."

The remainder of the story can here be only very rapidly sketched. The death of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, in the year 1714, was soon followed by that, first, of one of her sons, then of the other; upon which the two sisters, towards the close of that year, came over to Ireland, to which Swift had returned a few months before. Fixing their residence in Dublin, they appear to have remained there for above two years. What is certain is, that during all this time Swift had kept up a correspondence with Vanessa, in which he had repeatedly answered her passionate appeals in the language of love, though somewhat cautiously employed, and mixed up with much apparent levity and occasional coldness. The series of their letters commences in 1712, and they distinctly assume the tone of an understood mutual affection from the time of their first separation in the summer of the following year. Swift's visits to Vanessa, after she and her sister came over to Ireland, appear also to have been always clandestine, or so conducted as to imply the existence of feelings on both sides which it was desired to conceal from the world. In short, as to the nature of the affection which Swift professed to entertain for Vanessa there can be no doubt; it was not mere friendship,

but love. This we have under his own hand. With regard to Stella the case is quite different: whatever construction we may put upon his conduct, whatever inference we may draw from particular expressions, he has nowhere explicitly declared himself her lover; on the contrary, he has repeatedly affirmed, both in writing of her and to her, that friendship, and not love, was the sentiment he had felt for her from the first. It may be that the difference is to be accounted for by the more impassioned nature of Vanessa, and the impossibility of evading her vehement and urgent appeals; it may be that he was really no more in love with the one than with the other. But, at any rate, the fact is, that he repeatedly declares himself to be the lover of Vanessa, and uniformly affirms that he was only the friend of Stella. Nevertheless, it is asserted that some time in the year 1716 he was clandestinely married to the latter. And the fact may possibly be so, although the evidence on which it has been assumed is extremely unsatisfactory, and it has been regarded as improbable by perhaps the most careful inquirers into Swift's history. If this marriage took place at the date assigned to it, Vanessa would be then in Dublin. But some time in the year 1717 she and her sister removed to a property they had near the village of Celbridge,—or, as it is called in Irish, Kildrohod, about ten or twelve miles from that city. For the first two or three years that they were here, Vanessa appears to have met Swift only when she occasionally came to Dublin; but from about the beginning of the year 1720 he repeatedly visited her at Celbridge. Scott has given some interesting particulars connected with these visits from the information of a correspondent. "Marley Abbey, near Celbridge," he tells us, "where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Miss Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account

of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention; and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that, when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower. Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect, and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing materials on the table before them."

Towards the close of the year 1720 Miss Mary Vanhomrigh, who had long been in a declining state of health, died. No dates are given as the story is told by Scott and others; but it would seem to have been in less than two years after the death of her sister that the hapless Vanessa also, the last of her race, was permitted to escape to the rest of the grave. It is said that she at last wrote to Stella, requesting to know the connexion between her and Swift; that she received an answer informing her that they were married; that at the same time Stella sent the Dean Vanessa's letter; and that in a paroxysm of rage he rode with it instantly to Marley Abbey, and, having flung it down on the table before her, instantly remounted his horse without uttering a word. She had received her death-stroke; but she lingered for about

three weeks; and before she breathed her last she revoked a will she had made in favour of Swift, and left her property, amounting to about 8000*l.*, to a Mr. Marshall, afterwards a judge of the Irish Court of Common Pleas, and to Dr. Berkeley, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. She also delivered to them a complete copy, in her own hand, of all the letters that had passed between herself and Swift, with an injunction to publish them, which however it was thought proper at the time to disregard. But some extracts were long afterwards printed; and the entire correspondence was at last given to the world by Scott in 1808. Swift's poem of 'Cadenus and Vanessa' was published, it is not known through what agency, soon after the death of Miss Vanhomrigh.

It does not appear that during Vanessa's illness Swift either visited her, or made any attempt to alleviate her misery under the terrible blow with which he had struck her to the earth; but upon hearing of her death he left the deanery, and, hurrying to the south of Ireland, remained absent for two months without any one knowing where he was. Stella too, his biographers tell us, upon receiving Vanessa's letter, had retired in much indignation to Wood Park, the residence of Swift's friend, Charles Ford, Esq., in the neighbourhood of Dublin. But this must, from the date of the composition, be the very visit which Swift has himself celebrated in his poem entitled 'Stella at Wood Park, 1723;' and both the light and jocular style of the verses, and even some of the particulars mentioned in them, must be considered to preclude the possibility of the visit having been made in the circumstances alleged. We may observe, that besides these verses relating to Stella, in 1723, we find among Swift's poems another effusion, of which she is the subject, in 1725; verses to her on her birth-day, in 1719, in 1720, in 1722, in 1724, in 1725, and in 1727; and two other pieces addressed to her in 1720. In none of these compositions is there a trace of love or passion. After they both found themselves again together in Dublin, their way of life appears to have soon or immediately resumed its wonted course. Their marriage, if it had

taken place, had made no difference upon the system they had pursued from the first. "Nothing," says Lord Orrery (a believer in the marriage), "appeared in their behaviour inconsistent with decorum or beyond the limits of platonic love. They conversed like friends, but they industriously took care to summon witnesses of their conversation; a rule to which they adhered so strictly, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove they had ever been together without some third person." Stella, however, who, as Swift has himself recorded, had had frequent attacks of sickness all her life, fell in 1724 into a state of ill health from which she never recovered; and she died on the evening of Sunday, the 28th January, 1728. Orrery describes her as having been "absolutely destroyed by the peculiarity of her fate." But this is mere matter of opinion rather than of anything like fact or evidence.

The remainder of Swift's history presents him only in his character of a literary man, and political writer. In 1720 he first came forward as an Irish patriot, by the publication of a tract entitled 'A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, &c., utterly Rejecting and Renouncing everything Wearable that comes from England.' Lord Orrery says, "To that pamphlet he owed the turn of the popular tide in his favour. His sayings of wit and humour had been handed about, and repeated from time to time among the people. They had the effect of an artful preface, and had pre-engaged all readers in his favour. They were adapted to the understanding and pleased the imagination of the vulgar; and he was now looked upon in a new light, and distinguished by the title of *The Dean*." The pamphlet was presented by the grand juries of the county and city, as a seditious, factious, and virulent libel; the printer was seized and brought to trial; but, although a verdict was with much difficulty obtained by Lord Chief Justice Whitshed which left the matter in the hands of the court, it was eventually thought prudent by the government to stop further proceedings. A number of squibs, lampoons, and other minor performances in the same spirit followed; till, in 1724, his attack upon the patent

which had been granted the preceding year to William Wood, to furnish a copper coinage of a certain amount for the use of Ireland, suddenly raised him to such a height of popular favour as has rarely been attained by any writer or public man. His famous Letters directed against Wood's scheme, professing to be written by "M. B. Drapier" (or Draper), are among the most vigorous productions of his pen. In the spring of 1726 he revisited England, and spent a few months there, principally with his friend Pope at Twickenham. During this visit he was introduced at the court of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., where he frequently made his appearance and attracted great attention. He returned to England, recalled by the serious illness of Stella, in August; and soon after his departure appeared, anonymously, his renowned 'Travels into several Nations of the World, of Lemuel Gulliver.' Few works that have ever been published have excited the eager and universal avidity with which this was read on its first appearance; it had an interest for all classes and all ages; it was at once the most pungent of political satires, and the most ingenious and entertaining of fictions. 'Gulliver's Travels' were followed in the next year by three volumes of 'Miscellanies,' prepared for the press by Pope, and consisting of pieces written by the two friends. A fourth volume was added in 1733. In March, 1727, Swift again visited England, and remained till the beginning of October. This was the last time he left Ireland. After the death of Stella, in January following, he resumed his pen as an Irish patriot, and produced in the course of the next six or eight years many short political pieces. Several of his more elaborate compositions in verse were also published about this time. In 1731 he got into a controversy with the Dissenters principally upon the subject of the Test Act, which was continued for some years; and about the same time we find him contending with the bishops in his own church upon the extent of the episcopal authority. In 1732 an edition of his collected works was brought out in four volumes by Faulkner, the Dublin bookseller. In 1735 he composed, among other pieces in verse, his poignant poetical satire entitled

the 'Legion Club,' directed against the Irish House of Commons, which had excited his indignation by its opposition to the tithe on pasture lands, or tithe of agistment as it is called. This was his last poetical performance of any length. About the same time he performed his last part as an agitator in civil politics by exerting himself against a scheme of the Primate, Boulter, for a new regulation of the Irish exchanges,—in this instance, however, without success. Not long after this, his memory began rapidly to decay; the fits of sudden rage to which he had always been subject, became much more frequent and more ungovernable; from the summer of 1740 he could no longer be accounted to be in possession of his reason; the dissolution of his understanding was succeeded by a state of furious lunacy, accompanied with severe physical suffering; and this lasted till his death, on the 19th of October, 1745. His remains were interred in the great aisle of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where a conspicuous tablet placed on an adjoining pillar records the spot, in the memorable words composed by himself:—"Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, &c., ubi saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit." [Here he rests, where fierce indignation can no longer lacerate his heart.] By a will dated, in May, 1740, he left the principal part of his property to found an hospital for lunatics in Dublin. What he was both intellectually and morally, the facts that have been related must be left to show. Many passages in his private history remain obscure and imperfectly intelligible after all the investigation that has been bestowed upon them; and where he may seem to have acted the most strangely and unaccountably much may be unknown by which his conduct might perhaps have been explained and vindicated. He possessed, undoubtedly, some high moral qualities; and where he erred it is probable that he also suffered. As a writer and thinker, he is one of the most masculine, and at the same time one of the most original, in our prose literature; and in his own style, the language can boast of no greater master of wit and humour.

MOZART.

"I was born," says Hogarth in his Memoirs of himself, "in the City of London, November 10, 1697. My father's pen, like that of many authors, did not enable him to do more than put me in a way of shifting for myself. As I had naturally a good eye, and a fondness for drawing, shows of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant; and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in me. An early access to a neighbouring painter drew my attention from play; and I was, at every possible opportunity, employed in making drawings. I picked up an acquaintance of the same turn, and soon learnt to draw the alphabet with great correctness. My exercises when at school were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them, than for the exercise itself. In the former I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me; but for the latter I was particularly distinguished."

To this account of Hogarth's childhood we have only to add, that his father, an enthusiastic and laborious

scholar, who, like many of his craft, owed little to the favour of fortune, consulted these indications of talent as well as his means would allow, and bound his son apprentice to a silver plate-engraver. But Hogarth aspired after something higher than drawing ciphers and coats-of-arms; and before the expiration of his indentures he had made himself a good draughtsman, and obtained considerable knowledge of colouring. It was his ambition to become distinguished as an artist; and not content with being the mere copier of other men's productions he sought to combine the functions of the painter with those of the engraver, and to gain the power of delineating his own ideas, and the fruits of his acute observation. He has himself explained the nature of his views in a passage which is worth attention.

Many reasons led me to wish that I could find the shorter path,—fix forms and characters in my mind,—and instead of copying the lines, try to read the language, and, if possible, find the grammar of the art by bringing into one focus the various observations I had made, and then trying by my power on the canvass how far my plan enabled me to combine and apply them to practice. For this purpose I considered what various ways, and to what different purposes, the memory might be applied; and fell upon one most suitable to my situation and idle disposition; laying it down first as an axiom, that he who could by any means acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw, would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-five letters of the alphabet and their infinite combinations." Acting on these principles, he improved by constant exercise his natural powers of observation and recollection. In his rambles among the motley scenes of London he was ever on the watch for striking features or incidents; and not trusting entirely to memory, he was accustomed, when any face struck him as peculiarly grotesque or expressive, to sketch it on his thumb-nail, to be treasured up on paper at his return home.

For some time after the expiration of his apprenticeship, Hogarth continued to practise the trade to which

he was bred; and his shop-bills, coats-of-arms, engravings upon tankards, &c., have been collected with an eagerness quite disproportionate to their value. Soon he procured employment in furnishing frontispieces and designs for the booksellers. The most remarkable of these are the plates to an edition of Hudibras, published in 1726: but even these are of no distinguished merit. About 1728 he began to seek employment as a portrait-painter. Most of his performances were small family pictures, containing several figures, which he calls 'Conversation Pieces,' from twelve to fifteen inches high. These for a time were very popular, and his practice was considerable, as his price was low. His life-size portraits are few; the most remarkable are that of Captain Coram in the Foundling Hospital, and that of Garrick as King Richard III. But his practice as a portrait-painter was not lucrative, nor his popularity lasting. Although many of his likenesses were strong and characteristic, in the representation of beauty, elegance, and high-breeding he was little skilled. The nature of the artist was as uncourtly as his pencil; he despised, or affected to despise, what is called embellishment, forgetting that every great painter of portraits has founded his success upon his power of giving to an object the most favourable representation of which it is susceptible. When Hogarth obtained employment and eminence of another sort, he abandoned portrait-painting, with a growl at the jealousy of his professional brethren, and the vanity and blindness of the public.

March 25, 1729, Hogarth contracted a stolen marriage with the only daughter of the once fashionable painter, Sir James Thornhill. The father, for some time implacable, relented at last; and the reconciliation, it is said, was much forwarded by his admiration of the 'Harlot's Progress,' a series of six prints, commenced in 1731, and published in 1734. The novelty as well as merit of this series of prints won for them extraordinary popularity; and their success encouraged Hogarth to undertake a similar history of the 'Rake's Progress,' in eight prints, which appeared in 1735. The third, and perhaps the most popular, as it is the least objectionable

of these pictorial novels, 'Marriage Alamode,' was not engraved till 1745.

The merits of these prints were sufficiently intelligible to the public: their originality and boldness of design, the force and freedom of their execution, rough as it is, won for them an extensive popularity and a rapid and continued sale. The 'Harlot's Progress' was the most eminently successful, from its novelty rather than from its superior excellence. Twelve hundred subscribers' names were entered for it; it was dramatised in several forms; and we may note, in illustration of the difference of past and present manners, that fan-mounts were engraved, containing miniature copies of the six plates. The merits of the pictures were less obvious to the few who could afford to spend large sums on works of art; and Hogarth, too proud to let them go for prices much below the value which he put upon them, waited for a long time, and waited in vain, for a purchaser. At last he determined to commit them to public sale; but instead of the common method of auction, he devised a new and complex plan with the intention of excluding picture-dealers, and obliging men of rank and wealth, who wished to purchase, to judge and bid for themselves. The scheme failed, as might have been expected. Nineteen of Hogarth's best pictures, the 'Harlot's Progress,' the 'Rake's Progress,' the 'Four Times of the Day,' and 'Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn,' produced only 427*l.* 7*s.*, not averaging 22*l.* 10*s.* each. The 'Harlot's Progress' was purchased by Mr. Beckford, at the rate of fourteen guineas a picture; five of the series perished in the fire at Fonthill. The 'Rake's Progress' averaged twenty-two guineas a picture; it has passed into the possession of Sir John Soane, at the advanced price of five hundred and seventy guineas. The same eminent architect became the proprietor of the four pictures of an Election, for the sum of 1732*l.* 'Marriage Alamode' was disposed of in a similar way in 1750; and on the day of the sale one bidder appeared, who became master of the six pictures, together with their frames, for 115*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Angerstein purchased them, in 1797, for 1381*l.*, and they now form a striking feature in our National Gallery.

We have related the chief events of Hogarth's life, which might have been expanded by the relation of many anecdotes, some of them puerile, few of them characteristic. Indeed, the character of an artist like Hogarth may be best drawn from his works, and we shall therefore add, not a catalogue, for they are too numerous, but an account of, with remarks upon, some of his chief and most remarkable productions.

MARRIAGE ALAMODE.

From the time when the young Hogarth began to jot down imaginary faces and other rude forms upon the margin of his school exercises, to the further stage in the progress of his imitative talent, when he learned to scratch upon silver tankards and copper plates; and onward to the still further stage, when, as it were in correspondence with the satirical images he had formed in his mind by patient thought, he sketched real faces upon his thumb-nail; in all these several processes of his education as an artist, through what intense reflection, not only upon human nature and human society, but upon the possibility of making the deepest things intelligible to the eye of the casual observer, must the great moral painter have passed, before he could produce such a picture as the one we now copy! Take it rough as we give it. It is printed from a leaden cast of a wooden block, copied from his own engraving upon copper. It is probable that his own print fell far short of his conceptions; and that their translation and retranslation into the language in which we must put them before a million of readers, may abate something of their force and fervency as expounded by himself. But no defect in the mechanical processes by which conceptions like Hogarth's are made apparent to all the world, can much detract from their originality and truth. The rudest copy must partake in a great degree of the nature of the original model. The Apollo is still an Apollo, though he is hawked about the streets in plaster for a shilling. Look at the original picture in the National Gallery; there is still, in the few elements of which that scene is composed, an intensity of truth

which "lectures on the vanity of pleasure as audibly as anything in the Ecclesiastes."

The series called 'The Marriage Alamode' consists of six pictures. The personages of this tragical drama are taken from the upper walks of society. The son of a nobleman seeks an alliance with the daughter of a wealthy London citizen. On the one side there is a pedigree from William the Conqueror, but an estate embarrassed by improvident expenditure; on the other, there is humble birth, but great riches. The parents settle this ill-assorted marriage; those who are to be made happy or wretched, virtuous or vicious, for the rest of their lives, care little about the matter. The preliminaries are arranged; the marriage has taken place; the first solemn farce is over; the tragedy begins in the scene before us.

There is no after misery arising out of domestic unhappiness, which is perhaps comparable to the habitual wretchedness and degradation which ensue, when a man and his wife, in whatever station they may be placed, have no pleasures in common. That purest of friendship —that almost only real friendship—which results from a correspondence of *tastes and inclinations* in two persons of different *sexes allied* "*for better or worse*," requires no excitements *from* without. From the *moment* when they cease to sympathise as to the sources of happiness, come weariness, and disgust, and hatred, and all *the* horrid train of ills that belong to domestic discord. *The* scene in the first print requires no development of the catastrophe to make us understand its present wretchedness. The lady has passed the night in her splendid mansion, amidst a crowd of visitors. She has snatched an hour or two of broken and feverish sleep, and has risen unrefreshed to a late breakfast. The servants have been unable to repair the disorder of the previous night. It is noon; but the candles are still burning; the furniture is disarranged; the floor is strewed with music, and book of games, and overturned chairs—the emblems of midnight riot. It is in scenes like this, that the sources of our purest enjoyments become to us curses. What is innocent relaxation to the pure in heart, is converted into a minister to evil passions and corrupting

idleness, in those who have no elevating or useful employments, and who embitter life in the vain pursuit of pleasures that can only be won as the solace of honest exertion. The husband has spent his night from home —how vainly, how unwisely! The "jaded debauchee"— his dress disordered, his features pale and fallen, his whole attitude expressive of that withering satiety which has drunk the dregs of what is called pleasure, and found nothing but poison in the cup—tells a tale of the ruin which has overwhelmed thousands, and which will continue to overwhelm, till all classes of men, the richest as well as the poorest, learn to seek for happiness in the exercise and the cultivation of the higher qualities of their nature; till the restraints and the incentives of a truly moral and religious education shall have taken the place of the corrupting processes by which we are led away from the knowledge of what we are and what we ought to be. Truly might this unhappy man say, as the representative of a class, in the exquisite words of the poet—

"No more—no more—oh never more on me
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosom like the bags o' the bee."

DON JUAN, Canto I.

All the real happiness of this world for him has perished. Pleasure has been "weighed in the balance and found wanting"—deep degradation and misery are beginning to "cast their shadows before." Neither the besotted husband nor the careless wife can listen to the silent remonstrances of the old steward, who comes to them with a bundle of unpaid bills in his hand, and a file with only one receipt upon it. The uplifted hand and care-worn face of the faithful servant distinctly paint the ruin which he sees approaching in debt and dishonour. The catastrophe, indeed, is more sudden than he expects. In the four following pictures, we see that

"The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

The tragedy ends with adultery, and murder, and suicide. Hogarth put forth his strength in these pictures to exhibit the short cut to ruin which too often presents itself to the desperately vicious. In the 'Harlot's Progress,' and the 'Rake's Progress,' he exhibits the longer but not less certain road upon which crime and misery are destined to travel in company. Whether this great painter laid his scenes in high or in low life, his object was equally to show, as Walpole has well expressed it, that "the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead by various paths to the same unhappiness." He was too keen an observer of human nature not to see that station only decides the form and colour of our evil doings. Crime is a leveller of all distinctions.

INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

Half a century after the apprentices of London had ceased to act as a body, and lost the political importance they had possessed in former times, Hogarth produced his 'Industry and Idleness.' He looked round upon the state of society then existing, and drew his pictures of life from the realities which met his observation. Apprentices to handicraft were, in Hogarth's time, as they are now, chiefly taken from the ranks of those who labour with their hands; and if they came to be placed above that necessity, the elevation was, in most cases, the result of their own industry and good conduct. The moral painter has exhibited to us, in his first plate, the fellow apprentices in a weaver's workshop. The one, whose open, modest, and intelligent countenance at once wins our regard, is carefully intent upon the duty of his occupation; the other, whose vulgar and unintellectual face is indicative of the habitual grossness of his character, is fast asleep. The porter-pot on the loom and the tobacco-pipe by its side show that his drowsiness proceeds from indulgence rather than from fatigue. He is equally indifferent to the noise of the cat which is playing with his shuttle, and to the angry step of his master, who is entering the door with a cane uplifted for his chastisement. The accessories of the scene are few and

simple, but they assist the development of its characters. The industrious apprentice has fixed upon the wall some papers which may incite him to persevere in his course of diligence, such as the Life of Whittington: the idler has stuck up a profane ballad of that day, called 'Moll Flanders.' The ''Prentice's Guide' of the one is carefully preserved; that of the other is torn and dirty. The artist, in this first plate of his series, has made the difference of the two characters that he intends to contrast in their conduct and their fortunes perfectly intelligible. He has strikingly availed himself of the general inclination to associate certain qualities of the mind with certain forms of countenance and modes of expression. Hogarth was a great physiognomist,—so much so that Lavater, who endeavoured to reduce physiognomy to a science, has chosen the face of the idle apprentice, in the fifth print of this series, to illustrate a part of his system, in showing how profligacy leaves its indelible traces on the features of its unhappy victims,—how men "erase Nature's works" by habits of low indulgence.

The two prints of 'The Industrious Apprentice at Church,' and 'The Idle Apprentice Gaming,' tell their own story; and they need little comment. In this series of prints, the artist has avoided the refined and ingenious elaborations of his main design, which distinguish most of his other great performances. This he did upon system. He himself says, "As the prints were intended more for use than ornament, they were done in a way that might bring them within the purchase of those whom they might most concern. Yet, notwithstanding the inaccuracy of the engraving, what was thought conclusive and necessary for the purpose for which they were intended, such as action and expression, &c., are as carefully attended to as the most delicate strokes of the graver would have given; sometimes more: for often expression, the first quality in pictures, suffers in this point, for fear the beauty of the stroke should be spoiled; while the rude and hasty touch, while the fancy is warm, gives a spirit not to be equalled by high finishing." But although these prints are much simpler

in their conception than those of the Marriage Alamode, the Rake's Progress, the Election, and others, the peculiar genius of Hogarth sufficiently exhibits itself in them. In the second plate the modest and ingenious apprentice performing the office of devotion, and joining in the services of the church with a young woman, whose countenance is equally prepossessing (intended for his master's daughter), at once claims the attention and sympathy of all who look on the picture. This is the main object of the painter. We see in the calm and contented face of the apprentice, the assurance of a happy life, whatever be his fortune. The wealth and the honours which he ultimately reaches are not necessary to make him respected. He does his duty in the station in which he is now placed; and the good wishes of good men already wait on him. This is the moral of the painter; but he surrounds his principal characters, as Shakspeare always does, with the accidental realities of life. The man asleep in the same pew with the apprentice—the corpulent woman, full of her own self-importance—the shrivelled pew-opener, humbly intent upon her devotional studies—these characters show the accuracy of Hogarth's observation, and they assist rather than injure the main effect of the design.

Turn we to the revolting contrast—the idle apprentice gambling upon a tomb. The images of death are about him—those images which teach man the worthlessness even of the higher aspirations of more worldly wisdom—of the love of power or of riches—the worthlessness of everything but truth and virtue. Yet he is surrendered to the basest of excitements with the basest of companions. Look at that horrid face of vacancy and cunning—the blackguard with the patch over his eye. We shall see him again in the series—the associate in crime, and the betrayer of the unhappy apprentice. Wickedness is in companionship with filth and rags—not the result of poverty alone, but of depravity. The self-respect of the wretched apprentice is utterly destroyed. He is insensible to shame. He is far beyond the beadle's stripes. His heart is utterly hardened.

The courses of evil into which the idle apprentice is precipitated are so gross and revolting, that it is possible many a young man may exclaim,—"What is all this to me? I shall never fall so low!" That may be true; but the only sure preventive of such a fearful degradation is to resist the beginnings of evil. Careful parents, diligent instructors, kind but prudent masters, may and do save the inexperienced from the temptations which surround them; but all these restraints are sometimes leaped over. This truth is quaintly but beautifully expressed by one of our old poets, George Herbert:—

"Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers.

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises;

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array,
One cunning BOSOM-SIN blows quite away."

The Germans, who are not deterred by the apprehension of becoming tedious from exhausting every subject which they undertake to write upon, have a 'Commentary on Hogarth,' in five volumes, in small 8vo. This work, which was first published at Göttingen, 1794—1799, is the production of G. C. Lichtenberg, a man of great talents, who was professor of natural philosophy or physics in the university of Göttingen, and had a very high reputation as a teacher and lecturer. One of the volumes of this commentary is devoted to the series of 'Industry and Idleness.' The views of the author are very peculiar, and expressed in language which would sound quaint and mystical to an English ear. We may, nevertheless, give one or two specimens. Our readers will have already seen that it was the in-

tention of Hogarth to exhibit a succession of extreme contrasts in the pursuits and the fortunes of the two apprentices. In the first plate, which Lichtenberg describes as the *stem* of the whole, the two heroes are presented together—the one usefully employed, the other in the stupor of sottishness. The second and third plates are part and counterpart—the one representing the industrious youth engaged in the duties of public worship, the other showing the unhappy idler violating the Sabbath with the lowest of companions. The fourth and fifth plates are also pairs: the fourth exhibits the one apprentice in the confidence of his master; the fifth represents the other apprentice discharged and sent to sea. The German critic, referring to this succession of contrasts, says, "Hogarth has associated the histories of his two heroes in so masterly a manner, that not only each picture seems rightly paired with its counterpart (which, indeed, would be required), but he has contrived also to connect the several pairs so cleverly with one another that each seems engrafted on the other." For instance, the actual consequence of the increasing confidence of the benevolent master in the industrious apprentice was, that he should become a partner in his business and marry his daughter: this is the subject of the sixth plate. The contrast to this, exhibited in the seventh plate, is the idle vagabond returned from sea,—fallen still lower than before,—incapable of steady labour,—unfitted for domestic peace,—consorting with an abandoned woman in a den of filth and wretchedness. The eighth and ninth plates are again pairs. In the sixth and seventh, the one had reached the point of happiness,—the other of misery. In the eighth and ninth, the one reaches the eminence of an honourable ambition,—the other is precipitated into an abyss of guilt and misery: the one becomes sheriff of London,—the other is engaged in robbery and murder in a night cellar. The catastrophe of this drama is now evident. In the tenth plate, as in the first, the industrious and the idle apprentice are brought together again: the murderer is charged with his crimes before the magistrate. Their chances of happiness and prosperity were once the same;—there is a fearful dis-

tance now between them. The curtain might have dropped here, but Hogarth has chosen to make his design palpable to all. The last pair of the series, the eleventh and twelfth plates, represent the murderer dragged to execution,—the industrious and virtuous citizen Lord Mayor of London.

It must be manifest that Hogarth has taken extreme cases in the conduct of this story. It is not always that industry ends in wealth and civic honours;—it is not always that idleness conducts to ignominy and death by the executioner. Upon this point Lichtenberg speaks with somewhat of a caustic humour:—

"In order to display the consequences of industry and idleness, our artist has chosen the lives of two weavers. To be sure with German journeymen weavers, he could not have carried his design into effect,—at least not with so much force of contrast. Whoever in Germany has learnt a trade, may easily, if he commences properly, make an end at the gallows with *éclat*. But, in opposition to the gallows, there is with us no proportional reward for industry: virtue and rectitude of conduct have happily no need of such a stimulus. Indeed, the representation of noiseless domestic happiness (although certainly the greatest, perhaps even the only true happiness of the world) cannot be well chosen by an artist who adopts the graver as the instrument of teaching moral truths to the class of mankind who are called 'the lower.' A coach with six horses before and two footmen behind is more easily depicted, at least it is more easily understood, than the nursery with its six children about the table, or even, if it so happens, with one half around it and the other half under it, and the two happy parents at either end. . . . Hogarth thus wisely chose, for more than one reason, to contrast the gallows with outward magnificence, which, happily, however, may very well exist together with internal peace. In Hogarth's country it is not unfrequent that the son of a weaver or a brewer may distinguish himself in the House of Commons, and his grandson or great-grandson in the House of Lords. O what a land! in which no cobbler is certain that the

favours of his great-grandson may not one day be solicited by kings and emperors. And yet they grumble!" *

Hogarth was unquestionably right in selecting contrasts that addressed themselves at once to the senses. It was his business to arrest the thoughtless in their hasty steps to evil,—to confirm the prudent in their steady march towards good. In the conduct of his story there is not the slightest violation of probability. He chose instances that have occurred, and that are still occurring; and he clothed them with the most striking accessories of reward and punishment. Our artist, however, did not neglect the intermediate contrast between the final contrast of the Lord Mayor's carriage and the murderer's cart. In the several stages of industry there are shown,—the satisfaction of being usefully employed,—the calm content of a humble and pious spirit,—the honest pride of receiving the confidence of a discriminating employer,—the happiness of a well-assorted marriage. In the several stages of idleness there are shown,—the misery of a sottish indifference,—the feverish anxiety of low and profane excitements,—the reckless daring of the callous ruffian who despises even the tears of a mother,—the coward terrors and loathsome degradation of illicit intercourse. Without reaching the extreme honour or the extreme punishment which Hogarth has delineated, there is quite enough to show in these several contrasts what are the natural rewards of industry and the natural punishments of idleness.

The terms "Industry" and "Idleness" may perhaps require some explanation. Gambling in the churchyard, on ship-board, or engaged in robbery, the idle apprentice seems to have as much to do as the industrious apprentice attending the service of the church, in his master's counting-house, or sitting as magistrate. Barrow, one of the most eloquent and logical of our great divines, has put the distinctions between laborious idleness and profitable industry very admirably:—"Industry doth not consist merely in action; for that is incessant in all persons, our mind being a restless thing, never abiding in a

* Vol. v., p. 15.

total cessation from thought or from design; being like a ship in the sea, if not steered to some good purpose by reason, yet tossed by the waves of fancy, or driven by the winds of temptation, somewhither. But the direction of our mind to some good end, without roving or flinching, in a straight and steady course, drawing after it our active powers in execution thereof, doth constitute industry." Again:—"Sloth, indeed, doth affect ease and quiet, but by affecting them doth lose them; it hateth labour and trouble, but by hating them doth incur them. It is a self-destroying vice, not suffering those who cherish it to be idle, but creating much work and multiplying pains unto them; engaging them into divers necessities and straits, which they cannot support with ease, and out of which, without extreme trouble, they cannot extricate themselves."

Idleness is a state of temptation. There is an old saying—"a working monk is assaulted by one devil, but an idle one is spoiled by numerous bad spirits." The degree of the temptation is only a question, perhaps of time, perhaps of opportunity. But that the path of sloth is full of pit-falls no one can doubt. Take the commonest case of a slothful labourer—made slothful, probably, against his original desire, by a weak and corrupt administration of the laws for the relief of sickness and impotency. He begins by being a pauper—he goes on to practise the arts of a poacher—he ends with the desperate courses of a thief. Take the equally common example of a "man on the town"—a fine gentleman with a large appetite for pleasure and a small income for its gratification. He commences by incurring debts which he has no prospect of discharging—he goes on by trusting to the gaming-table for the supply of his wants—the gaming-table is a very uncertain bank, and he looks at last to operations more within the control of his own will—he finishes as a swindler. Take, lastly, the not unfrequent example of a tradesman who neglects his business. His charges of rent and servants begin to press heavily upon him:—the ordinary receipts of his trade will not meet his engagements;—he begins to abuse one of the

greatest instruments of commerce, the power of obtaining credit;—he buys goods, and sells them at a loss, to patch up the demands upon him, or he enters upon the desperate career of "accommodation bills"—that is, of exchanging *promises to pay* for *other promises to pay*, each equally worthless, raising money upon them at a high rate of interest;—lastly, he absconds, and finishes as an outlawed bankrupt. These are a few of the many intermediate steps between the first abandonment to sloth, associated with the first departure from integrity, and the ultimate vengeance of the offended laws.

But to return to our great moral painter. When Hogarth made it a part of the fate of his Idle Apprentice that he should be turned away and sent to sea, the painter showed that one of the means of reformation which society provides for sloth and imprudence was bestowed upon his depraved hero. A restless will, impatient of the restraints of unvarying labour, sometimes finds a field for honest and useful exercise in the adventurous variety of a sailor's life. The discipline, too, of a ship is so strict, that idleness is there driven out of its ordinary course of shifts and expedients. Hence a sea life often produces a salutary change in the character of an imprudent but not thoroughly corrupted youth. A sailor's duties may absorb those energies that, in other situations, might crave for the excitements of dissipation: but it is a mistake to imagine that a life on ship-board can produce any salutary effects upon a wicked and obdurate disposition; or that a young man can discharge his duties as a seaman, and still preserve his hatred of steady labour and his love of base gratifications. It requires the same qualities to make a good sailor as a good citizen—industry, perseverance, obedience, integrity. The idle apprentice is not likely to display these qualities. His fate may be read in Hogarth's wonderful plate. The figures are few;—but they all tell the story. Look at the group around "Tom Idle's" sea-chest. The unhappy boy has thrown his indentures overboard;—his mind is intent upon a vulgar joke suggested by the place in the river where the boat is passing;—his demeanour is so reckless that one

of the sailors, with a coarse warning, is exhibiting to him a cat-o'-nine tails—the other, with his hard features of admonition, is pointing to the gibbet on the flat shore. But there is one of that group who would touch his heart by other associations—it is his weeping mother. Without being plunged into the lowest depth of obstinacy, he might affect to despise the terrors with which those rough monitors seek to affright him. But a mother's tears;—if he resist these tokens of all she has done and all she has felt for him, of all she hopes and all she dreads in this parting hour,—he is lost. She "is clinging with the fondness of hope not quite extinguished to her brutal, vice-hardened child." He meets her love with a base and desperate ribaldry. He *is* lost!

The *sixth* print of the series represents the Industrious Apprentice married to his former master's daughter. They are now in partnership, as their joint names on the sign (signs were then common in London) indicate. It is the morning after the marriage. The door is beset by clamorous beggars, by noisy musicians, and by still more noisy butchers with marrow-bones and cleavers. On occasions like these, those who whine for alms, and those who compel a boon by making themselves disagreeable, are abundantly gratified; for then the most sensible are apt to forget that what is bestowed upon the idle in the way of gift is so much taken away from the store which maintains the diligence of the industrious. The peculiar humour of Hogarth is poured out in this print. The beggar in the tub, bawling out his new song to "the happy pair"—the stiff-legged bow of the drummer receiving his pay,—the eager gaze of the one butcher, and the bullying roughness of the other, who is driving back the Frenchman with the violoncello,—all these are characteristic traits of the motley population of a great city. We shall add a few sentences from Lichtenberg, which may amuse if they do not instruct.

"It is the custom in England, or at least in London, for the butchers to make before the houses of the newly married on the morning after the wedding,—if they think it will pay them for their trouble,—a kind of wild

Janizary music. They perform it by striking their cleavers with the marrow-bones of the animals they have slain. To comprehend that this music is,—we shall not say, supportable, for that is not here the question,—but that it is not entirely objectionable, we shall observe that the breadth of the English cleaver is to that of the Germans nearly in the same proportion as the diameter of the English ox is to that of Germany. When, therefore, properly struck, they produce no despicable clang; at least certainly a better one than logs of wood emit when thrown to the ground; and yet the latter are said to have occasioned the invention of the rebeck. We are even of opinion that if the cleavers were duly tuned and proportioned, as perhaps was the case with the hammers of Pythagoras, they would probably produce a music far superior to that of some newly-invented harmonicons, constructed of nails, cucumbers, and bricks.* We shall not urge that this music must be rendered more agreeable by the concatenation of ideas it excites, and which refer to roast-beef, though it is evident that in this case the notion must mingle with the finer feelings produced by the music. It is incredible of what subtle but intelligible signs the stomach may make use to indicate to the heart that it is united very closely to it in their common citadel."

The contrast exhibited in the *seventh* plate has been already noticed. The Idle Apprentice has returned from sea—unchanged, unrepenting. He plunges at once into more fatal and desperate courses. He has entered upon a career of robbery. In a wretched garret, in companionship with a depraved woman, he wakes in the night in a condition of extreme terror. A cat has come down the chimney, and he fancies he hears the officers of justice. "The sound of a shaken leaf shall chase him."

The *eighth* plate represents the City Feast of Goodchild, who has become Sheriff of London. This was a natural course of advancement for industry and integrity

* This evidently is intended to ridicule some ephemeral projects of the time.

accumulating wealth. The course which the Industrious Apprentice has pursued, properly fits him for public trusts and public duties. Hogarth, in the print before us, has, with his usual felicity, represented the coarse enjoyments of a city feast. The eager clamour for fresh supplies—the gloating satisfaction of the healthful feeder, and the exhausted appetite of the apoplectic one,—these are traits of every-day occurrence, which Hogarth has not exaggerated. The guttling of corporations, miscalled hospitality, is the greatest abuse of our municipal institutions. The "Companies," who habitually feast with all the pampered luxuriousness of a Roman emperor, have enormous funds at their disposal, some of which they dole out in charity, and more of which they employ in their courses of wasteful riot; and this they call "making good for trade." Properly applied, these funds would eradicate want instead of cherishing it, and bestow sound and elevating instruction upon those who now suffer the debasement of ignorance;—properly applied, these funds would empty our prisons and fill our schools.

Municipal honours and municipal privileges belong to our constitution. They are the outward rewards to the middle classes for managing their own affairs. They are honest objects of ambition which are open to all men. But the "board-day" and the "council" dinner are what the really useful members of corporations despise. Something of "high festival," to commemorate some public triumph—something of profuse hospitality to welcome a new functionary—may be, without impropriety, tolerated and encouraged; beyond this is waste and vanity. Changes are taking place amongst us which may restore municipal corporations to their real uses, and destroy their abuses;—and then an upright and intelligent citizen may be proud of his Company and his Corporation. "The Londoners," says an eloquent writer, "loved their city with that patriotic love which is found only in small communities, like those of ancient Greece, or like those that arose in Italy during the middle ages." It will be so again when those institutions, "which now seem only to exist for the delectation of epicures and

antiquaries," become again conspicuous instruments in the advancement of civilization.

In the third plate of the series, which represents the profanation of the Sabbath by the Idle Apprentice and his ignorant companions, the fellow with the patch over his eye is a prominent character. In the *ninth* plate we find him again associated in crime with the wretched idler. In a night-cellar they are busily engaged in dividing their booty. Their accomplices are thrusting their murdered victim into a trap-door. Behind is a scene of brutal debauchery. But the hour of retribution is fast approaching. The profligate companion of the devoted apprentice is betraying him to the officers of justice. His career will soon be at an end: the catastrophe is beginning.

We have now traced the Industrious and the Idle Apprentice to that point where their future career must be determined. The one is a magistrate of the first city in the world—the other is an apprehended felon. The course of their progress, each to such different results, is natural and certain. Is there anything of chance in these violent contrasts? Look at the history of all criminals—it is that of Hogarth's apprentice. The stages are idleness, depraved excitements, contempt of the Sabbath, profligate companionship, disobedience, contempt of the affections which God implanted in us for our happiness and our instruction, obduracy of heart, desperation, and death by the laws. Look at the history of all those who have advanced themselves from small beginnings to wealth and honour—it is that of Hogarth's apprentice. The stages are industry, calm enjoyments, love of social worship, few and tried friends, obedience, cherishing of the pure affections, perseverance in well-doing, honest ambition, public respect. Hogarth kept strictly to the true and the probable in both his examples.

The moral lesson Hogarth intended to convey would have wanted much of its force had any of the usual experiences of life been violated to give it point. How faithfully the course of idleness and depravity has been depicted, we need nothing beyond the observations of

every day to inform us. The prosperity of the industrious and well behaved is, however, so frequently attributed to "chances" and "lucky hits," that the tale Hogarth has told of his Industrious Apprentice is by many felt to be less natural than the other. We think it is not so. The fortunate circumstances which occur to lift the industrious upward, are, as much as their other advantages, the effects of that industry and good conduct, without which they would not have been so placed that "lucky chances" could occur or could benefit them. So, in the instance before us, without a long previous course of industrious and trustworthy conduct, the Industrious Apprentice would not have been in a situation for the good fortune of being the husband of his master's daughter and the partner in his firm. The biography of every nation is full of instances of men who, by talents and useful inventions, have raised themselves to a commanding position in society. But all men are not endowed with such talent; and it does not appear to have been the intention of Hogarth to represent *their* progress. He intended rather to exhibit the prosperity which might be attained by the practice of virtues which no man is naturally incapable of exercising, and to indicate a path to consideration which no man wants more than the will to follow. He has represented an extreme case, certainly. There are many lesser elevations than that of the chief-magistracy of London, on which the industrious and wise man may rest happy and comfortable. Nevertheless, many of our readers would be surprised to learn how large the proportion is of those who have attained that dignity from the lowest beginnings.

We have little to say in explanation of the last noble picture of the series. The murderer is at the bar of justice—his accomplice is giving evidence against him—his weeping mother is pressing forward in her agony to implore mercy. The magistrate is the former fellow-apprentice of the criminal. The curtain may fall. The tragedy is ripe. The execution and the Lord Mayor's Show are the accessories which can add nothing to its lessons.

The Rake's Progress.

"Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst."

Pope, one of the keenest observers of human life that ever threw his thoughts into verse, has thus described the natural and common succession of Prodigality to Avarice. Hogarth has painted the consequences of this succession, and, we think, with greater truth than the poet has described them.

The miser is dead;—his heir comes to open the "reservoir." The man who, when living, denied himself a coat,—whose old shoes are patched with a piece cut out of the cover of the family Bible,—is honoured "with customary suits" of black and escutcheons when he is dead. The undertaker is covering the miser's room with these preparations for "lying in state;" the heir is being measured for his mourning garments. The strong chests are opened; the conveyances, the mortgage-deeds, the bonds, are exposed to view; the money-bags are explored; the secret hoards are found in the crazy walls. Up to the moment when he took to his bed, and left his crutches against his comfortless chimney,—a monument of "the ruling passion strong in death,"—the avaricious man was intent to save. For years the meat-jack had been put away in the cupboard to rest,—for years the hearth had sent forth no comfortable blaze:—

"Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way;
Benighted wanderers the forest o'er
Curse the saved candle and unopen'd door."

The heir will change all. No longer will the old crone, who is about to kindle the unaccustomed fire, be called upon to put the rush-light in the save-all; no longer will the starved cat pry into every hole for a morsel of food; no longer will the journal of the master of that house record such a fact as "May the 5th, 1721, put off my bad shilling." The heaps of gold are no longer to be secretly gazed upon, or applied to produce other heaps of gold: they are open to the day;—they are ready for the hard-featured man of business to purloin while he makes his inventory, and for the unhappy youth to abuse at the first moment when he takes possession of them. He has become familiar with vice, even under the severe discipline of his avaricious father. Perhaps that severe discipline has driven him to vice; certainly the want of confidence which must have subsisted between the father and the son must have confirmed his evil propensities, if it did not call them forth. He is a destroyer of female honour. The mother of the unfortunate girl whom he has tempted from the path of modesty exhibits his letters to her wretched daughter, who herself displays the ring which he had given her as a pledge of affection. The written words, and the more impressive symbol of vows and confidence, are despised. He has become the master of gold, and he offers gold in reparation. He has already formed a false estimate of the power of riches. He fancies that they can procure him not only outward pleasures but inward peace; that they can stand in the place of that satisfaction which results from the performance of our duty. We shall see where this mistake leads him. The delusion which he has indulged in abusing that confidence of woman, which is at the bottom of the holiest and purest affections of our nature—the delusion which he is still indulging in fancying that he can bestow peace, either upon his partner in evil or upon himself, by a money-payment, as the price of outraged feelings—will become habitual. He is entering upon systematic vice: his previous faults may have been those of ill-directed impulses; his possession of wealth converts those impulses into principles.

There can be no mistake as to the propensities of the hero of this series of prints; they are essentially low and degrading. The third plate exhibits him in a state of the most beastly drunkenness, in a night-tavern of London. He has beaten the watchman, and brought off his lantern as a trophy of victory; and he is now surrounded with abandoned women, who are rifling his pockets. It is not for us to describe this scene: Hogarth only could have painted it.

The question for us to ask at this stage of the 'Rake's Progress' is, What has the unhappy rich man obtained by the improper application of his riches? He has cast away the affection of a being who loved him; he has surrendered himself to the indulgence of every desire which his passions and his vanity have prompted; he has sounded the depths of the lowest profligacy, as it were in despair of finding excitement enough in the peculiar vices of his own station. Has he found any happiness? Has he not rather found not only the stunning consciousness of wrong-doing, but positive pain even in that wrong-doing? The nature of this positive pain of evil conduct has been well put by Dr. Chalmers, in the work we have already quoted:—"In counterpart to the sweets and satisfactions of virtue, is the essential and inherent bitterness of all that is morally evil. We repeat, that, with this particular argument, we do not mix up the agonies of remorse. It is the wretchedness of vice in itself, not the wretchedness which we suffer because of its recollected and felt wrongness, that we now speak of. * * * * Who can doubt, for example, the unhappiness of the habitual drunkard? and that, although the ravenous appetite by which he is driven along a stormy career meets every day, almost every hour of the day, with the gratification that is suited to it. The same may be equally affirmed of the voluptuary, or of the depredator, or of the extortioner, or of the liar. Each may succeed in the attainment of his specific object; and we cannot possibly disjoin from the conception of success, the conception of some sort of pleasure; yet in perfect consistency we affirm, with a

sad and heavy burthen of unpleasantness or unhappiness on the whole. He is little conversant with our nature who does not know of many a passion belonging to it, that it may be the instrument of many pleasurable, nay, delicious or exquisite sensations, and yet be a wretched passion still; the domineering tyrant of a bondsman, who at once *knows himself to be degraded, and feels himself to be unhappy.*"*

We are arrived at the point of the 'Rake's Progress,' when, having run through a long course of prodigality, the hour of retribution is arriving in the form of *pecuniary embarrassment.* In this course of prodigality he has greatly injured himself; has he benefited others? Pope, who lived at a time when there were very false notions abroad in the world as to the effects of profuse expenditure upon the condition of society, makes the miser "a backward *steward for the poor.*" He was the "reservoir;" his heir is the "fountain" who is to slake "a country's thirst." The same poet, in his description of "Timon's villa," falls into the same mistake. Here

> "All cry out, what sums are thrown away!"

and yet, according to the satirist,

> "——hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed,
> Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
> The labourer bears."

Whatever may be the temporary and local effects when "sums are thrown away" upon those who live, or appear to live, upon the follies of others, there can be no doubt that the enduring and general benefits of judicious expenditure, of what is truly called "profitable expenditure," are of infinitely greater importance to the community. The poet felt this himself; but he was blinded by the notion of his day, that unless the rich were profuse, the poor would starve. He says, in the same epistle in which he thinks that the "sums thrown away" afford the labourer bread,—

* Chalmers's 'Bridgewater Treatise,' vol. i. p. 105.

"Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the god ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain;
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds the subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land."

Such are some of the modes in which riches can be judiciously expended; and whatever is saved from a wanton consumption of wealth goes to increase the capital of the community, and to become the source of those public conveniences which enable all capital to work more profitably, and of those public monuments of the higher feelings of our nature, which elevate the character of individuals and of nations.

The fourth picture of the 'Rake's Progress' represents the commencement of the penal consequences of crime—those consequences which are direct and positive, and which alone are deeply felt by the habitual profligate. In this picture the Rake is represented as arrested for debt. He is proceeding to court on a gala-day—for private depravity amongst men does not debar them from the customary honours of their station—and his chair is stopped by a sheriff's officer. By one of those chances which rather belong to romance than to real life, the young woman whom the hero of the tale had so deeply injured is passing by. She has clung to a virtuous and reputable course of life; she has saved money; and with the generosity that belongs to woman, she at once devotes her earnings to the release of her betrayer. In point of character and composition this, if not one of the most striking of Hogarth's works, is singularly excellent. The surprise of the profligate in being taught this practical lesson of the effects of his imprudence, the earnest simplicity of the female who shows the means of his release, the stern and peremptory mandate of the sheriff's officer—all these are represented most skilfully. Nor are the accessories of the picture less valuable. Hogarth has introduced an episode which forcibly illustrates the great moral which he constantly kept in view—that vice is a leveller of all distinctions. A knot of blackguard

boys are gambling on the pavement: two are earnestly engaged at cards; two others, one of whom is a shoe-black, are at dice; the shoe-black has lost his clothes, but unsated, he offers to stake his only means of industrious existence, his brushes and blacking-pot. The rake himself has gone through precisely the same temptations—and he has not resisted them. The scene of the dirty gamblers takes place before "White's," a celebrated gaming-house of that day: the moral is such as Hogarth only could have hit off.

In the commencement of his career, the Rake spurned the ties of affection, which, if properly strengthened, might have made his life happy, and saved him from misery and degradation. He has rejected the woman that he might have loved; he now plights his faith to one whom he weds for her riches only. In the fifth plate of the series, he stands before the altar, placing the ring on the finger of a deformed and aged lady, who, with folly equal to his guilt, believes that she can find happiness in such an ill-assorted union. In the back part of the scene, the injured young woman, to whom he had given his early vows, is entering the church, to forbid the solemnization of the marriage. The marriage-law of that day probably justified, or appeared to justify, such an interruption. There are several strokes of Hogarth's peculiar humour in this picture; such as the creed destroyed by damp, the commandments cracked, and the poor's box covered over with a spider's web.

The Rake is again master of riches. How does he employ them? He has married to repair his fortunes; satiated with the dissipation that he delivered himself over to, he now rushes to the last and most perilous excitement — the gaming-table — as another substitute for honourable occupation. The picture in which Hogarth represents this—the final vice which leads to the catastrophe—is the sixth of the series. Never were the hateful effects of this demoniacal passion more forcibly delineated. The gambling-house here represented is one that would now be called low. Perhaps in Hogarth's days, fortunes were not lost and won

amidst gilded saloons, where every luxury that can pamper the senses is administered to the devoted victims. The scene presented is certainly not such as is exhibited in the present times, when men of rank do not hesitate to enter a gambling-house in broad day, secure that the thin disguise of a *Club* may prevent the interruptions of a prying police, and believing, perhaps, that vice looks less hideous when she is surrounded with mirrors that show her at full length. The gambling-house to which Hogarth has taken his hero is a wretched den, where crime and misery are already wedded even in externals. In this place, there is no selection of companions; pick-pockets and highwaymen sit side by side with the laced coat of him the world calls "gentleman." There is no ballot for the admission of sharpers with a pedigree, to the exclusion of sharpers without. The Rake is in the centre of the picture; he has staked his all, and has lost it. He is on his knees, imprecating vengeance on his bare head, from which, in his rage, he has stripped his periwig. He has overturned the chair on which he was sitting, and a dog is barking at his exhibition of impotent frenzy. On his right is another maddened victim, stamping and cursing, with clenched fists, ready to do the last bidding of despair. On his left, in a mute reverie of melancholy or mischief-planning, sits a highwayman, who has lost the fruits of his last crime; he is, perhaps, thinking deeply of the gallows, for the boy halloos to him in vain to take the liquor he has ordered. The highwayman is seated before a grated fire-place—a precaution not unnecessary in a place where the fiercest passions are let loose. In spite of such precaution, the room is on fire, and the watchman rushes in to alarm the inmates. With two exceptions, the occupation of the gamesters is so absorbing, that none assist in putting out the flames, or think of escaping from the danger. The usurer is still lending money to a gamester whose substance is not quite exhausted; the winner of the stakes is still sweeping the golden heaps into his pocket; another infuriated loser is determined to murder the man who has ruined him, in spite of the common danger by which they

are surrounded. All this is true to nature; and there is not a character or incident in the picture that may not be studied with advantage.

The transition from the gaming-house to the prison is not a mere straining after effect: one succeeds to the other by the most easy progression. The Rake is here, but how changed! It is a remarkable instance of Hogarth's power of delineating character, that in every shifting scene, with the furrows of years and crime and suffering upon his face, we can trace the identity of the unhappy hero of this story, from the first exhibition of heartless profligacy to the last manifestation of human woe. In prison we see the man prematurely old—surrounded by a complication of wretchedness which has done its work upon him, and made the expression of his face one of the most tragically striking in all Hogarth. "Here," says Mr. Lamb, "all is easy, natural, undistorted; but withal what a mass of woe is here accumulated!—the long history of a misspent life is compressed into the countenance as plainly as the series of plates before had told it. Here is no attempt at Gorgonian looks which are to freeze the beholder, no grinning at the antique bed-posts,* no face-making, or consciousness of the presence of spectators in or out of the picture; but grief kept to a man's self, a face retiring from notice with the shame which great anguish sometimes brings with it,—a final leave taken of hope,—the coming on of vacancy and stupefaction,—a beginning alienation of mind looking like tranquillity." Certainly this masterly description is no exaggeration of the wonderful merits of this figure. The complexity of misery is indeed frightful. The profligate sits in the beggarly common-room of a London prison. A century has made a material difference both in the comforts and discipline of these places;—but there is misery enough and vice enough within the walls of a prison for debt, to make one wish that the time was past when the unfortunate should be thus

* This is an allusion to Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Death of Cardinal Beaufort.

exposed to the contamination of the wicked, and both should be shut out from the power of making an effort to repair the injury they have caused to their creditors. In this wretched den there are, his wife assailing him with threats and reproaches, and the female whom he had betrayed, accompanied by her child, fainting at the sight of his accumulated misery. He had made an effort to exercise the talents which he in some degree possessed, by writing for the stage—the first resource of the sanguine author. The play is just returned from the manager, who has rejected it. The under-turnkey is pressing him for his fees; the pot-boy is demanding payment for the beer which he has called for without the means of purchasing it. In such a moment his brain becomes a chaos—the prison leads to the mad-house. To each print of this series, Hogarth has affixed some lines of his own composition. They are not of the highest order, for it is seldom given to one man to excel in two such different walks; but the verses are curious, and a specimen (the one given with the plate of the 'Prison-scene') will not displease our readers:—

"Happy the man whose constant thought
(Tho' in the school of hardship taught)
Can send remembrance back to fetch
Treasures from life's earliest stretch;
Who, self-approving, can review
Scenes of past virtues that shine through
The gloom of age, and cast a ray
To gild the evening of his day.
Not so the guilty wretch confin'd;
No pleasures meet his roving mind,
No blessings fetch'd from early youth,
But broken Faith, and wretched truth,
Talents idle and unus'd,
And every gift of heaven abus'd;
In seas of sad reflection lost,
From horrors still to horrors tost,
Reason, the vessel leaves to steer,
And gives the helm to mad Despair."

The last print of this series is one of the most extra-

ordinary productions of Hogarth's pencil. It is thus described by Mr. Lamb:—"The concluding scene in the 'Rake's Progress' is perhaps superior to the last scenes of 'Timon.' If we seek for something of kindred excellence in poetry, it must be in the scenes of Lear's beginning madness, where the King and the Fool and the Tom-o'-Bedlam conspire to produce such a medley of mirth, checked by misery, and misery rebuked by mirth; where the society of those 'strange bed-fellows' which misfortune have brought Lear acquainted with, so finely sets forth the destitute state of the monarch, while the lunatic bans of the one, and the disjointed sayings, and wild but pregnant allusions of the other, so wonderfully sympathize with that confusion, which they seem to assist in the production of, in the senses of that 'child-changed father.'

"In the scene in Bedlam, which terminates the 'Rake's Progress,' we find the same assortment of the ludicrous with the terrible. Here is desperate madness, the overturning of originally strong-thinking faculties, at which we shudder, as we contemplate the duration and pressure of affliction which it must have asked to destroy such a building; and here is the gradual hurtless lapse into idiocy of faculties, which at their best of times never having been strong, we look upon the consummation of their decay with no more of pity than is consistent with a smile. The mad tailor, the poor driveller that has gone out of his wits (and truly he appears to have had no great journey to go to get past their confines) for the love of charming Betty Careless—these half-laughable, scarce-pitiable objects take off from the horror which the principal figure would of itself raise, at the same time that they assist the feeling of the scene by contributing to the general notion of its subject:—

> Madness, thou chaos of the brain,
> What art, that pleasure giv'st, and pain?
> Tyranny of Fancy's reign!
> Mechanic Fancy, that can build
> Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,

With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
Fill'd with horror, filled with pleasure,
Shapes of horror, that would even
Cast doubts of mercy upon heaven.
Shapes of pleasure, that, but seen,
Would split the shaking sides of spleen.*

Is it carrying the spirit of comparison to excess, to remark, that in the poor kneeling, weeping female, who accompanies her seducer in his sad decay, there is something analogous to Kent, or Caius, as he delights rather to be called, in 'Lear'—the noblest pattern of virtue which even Shakspeare has conceived—who follows his royal master in banishment, that had pronounced *his* banishment, and, forgetful at once of his wrongs and dignities, taking on himself the disguise of a menial, retains his fidelity to the figure, his loyalty to the carcase, the shadow, the shell, and empty husk of Lear?"

The Election prints are four in number:—1, The Feast; 2, The Canvass; 3, The Polling; 4, The Chairing. They were published separately: the first appearing in 1755, and the last in 1758. The "treating," which was in Hogarth's time so extensively employed for the debasement of electors, has been greatly curtailed by statute and by custom. But the evil practice still exists; and men who are about to discharge a duty which requires a sound exercise of the judgment are, in some places, kept in a state of riotous excess, which utterly disqualifies them for making a wise and honest choice of a representative. We are improved, no doubt, since Hogarth's time; and there are many amongst us who apply themselves to the discharge of the elective trust with the high spirit and conscientious prudence which show their sense of the obligation by which they are bound to their country to make a fit choice of one who is to protect the dearest interests of the community. But there are others, we apprehend, who would still sell "their birthright for a mess of potage." May they learn better.

* Lines inscribed under the plate.

'The Election Feast' is, in many respects, one of the most wonderful of Hogarth's performances. The inexhaustible variety of character, and the distinctness with which the whole scene is brought out by the action and expression of the several groups and individuals, are apparent to the most superficial observation. To a person acquainted with the principles of art, the skill with which the scene is managed appears as perfect in its kind as the composition of any of the great pictures of the historical painters: let us endeavour to give a key to this remarkable work.

The candidate is at the top of the table, on the left of the picture. An old woman, such as the "fat woman of Brentford," in Shakspeare's 'Merry Wives,' is oppressing him with her caresses. An elector is knocking their heads together, in the spirit of impudent familiarity which election licence engenders. In the foreground, near the candidate, is a dealer in haberdashery, who has brought his ribands and gloves to bribe the electors' wives; he is paid by a promissory note, which he does not appear much to relish. The man in the wig, on the left of the candidate, is a person of some rank, who is writhing under the coarse jokes of the fellows at his side. The gluttonous clergyman next this group, who is suffering from the heated room and the chafing-dish, near him, over which he is warming his venison, is a character which of course is extinct. The practical jesters who are amusing themselves and their companions—the one by comparing chins with the fiddler, the other by making up the back of his hand to represent his neighbour's rueful face—belong to every age. The alderman at the bottom of the table in a fit of apoplexy—the wife threatening her husband with domestic vengeance if he refuses the tempting bribe, whose temptation is to be found in the rage of his little boy—the attorney knocked off his chair by a brickbat which has come through the window—and the man on the floor having gin poured upon his broken head—are fair examples of election occurrences, wherever men have not learnt to forego greediness, venality, and mob violence.

These things will perhaps always exist where there is popular ignorance. The flags of the rival candidates in Hogarth's print show the materials with which prejudice and passion work. On one is written "Give us our eleven days;"—in allusion to the alteration of style, which was an unpopular measure;—on another, carried by the mob without, appears "No Jews!"

One of the commentators on Hogarth has declared that he prefers the principal group of the canvass—that of the freeholder between the agents of the rival candidates—to the celebrated picture, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Garrick betwen tragedy and comedy. The sturdy yeoman is plied on each side by a partisan of either of the factions who are canvassing in a country town: each offers him a ticket for a dinner, and each pours money into his "itching palm." It is perfectly clear from the leer of his eye which candidate will have him;—he will sell himself to the highest bidder. This, to our minds, is tragedy as well as comedy;—the beginning is fun, the end misery and shame. When a man to whom a public trust is committed violates the conditions of that trust, and sells his conscience, it is evident that his morality must be fearfully low, and that he is a victim of the most debasing selfishness. We fear that such things still exist; although the progress of the people in the knowledge of their real interest and duties may have greatly abated the influence of direct corruption. If it were not so, political power vested in the mass of the community would be a curse instead of a blessing.

The other parts of this picture are in Hogarth's happiest manner. The smirking canvasser purchasing ribands and gewgaws for the ladies in the balcony of the inn, that he may win votes through their favourable report;—the cobbler and the barber disputing upon politics, and tracing out plans of battles and sieges over their pipe and pot—the landlady counting her gains;—the jolly voters feeding in right earnest at the inn-window;—the mob attacking the inn of the obnoxious candidate, and the fellow sawing down the sign upon which he is astride,

unconscious that he shall fall with it,—these are strokes of humour and delineation of character which can never be obsolete.

The feasting and the canvassing were preliminary to the actual conflict to which we next come. Our election scenes, which should have afforded to foreigners an example of popular rights exercised with that decency and sobriety which becomes England—the parent of free institutions—have often been such as to inspire them only with wonder and disgust. The circumstances attending an actual election have been greatly improved by recent legislative enactments. The limitation of the time of polling, and the multiplication of convenient places for receiving votes—as well as the previous registry—have taken away many of the scenes of riot and violence by which a poll was formerly disgraced. But the influence which perverts the suffrage still remains; corruption still often wins more than honesty.

This picture tells its own story with the usual effect of Hogarth's paintings. The parts of the booth appropriated to the rival candidates are denoted by their respective party colours. The persons elevated on chairs in each compartment would seem to be the chairmen of each candidate's committee, present at the booth to watch the proceedings. He who is the most remote does not appear to be satisfied with the state of the poll, as his gesture betrays uneasiness or impatience. The other seems to be absorbed in contemplation, and does not notice the person on his right hand, who appears to be sketching his portrait. The uneasiness of the chairman is not the only circumstance that signifies the persons in the outer portion of the booth to be the losing party. They are hard driven for votes. The man who has lost the use of his limbs, and, as appears from his vacant stare, of his intellect also, is brought to the poll, and the suggestions or solicitations of the polling-clerk before him, who tenders the Testament, are assisted by a whisperer behind. This whisperer has manacles on his legs, and a paper appears in his pocket, inscribed as 'The Sixth Letter to the People of England,'—circumstances

which denote him as Dr. Shebbeare, who was pilloried and imprisoned two years for a libel against the king. Behind him is a freeholder who has just been brought to the poll from a sick or dying bed. He has the party favours in his nightcap; and it may be remarked, perhaps, as one of those minute touches in which Hogarth excels, that the features of one of this poor man's supporters are turned so as to furnish considerable resemblance to a death's head. How unhappy it is that such contests should ever be associated with circumstances which must divest even a victory of that true distinction which it ought to confer!

There is still a further circumstance to denote the extremities to which one of the parties seems driven. Their attending lawyer appears disputing with the lawyer of the other party the validity of a vote which is proffered to their clerk. The voter is a pensioner who has lost both his arms and one leg in the wars. He takes hold of the book with his iron-hook hand, and the point disputed between the rival barristers seems to be, whether an oath thus taken, without a real hand to hold the book, can be valid. This is certainly a severe satire on the legal quibbles by which gnats are so often strained at, while camels are swallowed without the least difficulty. The circumstance seems to the clerk, who holds the book while the voter is taking the oath, so irresistibly comic, that he is constrained to lay his hand to his mouth to check his laughter. The whole scene is highly characteristic of the indifference with which the most solemn of human sanctions comes to be regarded when it has grown too familiar by excessive use. We rejoice greatly at the measures which have been lately taken, and are still in progress, for the purpose of doing away with unnecessary public oaths.

Among the subordinate circumstances of the scene we should not omit to notice the touch at the squibs which are so often circulated by the adverse parties at a contested election. We would hope that these, at least, have become more decent than they were in Hogarth's days: but even of this we do not feel quite certain. The cha-

racter of that which the old ballad-woman is circulating is expressed by the figure which it exhibits of a man hanging from a gallows. A party of men in the booth are reading a copy of this paper with much apparent glee.

And what is the moral of all this? Hogarth himself tells us; and, for the sake of telling it with what he considered more of point and effect, he has introduced an allegory—a licence which has the countenance of great masters, but to which our artist never in any other instance resorted. In doing so here, he doubtless fell into a mistake of judgment; but, as he has dealt with it, he has made it point most expressively the moral he intended to convey. The coach of Britannia is broken down, while the servants play at cards on the coach-box; and amidst the excitement and the din of party contests no one perceives her danger or hears her cries.

The fourth and last picture of the 'Election' we may consider to have been in some measure forced upon Hogarth by his subject, which required this as the completion of the story which he had undertaken to relate. This possibly accounts for the circumstance that the present is perhaps the least interesting picture of the series. The artist has, however, made the most of his subject, and brought into very efficient combination the various circumstances which characterize (we dare not yet use the past tense) the variously-modified excitements of a popular triumph. The poll having closed, the members, according to a custom much better "honoured in the breach than the observance," are placed in fine chairs, and paraded through the town on the shoulders of men. This custom, so unutterably ridiculous in itself, involves some peril to the triumphant candidate, particularly when, as in the present instance, he happens to be corpulent in person. Perhaps the time has not yet come for popular feeling to be satisfied without this ceremony: but, if there must be a parade, we hope the practice, which now begins to prevail in large towns, of displaying the member in an open chariot, will ere long be universally substituted for the literal "chairing."

The scene represents the chairing of both the mem-

bers. Only one of them is actually present, but the near approach of the other is indicated, in Hogarth's way, by his shadow on the wall of the court-house. The uproarious character of the proceedings is perhaps partly accounted for by the apparent fact that members of opposite principles have been elected. The confusion in the fore-ground is, however, to be distinguished from that in the back-ground. The latter seems merely a party uproar, whilst the former is the result of accident. The uproar appears in its progress to have alarmed a sow and her litter, which therefore set off at the top of their speed, effecting a very serious derangement of the procession in their progress. They have just overturned one old woman, and are about to terminate their career in the stream over which the first part of the procession is at the moment passing, or rather where it is detained by the obstinacy of an ass, which resists the efforts of its rider to turn it out of the road, and stands stock still. A dancing bear, with a monkey *chaired* on his shoulders, avails himself of this desirable opportunity of exploring the contents of the garbage buckets carried by the ass. The bear-leader, a sailor with a wooden leg, was preparing to withdraw his animal from the road, when he was interrupted by the necessity of defending himself against a thresher, who has pursued the pigs from the farm whence they started, and who is apparently angry with the sailor on account of the obstruction which his bear has occasioned on the bridge, in consequence of which the pigs run into the water. The thresher's flail, however, inflicts injury where not intended; the swing of the implement throws it so back as to strike one of the bearers of the chair on the temple, in consequence of which the member is on the point of being overthrown, unless we suppose the man who endeavours to uphold the chair to have succeeded in his object. This accident affects the nerves of the young lady who is looking over the church-wall at the procession, and she is represented fainting amidst the solicitude of her attendants. It was possibly intended by Hogarth to magnify the absurdity and alarm of the

member's momentary position by bringing into the scene the lady whose feelings were the most tenderly connected with his triumph and safety. This group of females is contrasted not only with the general scene, but with the chimney-sweeps close by, who appear highly to enjoy the uproar, and who unintentionally moralize mischief by fixing a pair of spectacles over the eye-holes of the death's head.

The series began with feasting in all the fulness of detail; the feasting and drunkenness with which the affair is to end, are only implied in the present picture. One barrel of beer has already been consumed by the rabble, one of whom prostrates himself to suck up the dregs, while the men beyond him are producing a fresh supply. In the large and handsome house on the same side of the picture—which belongs to a lawyer, as appears from the clerk at his desk in the upper story—preparations are making for more refined excess. A dinner of many covers is carried into the house for the entertainment of the gentry, who seem to have assembled there to celebrate the triumph of their favourite candidate. Among the persons assembled at the window, the one distinguished by his ribbon is the Duke of Newcastle, a celebrated nobleman of Hogarth's day, who was accustomed to interest himself personally in elections to an extent which would not now be considered seemly.

We should perhaps direct attention to the punning motto on the church-dial, "We must"—the sentence is supposed to be completed by the name of the dial,—"die all." A story is told of a gentleman who, not perceiving the point, such as it is, of the motto "We must," in its peculiar application to a dial, transferred it to a clock fixed on the front of his house.

The fray in the background seems to have been attended with some bloodshed; for the soldier who has retired from it, and is putting on his shirt at the right-hand corner of the picture, has his head bandaged, and a broken sword lies near him. Among the figures in the background, nearly undistinguishable from dis-

tance, the woman beating—probably driving home—her husband, the butcher with his marrow-bone and cleaver, and the motto "Pro patria" in his cap, and the wounded man near him, are the most remarkable. The two latter characters we noticed for the sake of introducing Hogarth's own ironical remarks in reference to them, with which we may not unsuitably conclude this article:—

"These two patriots, who, let what party will prevail, can be no gainers, yet spend their time, which is *their* fortune, for what they suppose right, and for a glass of gin lose their blood, and sometimes their lives, in support of the cause, are, as far as I can see, entitled to an equal portion of fame with many of the emblazoned heroes of ancient Rome. But such is the effect of prejudice, that though the picture of an ancient wrestler is admired as a grand character, we necessarily annex an idea of vulgarity to the portrait of a modern boxer. An old blacksmith in his tattered garb is a coarse and low being:—strip him naked, tie his leathern apron round his loins,—chisel out his figure in freestone or marble, precisely as it appears,—he becomes elevated, and may pass for a philosopher or a deity."

As these remarks were intended to be satirical, we must make some allowance for their not being perfectly just.

We have said that we must restrict ourselves in our remarks to a portion of the works of Hogarth only. We have noticed all his series except the Harlot's Progress. As clever and as moral as the preceding, it yet, from the nature of the subject, leads the thoughts into a path it is more pleasant to avoid, and represents scenes of which "ignorance is bliss." Of his very numerous single prints, we can only notice two or three. 'The Cockpit' is a scene in which men of all ranks are represented as engaged in one brutalizing species of vice—amusement we will not call it. Here are a peer and a pickpocket, a French marquis and a chimney-sweep, a doctor and a horse-jockey, all busily engaged in the cruel excitement of a cock-match. They are one and all equally igno-

rant, thoughtless, and depraved, whether they wear bag-wigs or smock-frocks, or exhibit their cupidity in stealing a bank-note, or offering a bet. It is possible that the progress of education may have driven those who call themselves gentlemen from such open exhibitions of profligacy; but the spirit that formerly carried them to the dirty cockpit still allures them to the gorgeous saloon. The sepulchre is only whitened. But at the time when Hogarth painted, men of rank were to be constantly seen in such disgraceful society. The figure in the centre of the piece is a portrait of a nobleman of Hogarth's day, who, although he had the misfortune to be totally blind, had the greater misfortune to have his moral sense so dim as to place his chief gratification in excitements of this grovelling nature. On the left of the picture is an old man, a cripple with his crutch, deaf almost beyond the power of comprehension, for his features appear to give no signal of understanding the words of the man who is bawling to him through his ear-trumpet. Nothing can be finer or truer than the satire conveyed in the exhibition of these examples of human infirmity. Knowledge is shut out in these men from two of her chief inlets,—and yet they cultivate not that calm reflection which so peculiarly belongs to their condition, but cling to base excitements, in the spirit of which they are even precluded from completely participating. The group around the blind peer is arranged very skilfully; and the faces of the several characters all exhibit that deep meaning for which Hogarth is so remarkable. Five of the men about the unfortunate dupe are clamorous for him to bet with them. The vacant expression of his countenance, and the helplessness of his whole attitude, bewildered as he is by so many assailants, are expressed with surprising truth. At the moment of his embarrassment the fellow next the pit on his left hand is purloining a note. The cautious villainy expressed in this man's face is unrivalled. The post-boy, just above the thief, appears calling the blind man's attention to the pilfering that is going forward—but he is

utterly insensible to everything but the rage for betting which has taken possession of him.

The group on the right of the picture is as well defined in its principal action as that of the centre. In his eagerness to see the match, a man has fallen forward against the edge of the pit. With the exception of the round-faced person, whom he has crushed, nobody is moved by the uproar. The peer in his star and spectacle is as much absorbed by the battle as if he had not a particle of dignity to be ruffled by all this shouldering and elbowing;—the despair of the man in the right corner, and the deep abstraction of the other gamester, next the gentleman who has lost his periwig, are finely marked. In the third group on the left nothing can be more characteristic of such scenes than the eagerness of the countryman who stakes his crown, —the business-like gravity of the old fellow with a cock in a bag,—and the sedateness of his neighbour who is registering the wagers. The people in the lower tier are all actively engaged in making bets or quarrelling. The two men reaching to join the butt ends of their whips indicate, by this act, that they have closed a bet.

The other parts of the picture will be understood without any particular description. We cannot, however, omit to point out the extraordinary skill with which Hogarth in this, as in other of his performances, contrived to indicate some accessary of the scene by one of the minute touches which genius only can conceive. The shadow on the pit is that of a man. These scenes take place by lamp-light; and reflected from the lamp is the shadow of a gambler, who has been suspended from the ceiling in a basket, for the crime of not making good his stakes. Degraded as he is, the passion clings to him even in his punishment; he is offering his watch as another stake.

Of the celebrated 'March to Finchley,' the general subject is the march of the Foot Guards to their place of rendezvous on Finchley Common, in their way to Scotland against the rebels in the year 1745.

As the numerous circumstances which this picture embraces do not *tell* on any one point, it would be difficult to say anything in the way of illustration beyond what the picture itself relates, did we not possess the advantage of a very complete explanation by a writer who was a contemporary and friend of the artist. This explanation was for a long time attributed to Bonnel Thornton; but Mr. Samuel Ireland in his 'Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth,' states that the daughter of Saunders Welch, Esq., a magistrate of Westminster, informed him that the article was written by her father, an old and much-esteemed friend of the artist, whose portrait in oil of Mr. Welch is still extant, and is engraved in Ireland's work. The lady further informed him that this critique or explanation being published in the periodical paper called 'The Student,' occasioned some difference of opinion between her father and Hogarth. The critique does not, however, appear to have given any serious offence to the painter, notwithstanding the reported irascibility of his temper; for he said,—"I generally thought with the author of this paper, and when I differed from him I have found reason to take shame to myself."—And now to the explanation, in which we do not purpose implicitly to follow Mr. Welch, but shall, at our discretion, occasionally avail ourselves of other explanations, particularly of one which appeared in the 'Old Woman's Magazine,' and which Mr. John Ireland has copied, as well as the other, into his 'Hogarth Illustrated.'

The scene of the representation is laid at Tottenham Court Turnpike, the King's Head, Adam and Eve, and the Turnpike-house, being in full view; beyond which appear parties of guards, with baggage, &c., marching towards Highgate, with a distant prospect of the open country. The picture, considered as a whole, affords a view of a military march, and the disorders and humours connected with it.

Near the centre of the picture the painter has placed his principal figure, which is that of a handsome young grenadier, who seems distracted by the rival claims of

the women on his right hand and on his left. The one to his right appears to be a young woman who has become the victim of his passions, and by them has perhaps been reduced to her present condition of a ballad-singer. This woman, who holds his right arm, and regards him with mingled affection and distress, is strongly contrasted with the other, who appears to have equal claims upon him, and whose countenance expresses jealousy and rage at finding him thus situated, while her uplifted arm threatens him with the weight of her anger. The contrast between the two women is complete throughout; it seems to be even intimated, in Hogarth's own ingeniously indirect way, that they are of opposite political parties; all the wares in the ballad-woman's basket—such as the song of 'God save the King,' and a portrait, of the Duke of Cumberland—being of a loyal description; while the other, who appears to be a news-hawker, is furnished with a supply of exclusively Jacobite journals, the titles of which are apparent in the original painting. The cross on the cloak of the latter may also be intended to denote a difference of religion. The outrageous character of the proceedings of this woman has attracted the notice of the serjeant behind the group, and he seems prepared to interpose with no very gentle exercise of the authority with which he is invested. The hard-featured appearance of this man is in good contrast with the principal figure.

Near the left corner of the picture is another leave-taking scene between a drummer and his wife and child. The grief of the two latter is of so clamorous a description, that the man, to put an end to the scene, recurs to his drum, and is aided by the "ear-piercing fife" of the boy near him, the sweetness of whose figure affords an interesting contrast to the ruggedness of the objects around him. This figure is the portrait of a clever lad, to whom the Duke of Cumberland gave a commission at a subsequent period. Between this and the principal group appears a Frenchman, who is communicating to another person the contents of a letter which he holds in his hand. The person to whom he speaks appears to be

an old Highlander in disguise; he seems to be much interested in the information of the Frenchman, who is understood to state that a large French force had landed to assist the Pretender.

Those of our readers who have opportunities of seeing the original picture will observe that the innocent smile of the child which, being carried on its mother's back, has its face brought on a level with that of the Highlander, affords a beautiful and interesting contrast to the grim joy which the countenance of the latter exhibits.

The background of this portion of the picture displays the various brutal circumstances of a pugilistic combat. The combatants are encouraged by a well-dressed blackguard, while an aged female, moved by womanly compassion, endeavours to press forward to separate them, but is intercepted and held back by a fellow in the crowd, who does not desire the fray to be interrupted. Somewhat elevated above the rest of the mob, appears an excited little man, who by his clenched fists and animated appearance seems to imagine himself an actual party in the combat. This figure, which is understood to be the portrait of a cobbler of the real or nick name of Jocky James, is contrasted with the heavy figure of the man behind him. The whole of this scene of confusion has a charming contrast in the decent young woman who is raised above it on the baggage-cart, and is quietly suckling her child. A circumstance of repoee of another kind is exhibited in the two old women who are smoking their pipes, and engaged in earnest confabulation upon the very summit of the baggage. It is highly instructive and interesting in this way to trace out the judiciously-introduced circumstances of contrast which most of the pictures of Hogarth exhibit.

There is a marked distinction between the character and tone of the circumstances in the separate portions of the picture, if we consider it as divided into two portions by the figures of the central group. All the characters represented in the portion which has hitherto engaged our attention are more or less seriously occupied,

while, on the contrary, the opposite portion exhibits little besides fun, frolic, and mischief.

Immediately to the left of the central group, an officer is offering a rude salute to a milkmaid, whose resistance endangers the safety of his ruffles. An arch-looking rogue of a soldier, perceiving the maid's attention to be thus engaged, avails himself of the opportunity to fill his hat from her milk-pail, while a young chimney-sweep hastens forward, and holds forth his sooty cap, soliciting the soldier to fill it when his own turn has been served. Another soldier points out the fun of this scene to a pieman; and while the simple fellow regards it with the utmost glee, the knavish soldier adroitly abstracts the pies from his board. All these prominent figures are connected in one incident by their mutual attention to and dependence on one another. Critics expatiate with warm and deserved praise on the richly-comic figure of the pieman, which is probably not exceeded by anything of the kind in any of Hogarth's works. It is a portrait, as is also the chimney-sweep; who, together with the fifer-boy, were hired by Hogarth to sit to him for half-a-crown a-piece.

The next principal group in the foreground is an illustration of gin-drinking. A soldier, with his dress in great disorder, has sunk upon the ground, overcome by the efficacy of that potent poison. Yet he calls for more; and two persons respond to the call. One, a mirthful comrade, endeavours to force him to drink water from his canteen; but from this the drunkard turns away with disgust, and holds out his hand for the dram which the female sutler readily fills out for him. But another arm is also held out for it. The emaciated child, which this woman carries on her back, stretches forth its little grasping hand, with earnest entreaty, for a taste of that burning fluid which it has been already taught to relish. This is painful, because it is true.

We may direct the attention of the reader to the chickens in front of this group. Welch informs us

that they had been pointed out as an exquisite absurdity by a contemporary, who was a professed connoisseur in painting. He had said that nothing could be more ridiculous than to introduce chickens so near such a crowd; and what increased the absurdity was, that the birds were not, as might naturally be expected, endeavouring to escape from the crowd, but were actually running towards what it is their nature to shun. Welch points, with well-authorized triumph, to a truly Hogarthian circumstance, which had escaped the notice of this acute critic. The chickens are seeking the parent-hen, the presence of which, in the pouch of the soldier who offers water to the drunken man, is indicated to the spectator by the appearance of one of the wings.

The corner of the picture, under the sign-post of the King's Head, is occupied by an honest tar on horseback, whose exuberant loyalty finds vent in the established maritime method. The loyalty of this man is understood to be contrasted with that of the fellow before him, with the countenance of a confirmed drunkard, who, with his gun on his shoulder and his bayonet in his hand, seems to threaten deadly measures against the enemy in the approaching conflict. The reader may, however, accept the alternative of another explanation, which supposes this man to be guarding from interruption the proceedings of his neighbour, who is filling his canteen through a hole which he has bored in a barrel of strong beer, with which a man is endeavouring to make his way through the crowd.

Among the figures in the background in this part of the picture, those which principally attract our attention are, the stately young officer, behind the last-mentioned group; the basket-woman; and the woman who defends herself from the rudeness of one fellow, while another abstracts some of the linen which she was engaged in taking down from the line on which it hung to dry.

The circumstances attending the publication of the engraving and the disposal of the picture were somewhat curious, and are best explained in the following notices,

which appeared in 1750, in the 'General Advertiser.' The first advertisement appeared in April:—

"Mr. Hogarth is publishing by subscription a print representing the march to Finchley in the year 1746, engraved on a copper plate, twenty-two inches by seventeen; the price 7*s.* 6*d.* Subscriptions are taken at the Golden Head in Leicester Fields, till the 30th of this instant, and not longer, to the end that the engraving may not be retarded. Note:—each print will be half-a-guinea after the subscription is over. In the subscription-book are the particulars of a proposal, whereby each subscriber of three shillings, over and above the said seven shillings and sixpence for the print, will, in consideration thereof, be entitled to a chance of having the original picture, which will be delivered to the winning subscriber as soon as the engraving is finished."

On the first of the next month the following appeared in the same journal:—

"Yesterday, Mr. Hogarth's subscription was closed; 1843 chances being subscribed for, Mr. Hogarth gave the remaining 167 chances to the Foundling Hospital. At two o'clock the box was opened, and the fortunate chance was 1941, which belongs to the said hospital; and the same night Mr. Hogarth delivered the picture to the governors." Mr. John Nichols states, that he was informed by Mr. Nathaniel Thomas (who was many years editor of the 'St. James's Chronicle') that the general report at the time was, that the fortunate number belonged to a lady, who made a present of the picture to the hospital. It was deemed by many, at the time, an improper present. Hogarth himself, speaking of this picture, observes, "It was disposed of by lottery (the only way a living painter has any chance of being paid for his time) for 300*l.*" * * "By the like means," he adds, "most of my former pictures were sold."

Soon after the lottery, Hogarth waited upon the treasurer to the Foundling Hospital, and informed him that the trustees were at liberty to dispose of the painting by auction. Scarcely, however, was the message de-

livered, before he changed his mind, and never afterwards would consent to the measure he had originally proposed. The Duke of Ancaster offered the hospital 300*l.* for the picture; and Mr. John Ireland understood that a much larger sum was afterwards offered for it by another gentleman.

It is rather remarkable that this representation of purely English manners and humours should be dedicated to the King of Prussia. The cause of this deserves to be explained. Before publication, the plate was inscribed to George II., and the picture was taken to St. James's for his majesty's inspection. The king, who was a zealous soldier, but one of the most incompetent men on earth to enjoy a work of humour, or appreciate a work of art, was apparently prepared, from the title of the work, to expect a serious historical performance in honour of his favourite guards, who had marched so readily against the rebels. We may therefore imagine his amazement when the actual piece was placed before him. He was highly indignant that a painter should dare to satirize his gallant soldiers—for thus he viewed the matter—and sent back the picture with disgust. Some accounts state, however, though others are silent on that point, that the king sent the painter *a guinea!* Whatever be the particular facts, it is certain that Hogarth was so much mortified by the reception which his great work received from the king, that he altered the dedication, and inscribed it to the King of Prussia, as an encourager of the arts.

As a specimen of personal satire we may take The Distressed Poet. The principal figure in this work is understood to be a portrait of Lewis Theobald, who is best known as one of the editors of Shakspeare. Of this author the world has probably formed too unfavourable an opinion, in consequence of the ridicule which surrounds his name in Pope's 'Dunciad.' His edition of Shakspeare is by no means a contemptible performance, although his poems and plays are forgotten.

The print itself is an admirable composition; and the instruction which it contains lies deeper than the merely ludicrous effect at which it might be supposed the

artist had aimed. The poet is the representative of a class that the world has been always too much inclined to treat with cold contempt or more insolent pity. The poor and unknown man of letters, surrounded with all the discomforts that belong to an ill-conditioned domestic life,—and yet, in the midst of filth and wretchedness, surrendering himself to day-dreams of wealth and greatness,—is a being that most people are inclined to sneer at. But let the same author work himself into reputation and comparative prosperity, and the same people agree to idolize and flatter him—to make fêtes to exhibit him—to give dinners to hear him talk—to patronize as if they were the patronized. All this proceeds from mistakes on both sides. The author sees the public through a false medium, and the public have been pampered into an equally false estimate of the literary character.

The apparently wretched, but perhaps not totally unhappy being that Hogarth has delineated, is occupied in the composition of 'Riches, a Poem.' His ideas do not appear to flow with much facility; and his similes and metaphors, and rhymes, are to be sought in 'Bysshe's Art of Poetry,' which lies on his table. He sits half-clothed in his morning-gown, while his wife mends his one nether-garment, and his one shirt and ruffles are drying, at the fire. His dress-sword is kicked about the floor, and the cat suckles her kittens on the coat which is to be paraded in the evening at the coffee-house or the theatre. His infant is vainly screaming in bed for a mother's help:—the poor woman is engaged in the not very feminine occupation of repairing her husband's outdoor habiliments, and in helplessly listening, with her "mild, patient face and gesture," to the remonstrances of the saucy milk-woman, who exhibits a tally, which nothing but the most hopeless poverty would have allowed to accumulate. The poet is insensible to the degradation which his gentle wife must endure; and he resigns himself to his filthy garret, and to the inconvenience and disorder of his whole household arrangements, to compose 'Riches, a Poem,'—or study 'A View of the Gold

Mines of Peru.' When his miseries arrive at their height, —when the milk-woman will trust not another penny-worth, and the baker talks of applying to the 'Court of Requests,'—he will resort to the 'Grub Street Journal,' a copy of which lies on the floor, for his means of existence. This is the last degradation,—equivalent to writing, at the present day, dishonest reviews,—attacking individual character—or garbling and misrepresenting private documents, *because they are private.*

And what is to prevent a man of letters from falling into the same pitiable condition as Hogarth's 'Distressed Poet?' First, a careful examination of his own qualifications before he adventures upon the perilous sea of literature, as the business of his life;—and, secondly, a just appreciation of the objects to which this dedication of his faculties and acquirements may be applied with real advantage to himself and to mankind.

The curious picture of 'The Gate of Calais' had its origin in a personal adventure, an account of which is necessary to its proper elucidation. The mind of the artist entertained a large measure of some of those partialities and prejudices which Englishmen who have not travelled, or had opportunities of enlarged observation, are apt to glory in as virtues. Among these is that blind partiality to everything English, and that disposition to depreciate and scorn everything that is not English, and above all everything that is French, which was very generally entertained up to a comparatively recent period, and which still lingers among the ignorant classes of society, or those whose minds still feed upon the garbage of dead or dying prejudices. It is one of the good signs of the times that the national prejudices which once appeared in open day, and were gloried in, have now retired to holes and corners and solitary places. Those of our readers who have attained to manhood will recollect the time when the windows of print-shops swarmed with prints that bodied forth the hatred and contempt of John Bull towards other nations, and particularly towards his nearest neighbours—the French. But now it will occasion a somewhat arduous

search among the London shops to find a single print or caricature of this description.

These things were doubtless in a great degree occasioned by our almost continual wars with the French, as well as by the measures taken to kindle or keep alive the national dislikes. Admitting this, it seems to us one of the most cogent arguments for peace, that war thus tends to sustain the mind in a diseased state, to distort the feelings, to corrupt the judgment, and to obscure the understanding. The French are a people who have been greatly changed since the time of Hogarth, and, with full allowance for the exaggeration permitted to a caricaturist, much of that view of the French which this engraving indicates does not now in any way apply to them.

If Hogarth in his conduct, as well as in the picture before us, exhibited strong national antipathies, we can only, in the way of excuse, remind our readers that such feelings were at that time common; and that it would have been considered almost un-English to have been without them. It was, besides, immediately after the conclusion of a sanguinary war with France, and before time had been allowed for the heated feelings excited by that contest to subside.

On the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1747, Hogarth went over to France with the full determination, as it appears, to be displeased at everything he saw out of Old England. It must be admitted that France did at that time present much that was calculated to excite the ridicule of a satirist and the regret of a philanthropist. Mr. John Ireland remarks,—"For a meagre powdered figure, hung with tatters, torn *à-la-mode de Paris*, to affect the airs of a coxcomb and the importance of a sovereign, is ridiculous enough; but if it makes a man happy, why should he be laughed at? It must blunt the edge of ridicule to see natural hilarity defy depression; and a whole nation laugh, sing, and dance under burdens that would nearly break the firm-knit sinews of a Briton. Such was the picture of France at that period; but it was a picture which our English satirist could not contemplate with common patience."

Mr. Steevens has given the following account of Hogarth's line of conduct in France, as related by an eminent English engraver who was abroad at the time. Hayman, and Cheere the statuary, were of the same party.

"While Hogarth was in France, wherever he went, he was sure to be dissatisfied with all he saw. If an elegant circumstance, either in furniture or the ornaments of a room, was pointed out as deserving approbation, his narrow and constant reply was, 'What then? but it is French! Their houses are all gilt or befouled!' In the streets he was often clamorously rude. A tattered bag, or a pair of silk stockings with holes in them, drew a torrent of imprudent language from him.

"In vain did my informant (who knew that many Scotch and Irish were within hearing of these reproaches, and would rejoice at least in an opportunity of getting the painter mobbed) advise him to be more cautious in his public remarks. He laughed at all such admonitions, and treated the offerer of it as a pusillanimous wretch, unworthy of a residence in a free country,—making him the butt of his ridicule for several evenings afterwards. This unseasonable pleasantry was at last completely extinguished by what happened to him while he was drawing the 'Gate at Calais;' for, though the innocence of his design was rendered perfectly apparent on the testimony of other sketches which he had about him, which were by no means such as could serve the purpose of an engineer, he was told by the commandant, 'That, had not the peace been actually signed, he should have been obliged to have hung him up immediately upon the ramparts.' Two guards were then provided to carry him on shipboard, nor did they quit him till he was three miles from the shore. They then spun him round like a top on the deck, and told him that he was at liberty to proceed on his voyage without further attendance or molestation. With the slightest allusion to the ludicrous particulars of this affair poor Hogarth was by no means pleased. The leading circumstance in it his own pencil has perpetuated."

After this, it is but fair to give Hogarth's own account of the transaction, in which it will be seen that he lets

out so many prejudices as to render it manifest that the preceding account has not unfairly stated the class of feelings he entertained. His account has also the advantage of containing an explanation of the picture.

"After the 'March to Finchley,'" says the artist, "the next print I engraved was the '*Roast Beef of Old England*;' which took its rise from a visit I paid to France the preceding year. The first time an Englishman goes from Dover to Calais, he must be struck with the different face of things at so little a distance. A farcical pomp of war, pompous parade of religion, and much bustle with very little business—to sum up all, poverty, slavery, and innate insolence, covered with an affectation of politeness, give you, even here, a true picture of the manners of the whole nation. Nor are the priests less opposite to those of Dover than the two shores. The friars are dirty, sleek, and solemn; the soldiery are lean, ragged, and tawdry; and as to the fishwomen—their faces are absolute leather!

"As I was sauntering about and observing them, near the gate, which it seems was built by the English when the place was in our possession, I remarked some appearance of the arms of England on the front. By this and idle curiosity I was prompted to make a sketch of it, which being observed, I was taken into custody; but not attempting to cancel any of my sketches or memorandums, which were found to be merely those of a painter for his private use, without any relation to fortification, it was not thought necessary to send me back to Paris. I was only closely confined to my own lodgings till the wind changed for England, where I no sooner arrived than I set about the picture;—made the gate my background, and in one corner introduced my own portrait, which has generally been thought a correct likeness, with the soldier's hand upon my shoulder. By the fat friar, who stops the lean cook that is sinking under the weight of a vast sirloin of beef, and two of the military bearing off a great kettle of soup-maigre, I meant to display to my own countrymen the striking difference between the priests, food, soldiers, &c., of two nations so contiguous that, in a clear day, one coast may be seen from the

other. The melancholy and miserable Highlander, browsing on his scanty fare, consisting of a bit of bread and an onion, is intended for one of the many who fled from this country after the rebellion in 1745."

As far as regards the motive, this and the prints of 'France' and 'England,' are certainly among the least commendable of Hogarth's pieces. In the instance of the 'Gate of Calais' we discern the desire to be revenged for a personal affront, as well as to gratify a national antipathy, and possibly to acquire popularity and profit by ministering to the prejudices of the multitude. He doubtless persuaded himself that his objects were higher and more laudable than these; but we can, at this distance of time, discover nothing to satisfy us that they were so. Horace Walpole remarks, in reference to the three pictures of which this is one,—"Sometimes, to please his vulgar customers, he stooped to low images and national satire, as in the two prints of 'France' and 'England,' and that of the 'Gate of Calais.' The last, indeed, has great merit, though the caricature is carried to excess. In all these the painter's purpose was to exhibit the ease and affluence of a free government, opposed to the wants and woes of slaves."* It is pleasant to remember, that even if, at the time of its publication, this picture had exhibited truth and not caricature, the French of the present day might still afford to smile at it. They are no longer the slaves whom Hogarth saw. Since his time, many long years of suffering, of vehement conflict, and of good and evil deeds, have wrought much change both in the circumstances of the nation and in the character of the people.

This print obtained the popularity which might be expected. The profile of the artist in it was copied for a watch-paper; and a wood-cut copy of the half-starved

* In 'Beer Street' the English blacksmith tossing a Frenchman in the air with one hand is absolutely hyperbole. Hogarth has, however, in this instance the merit of having seen the bad taste of the circumstance, as he afterwards substituted a leg of mutton in the place of the Frenchman.

French sentinel has often since headed the advertisements for recruits, where it has been opposed to the figure of a well-fed British soldier. Soon after the publication, the popular cantata, entitled 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' appeared. It was written by Hogarth's friend, Mr. Theophilus Forest, and was published under the sanction of the artist, being headed by a copy of his print. This performance explains the different characters in detail; for which reason we copy some portions of the recitative:—

"'T was at the Gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad Despair, with Famine, always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandsire's * cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took,
Bending beneath the weight of famed *Sir-loin*,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine,
Good Father Dominick by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd;
And while the solid fat his finger press'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd.
* * * * *
A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
Who such a sight before had never seen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
And gazed with wonder on the British food.
His morning mess forsook the friendly bowl,
And in small streams along the pavement stole.
* * * * *
His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whose brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to get his daily bread;
Soon as the well-known prospect he espied,
In blubbering accents dolefully he cried.
* * * * *
Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney sate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he descried,
His dear-loved mull, alas! was thrown aside;

* Hogarth's hostess.

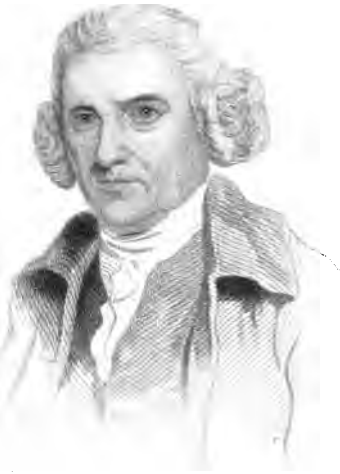
With lifted hands he bless'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case."

The only known portrait in this performance, besides that of the artist, is that of the friar, for which Mr. Pine the engraver sat. He thus acquired the nickname of "Father Pine," * in consequence of which he unsuccessfully endeavoured to persuade Hogarth to give the friar another face. It is said that, when he sat to our artist he was not aware to what purpose his likeness would afterwards be applied.

The satire of Hogarth was not often of a personal nature; but he knew his own power, and he sometimes exercised it. Two of his prints, 'The Times,' produced a memorable quarrel between himself on one side, and Wilkes and Churchill on the other. The satire of the prints of 'The Times,' which were published in 1762, was directed, not against Wilkes himself, but his political friends, Pitt and Temple; nor is it so biting as to have required Wilkes, in defence of his party, to retaliate upon one with whom he had lived in familiar and friendly intercourse. He did so, however, in a number of the 'North Briton,' containing not only abuse of the artist, but unjust and injurious mention of his wife. Hogarth was deeply wounded by this attack; he retorted by the well-known portrait of Wilkes with the cap of liberty, and he afterwards represented Churchill as a bear. The quarrel was unworthy the talents either of the painter or poet. It is the more to be regretted, because its effects, as he himself intimates, were injurious to Hogarth's declining health. The summer of 1764 he spent at Chiswick, and the free air and exercise worked a partial renovation of his strength. The amendment, however, was but temporary, and he died suddenly, October 26, the day after his return to his London residence in Leicester Square.

* "Friar Pine," according to Nichols.

This eminent individual was one of those who leave behind them visible proofs of their skill and perseverance in those vast engineering works which seem almost destined to defy time. John Smeaton was born, according to most authorities, on the 28th of May, 1724, at Austhorpe, near Leeds, in a house built by his grandfather, and long afterwards inhabited by his family. His father was an attorney, and brought him up with a view to the legal profession. Our information respecting the domestic history of Smeaton is exceedingly scanty; it amounts to little more than that he very early displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits; delighting, it is said, even when a child in petticoats, to observe mechanics at work, and to question them respecting their employments. One of his biographers states that his toys were the tools of men; and that, while yet little more than an infant, he was discovered one day on the top of his father's barn, fixing something like a windmill.



But, passing over such symptoms of precocity, the evidence of which must always be received with caution, we find him, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, constructing a machine for rose-engine turning, and producing neat ornamental boxes, &c., for his friends. He appears to have been but little older when he cut, in a lathe of his own manufacture, a perpetual screw in brass, according to the design of his intimate friend Mr. Henry Hindley of York, with whom he joined enthusiastically in mechanical pursuits. By the age of eighteen years he had attained much practical skill in mechanical operations, and had furnished himself with many tools for performing them.

About this time, in the year 1742, in pursuance of his father's design, young Smeaton came to London, and attended the courts of law at Westminster Hall; but, finding the bent of his mind averse to the law, his father yielded to his wishes, and allowed him to devote his energies to more congenial matters. The next circumstance in his history related by his very brief biographers is his taking up the business of a mathematical-instrument maker, about the year 1750, when he was residing in lodgings in Great Turnstile, Holborn. In 1751 he tried experiments with a machine that he had invented for measuring a ship's way at sea; and in 1752 and 1753 was engaged in a course of experiments "concerning the natural powers of water and wind to turn mills and other machines depending on circular motion." From the latter investigation resulted the most valuable improvements in hydraulic machinery. In the construction of mill-work, Smeaton, during the whole of his useful career as a civil engineer, stood deservedly high; and, by his judicious application of scientific principles, he increased the power of machinery impelled by wind and water as much as one-third. The results of these experiments were published in 1759, after he had been able to give them a practical trial; and their value obtained for him the Copley gold medal of the Royal Society in that year. Smeaton had previously, in the year 1753, been made a member of the Royal Society; and he had

made some communications to the 'Transactions' even before that date. In 1754 he visited Holland and the Netherlands; and the acquaintance he thus obtained with the construction of embankments, artificial navigations, and similar works, probably formed an important part of his engineering education.

In 1766 Smeaton commenced the great work which, more than any other, may be looked upon as a lasting monument of his skill—the EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

This mighty work stands to the present day as firm as when Smeaton left it, and seems likely to remain for centuries yet to come. It was the third lighthouse built on the perilous rock from which it derives its name; and in order to understand the real merit of the enterprise, it will be desirable to show what was the nature of the two previous attempts to form a lighthouse at this spot.

As the Eddystone rocks lie nearly in the direction of vessels coasting up and down the Channel, they were unavoidably, before the establishment of a lighthouse there, very dangerous, and often fatal to ships; their situation, with regard to the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic, is such that they lie open to the swells of the bay and ocean from all the south-western points of the compass; so that all the heavy seas from the south-west quarter come uncontrolled upon the Eddystone rocks, and break upon them with the utmost fury. Sometimes when the sea is to all appearance smooth and even, and its surface unruffled by the slightest breeze, the ground-swell meeting the slope of the rocks, the sea beats upon them in a frightful manner, so as not only to obstruct any work being done on the rock, but even landing upon it.

The nearest land to the Eddystone rocks is the point to the west of Plymouth called the Ram Head, from which they are about ten miles distant nearly south. As these rocks (called the Eddystone, in all probability, from the whirl or eddy which is occasioned by the waters striking against them) were not very much elevated above the sea at any time, and at high-water were quite covered by it, they formed a most dangerous ob-

stacle to navigation, and several vessels were every season lost upon them. Many a gallant ship, which had voyaged in safety across the whole breadth of the Atlantic, was shattered to pieces on this hidden source of destruction as it was nearing port, and went down with its crew in sight of their native shores. It was therefore very desirable that the spot should, if possible, be pointed out by a warning light. But the same circumstances which made the Eddystone rocks so formidable to the mariner rendered the attempt to erect a lighthouse upon them a peculiarly difficult enterprise. The task, however, was at last undertaken by a Mr. Henry Winstanley, of Littlebury in Essex, a gentleman of some property, and not a regularly-bred engineer or architect, but only a person with a natural turn for mechanical invention, and fond of amusing himself with ingenious experiments. His house at Littlebury was fitted up with a multitude of strange contrivances, with which he surprised and amused his guests; and he also had an exhibition of water-works at Hyde-Park Corner, which appears from a notice in the 'Tatler' to have been in existence in September, 1709. He began to erect his lighthouse on the Eddystone rocks in 1696, and it was finished about four years after. From the best information which can now be obtained it appears to have been a polygonal (or many-cornered) building of stone, and, when it had received its last additions, of about a hundred feet in height. Still the sea in stormy weather ascended far above this elevation, so much so that persons acquainted with the place used to remark, after the erection of Winstanley's building, that it was very possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted up upon a wave and to be carried through the open gallery by which it was surmounted. The architect himself, it is said, felt so confident in the strength of the structure, that he frequently declared his only wish was to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens, that he might see what would be the effect. But these words were perhaps merely ascribed to him after the event. On the 26th November, 1703, he was

in the lighthouse superintending some repairs, when there came on the most terrible tempest which was ever known in England. Next morning not a vestige of the building was to be seen. It had been swept into the deep, as was afterwards found, from the foundation, not a stone, or beam, or iron bar remaining on the rock. The single thing left was a piece of iron chain, which had got so wedged into a deep cleft that it stuck there till it was cut out more than fifty years afterwards.

Such was the end of the first Eddystone Lighthouse. Soon after, the Winchelsea, homeward-bound from Virginia, was lost on the rocks, when the greater part of her crew perished. An Act of Parliament was then passed for the building of a new lighthouse, on a lease granted to a Captain Lovet, or Lovell, for ninety-nine years. It so turned out that on this occasion again the person employed to erect the structure was not a builder by profession. The individual whom Lovet made choice of for this purpose was a Mr. John Rudyerd, a silk-mercer on Ludgate-hill, whose recommendation appears to have been merely his general sagacity, and perhaps some genius which he was supposed to possess for mechanics. He began the building of his lighthouse in July, 1706; it was so far advanced that a light was put up about two years from that time; and in 1709 it was completed in all its parts. It differed from its predecessor in two important respects: being not of stone, but of wood; and not angular, but perfectly round. Its entire height was ninety-two feet.

This building, notwithstanding some severe storms which it encountered, particularly one on the 26th of September, 1744, stood till the 2nd of December, 1755. About two o'clock on that morning, one of the three men who had the charge of it, having gone up to snuff the candles in the lantern, found the place full of smoke, from the midst of which, as soon as he opened the door, a flame burst forth. A spark from some of the twenty-four candles, which were kept constantly burning, had probably ignited the wood-work, or the flakes of soot hanging from the roof. The man instantly alarmed his

companions; but, being in bed and asleep, it was some time before they arrived to his assistance. In the mean time he did his utmost to effect the extinction of the fire by heaving water upon it (it was burning four yards above him) from a tubful which always stood in the place. The other two, when they came, brought up more water from below, but as they had to go down and return a height of seventy feet for this purpose, their endeavours were of little avail. At last a quantity of the lead on the roof, having melted, came down in a torrent upon the head and shoulders of the man who remained above. He was an old man of ninety-four, of the name of Henry Hall, but still full of strength and activity. This accident, together with the rapid increase of the fire notwithstanding their most desperate exertions, extinguished their last hopes, and, making scarcely any further efforts to arrest the progress of the destroying element, they descended before it from room to room, till they came to the lowest floor. Driven from this also, they then sought refuge in a hole or cave on the eastern side of the rock, it being fortunately by this time low-water. Meanwhile the conflagration had been observed by some fishermen, who immediately returned to shore and gave information of it. Boats of course were immediately sent out. They arrived at the lighthouse about ten o'clock, and with the utmost difficulty a landing was effected, and the three men, who were by this time almost in a state of stupefaction, were dragged through the water into one of the boats. One of them, as soon as he was brought on shore, as if struck with some panic, took flight, and was never more heard of. As for old Hall, he was immediately placed under medical care; but although he took his food tolerably well, and seemed for some time likely to recover, he always persisted in saying that the doctors would never bring him round, unless they could remove from his stomach the lead which he maintained had run down his throat when it fell upon him from the roof of the lantern. Nobody could believe that this notion was anything more than an imagination of the old man; but on the twelfth day after the fire,

having been suddenly seized with cold sweats and spasms, he expired; and when his body was opened there was actually found in his stomach, to the coat of which it had partly adhered, a flat oval piece of lead of the weight of seven ounces five drachms. An account of this extraordinary case is to be found in the 49th volume of the 'Philosophical Transactions.'

As there was still more than half a century of their lease unexpired, the proprietors, who by this time had become numerous, felt that it was not their interest to lose a moment in setting about the rebuilding of the lighthouse. One of them, a Mr. Weston, in whom the others placed much confidence, made application to Lord Macclesfield, the President of the Royal Society, to recommend to them the person whom he considered most fit to be engaged. His lordship immediately named and most strongly recommended Mr. Smeaton, who had recently left the business of mathematical instrument maker, which he had practised for some years in London, and taken up that of a civil engineer, for which his genius admirably fitted him. Once more, therefore, the Eddystone Lighthouse was destined to have a self-educated architect for its builder. Mr. Smeaton has himself recorded the history of his lighthouse, in a very magnificent publication, from which we have derived the particulars regarding the preceding structures. When it was first proposed that the work should be put into his hands, he was in Northumberland, but he arrived in London on the 23rd of February, 1756. On the 22nd of March the architect set out for Plymouth, but, on account of the badness of the roads (how strangely such a statement reads now!), did not reach the end of his journey till the 27th. He remained at Plymouth till the 21st of May, in the course of which time he repeatedly visited the rock, and having, with the consent of his employers, determined that the new lighthouse should be of stone, hired work-yards and workmen, contracted for the various materials he wanted, and made all the other necessary arrangements for beginning and carrying on the work. Everything be-

ing in readiness, and the season sufficiently advanced, on the 5th of August the men were landed on the rock, and immediately began cutting it for the foundation of the building. This part of the work was all that was accomplished that season, in the course of which, however, both the exertions and the perils of the architect and his associates were very great. On one occasion the sloop in which Mr. Smeaton, with eighteen seamen and labourers, was embarked, was all but lost in returning from the work.

During this time the belief and expressed opinion of most persons were, that a stone lighthouse would certainly not stand the winds and seas to which it would be exposed on the Eddystone. However, on the 12th of June, 1757, the first stone was laid.

From this period the work proceeded with great rapidity. On the 26th of August, 1759, all the stonework was completed. On the 9th of October following the building was finished in every part; and on the 16th of the same month the saving light was again streaming from its summit over the waves. Thus the whole undertaking was accomplished within a space of little more than three years, "without the loss of life or limb," says Mr. Smeaton, "to any one concerned in it, or accident by which the work could be said to be materially retarded." During all this time there had been only 421 days, comprising 2674 hours, which it had been possible for the men to spend upon the rock; and the whole time which they had been at work there was only 111 days 10 hours, or scarcely sixteen weeks. Nothing can show more strikingly than this statement the extraordinary difficulties under which the work had to be carried on.

A few particulars concerning the mode of constructing this remarkable building may be here desirable.

The present edifice is a circular tower of stone, sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base, and gradually diminishing to the top, somewhat similar to the swelling of the trunk of a tree. The upper extremity is finished with a kind of cornice, and is surmounted

with a lantern, having a gallery round it with an iron balustrade. The tower is furnished with a door and windows, and a staircase and ladders for ascending to the lantern, through the apartments of those who keep watch. In order to form his foundation, Smeaton accurately measured the very irregular surface of the rock, and made a model of it.

The materials employed in building the tower are moor-stone, a hard species of granite, and Portland stone. The granite rock was partially worked to form the foundations; and as the ground joint would be more subject to the action of the sea than any other, it was found necessary not only that the bed of every stone should have a level bearing, but that every outside piece should be grafted into the rock, so as to be guarded by a border thereof at least three inches in height above it, which would in reality be equivalent to the founding of the building in a socket of three inches depth in the shallowest part. On the 3rd of August, 1756, Smeaton fixed the centre point of the building and traced out part of the plan on the rock; and on the 6th nearly the whole of the work was set out. On the 4th of September the two new steps at the bottom of the rock and the dovetails were roughed out, and some of the beds brought to a level and finished, after very great labour. The stones for the several courses were rough worked at the quarries according to various drafts made by the engineer.

A part of the upper surface of the rock having been taken carefully off, but without the use of gunpowder, lest it should loosen the rock, six foundation courses dovetailed together were then raised on the lower part of the rock, which brought the whole to a solid level mass. These courses, with eight others raised above them, form the solid bed of the work, and take the form of the swelling trunk of a tree at its base. The courses of masonry are dovetailed together in the most skilful manner: the successive layers of masonry being strongly cemented and connected by oaken trenails or plugs, and the whole strongly cramped. The general weight

of the stones employed is a ton, and some few are two tons. In the solid work the centre stones were fixed first, and all the courses were fitted on a platform and accurately adjusted before they were removed to the rock.

The base of the tower is about 26 feet 9 inches in diameter, taken at the highest part of the rock. The diameter at the top of the solid masonry is about 19 feet 9 inches, and the height of the solid masonry is 13 feet from the foundation. The masonry may still be considered of solid construction to the top of the stone staircase, the height to the top of which, from the centre of the base, is 28 feet 4 inches. The height of the tower from the centre is 61 feet 7 inches; the lantern, the base of which is stone, is 24 feet; and the diameter of the tower below the cornice is 15 feet. The whole height is therefore 85 feet 7 inches, according to the scale given by Smeaton to his drawings.

The Eddystone Lighthouse has not only the merit of utility, but also of beauty, strength, and originality, and is itself sufficient to immortalize the name of the architect. The reader will find everything curious and interesting connected with this undertaking in Smeaton's splendid folio above referred to.

The upper part of the building, constructed of wood, was burnt in 1770, and renewed in 1774.

Smeaton, in his 'Narrative,' gives an account of an observation which he once made during a storm to see how the waves affected his lighthouse—a matter of no small moment to the reputation of the engineer of such a work. He stood on the Hoe and at the Garrison (two elevated spots at Plymouth), and from thence viewed the lighthouse through a telescope during very rough weather. "At intervals of a minute," says he, "or sometimes two or three (I suppose when a combination happens to produce one overgrown wave), it would strike the rock and the building conjointly, and fly up in a white column, enwrapping it like a sheet, rising at least to double the height of the house, and totally intercepting it from the sight; and this appearance being momentary,

both as to its rising and falling, we were enabled to judge of the comparative height very nearly by the comparative spaces alternately occupied by the house and by the column of water in the field of the telescope. Of this column I made an eye-sketch at the time; and must further observe, that while I was in the lighthouse, during the last interval of finishing, I particularly noticed the manner in which the waves began to gather, as soon as they came so near the house as to be sensible of the sloping rocks underneath them. Those waves, by degrees reaching higher as they came nearer, formed a deep hollow sea at the foot of the building; and then, falling into it, struck it with all imaginable fury."

Smeaton appears to have been by no means fully employed as an engineer for several years after the completion of the Eddystone Lighthouse; for in 1764 he became a candidate for the office of a receiver of the Derwentwater estate, the funds of which were, after its forfeiture in 1715, appropriated to Greenwich Hospital. On the last day of that year, chiefly, as he states in his account of the Eddystone Lighthouse, through the friendship of the Earl of Egmont and Earl Howe, lords of the Admiralty, he was appointed to this office. In this engagement he was happy in being associated with Mr. Walton, the other receiver, who took upon himself the management of the accounts, leaving Smeaton at leisure to devote his attention to improvements and to professional engagements. While he held the receivership he greatly improved the estate, the mines and mills of which required the superintendence of such a man to make them of their full value. Increasing business induced him, in 1775, to desire to relinquish this engagement, but he was prevailed on to retain it about two years longer.

Of the many useful works executed by Smeaton, Ramsgate Harbour perhaps holds, next to the Eddystone Lighthouse, the most prominent place. This work was commenced in 1749, but was carried on with very imperfect success until it was placed under his superintendence in 1774. This harbour, being enclosed by two

piers of about 2000 and 1500 feet long respectively, affords a safe refuge for ships where it was much needed; vessels in the Downs having been exposed to imminent risk during bad weather before it was constructed. Smeaton laid out the line of the great canal connecting the western and eastern shores of Scotland, from the Forth to the Clyde, and superintended the execution of great part of it. To his skill, in all probability, the preservation of old London bridge for many years was attributable. In 1761, in consequence of alterations made for the improvement of the navigation, one of the piers was undermined by the stream to a fearful extent. The first volume of Smeaton's 'Reports,' of which a second edition was published in 1812, contains a short mention of him preparatory to the volume, and in this is given the following paragraph, relating to this matter:—"On opening the great arch at London bridge, by throwing two arches into one, and the removal of a large pier, the excavation around and underneath the sterlings of that pier was so considerable as to put the adjoining piers, the arch, and eventually the whole bridge, in great danger of falling! The previous opinions of some were positive, and the apprehensions of all the people on this head were so great that many persons would not pass over or under it. The surveyors employed were not equal to such an exigency. Mr. Smeaton was then in Yorkshire, where he was sent for by express, and from whence he arrived in town with the greatest expedition. He applied himself immediately to examine the bridge and to sound about the dangerous sterlings as minutely as he could. The committee of Common Council adopted his advice, which was, to re-purchase the stones of all the city gates, then lately pulled down and lying in Moorfields, and to throw them pell-mell into the water, to guard these sterlings, preserve the bottom from further corrosion, raise the floor under the arch, and restore the head of water necessary for the water-works to its original power; and this was a practice he had before and afterwards adopted on similar occasions. Nothing shows the apprehensions of the bridge falling more than the

alacrity with which his advice was pursued: the stones were re-purchased that day; horses, carts, and barges were got ready; and the work was instantly begun, though it was Sunday morning."

The Calder Navigation was one of the great works which he successfully accomplished; and he provided with much skill for the effect of the impetuous floods to which that river is subject. The Spurn Lighthouse at the mouth of the Humber, some important bridges in Scotland, and many other works of like character, might also be mentioned.

About 1783 Smeaton's declining health rendered it necessary for him to avoid entering upon many new undertakings. He then devoted much attention to the publication of an account of the Eddystone Lighthouse, which was to have been followed by a 'Treatise on Mills,' and other works embodying his valuable experience as an engineer. The former of these was the only work he lived to complete; and it is a volume of great and permanent interest, detailing in the most minute and simple manner every circumstance worthy of record concerning the history or the construction of the lighthouse. It is dedicated to George III., who had taken much interest in the structure; and in the dedication, in explaining the circumstances which had deferred the appearance of the narrative so long after the completion of the building, the author observes, "I can with truth say, I have ever since been employed in works tending to the immediate benefit of your majesty's subjects; and indeed so unremittingly, that it is not without the greatest exertion that I am enabled even now to complete the publication." He had made some progress in this work before 1763; but it appears to have been laid aside for about twenty years, and was not published until 1791. On the 16th of September, 1792, while walking in his garden at Austhorpe, Smeaton was seized with an attack of paralysis; and on the 28th of October he died.

About the year 1771 several friends of Smeaton, engaged in kindred pursuits, formed themselves into a society which may perhaps be looked upon as the first

public recognition of the useful body of men who have since, under the name of Civil Engineers, done so much in developing the resources of this country. Untoward circumstances led to the dissolution of this society previous to Smeaton's death; but steps were taken to reorganize it before that event took place. The new Society shortly took steps for the publication in a collected form of Smeaton's numerous professional reports; but the work was not completed until 1812. It is in three quarto volumes, to which a fourth was subsequently added, consisting of his miscellaneous papers communicated to the Royal Society, &c. The Society alluded to is mentioned in the first volume of the 'Transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers,' as still existing. The introduction to this volume contains a high eulogium on the talent of Smeaton as an engineer. Alluding to the Eddystone Lighthouse, it observes, "This, Smeaton's first work, was also his greatest; probably, the time and all things considered, it was the most arduous undertaking that has fallen to any engineer, and none was ever more successfully executed. And now, having been buffeted by the storms of nearly (now more than) eighty years, the Eddystone stands unmoved as the rock it is built on —a proud monument to its great author. Buildings of the same kind have been executed since, but it should always be borne in mind who taught the first great lesson, and recorded the progressive steps with a modesty and simplicity that may well be held up as models for similar writings. His Reports are entitled to equal praise; they are a mine of wealth for the sound principles which they unfold and the able practice they exemplify, both alike based on close observation of the operations of nature, and affording many fine examples of cautious sagacity in applying the instructions she gives to the means within the reach of art." The deliberation and caution always exercised in the works of Smeaton are well worthy of imitation; and to this may be attributed the almost unexampled success of his undertakings. So highly was his judgment appreciated, that he has been called the "standing counsel" of his profession,

and he was constantly appealed to by Parliament on difficult engineering questions. His improvements of wind and water mills have been mentioned already. The atmospheric steam-engine of Newcomen was the subject of similar experiments, attended with the like results; although the more important improvements of Watt threw Smeaton's efforts in this way comparatively into the shade. His improvements consisted chiefly in the proportions of the component parts of the machine; yet they effected so great a saving of fuel, that Boulton and Watt excluded them from their ordinary agreement—which was, to receive for the use of their patent-right one-third of the coal saved by their machine in comparison with those previously used. The low state of the mechanic arts in England led Smeaton, during the early part of Watt's career, to doubt the possibility of his machines being made with the required accuracy.

Smeaton also introduced many improvements in mathematical apparatus, and had an ardent love for science. He was particularly attached to astronomy, and had an observatory at Austhorpe, where, even during the most active part of his career, he occasionally resided.

In person he was of middle stature, broad and strong made, and of good constitution. His manners were simple and unassuming. His temper was warm, but not overbearing; and his social character unimpeachable.

Mrs. Dixon, one of Smeaton's daughters, was applied to by a committee of engineers, towards the close of the last century, for any information which would add to the scanty details already known of her father's life. In a letter which she directed to them in 1797, she alludes to the difficulty of stating aught which, though interesting to his immediate friends, would be so "to the public generally," on account of certain peculiarities in his character. "The plain anecdotes of a plain man like him," she remarks, "though interesting to individuals, could awaken little public curiosity—and perhaps give still less satisfaction when awakened; and, extraordinary as it may seem, his family, probably less than others, are in

possession of anecdotes concerning him; for, though communicative on all subjects, and stored with ample and liberal observations, of *himself* he never spoke. In nothing does he seem to have stood more single than in being devoid of that egotism which more or less affects the world. It required some address even in his family to draw him into conversation directly relative to himself, his pursuits, or his success."

Among the small number of anecdotes told concerning him by his daughter, are one or two illustrative of his feeling of independence in respect to pecuniary matters, and his refusal to allow motives of emolument to interfere with plans laid on other considerations. The Empress Catherine of Russia was exceedingly anxious to have his services in the prosecution of great engineering works in her dominions, and she commissioned the Princess De Askoff (as Mrs. Dixon spells it, but Daschkow as more usually given) to offer him his own terms if he would accede to her proposal. But his plans and his heart were bent upon the exercise of his skill in his own country, and he steadily refused all the offers made to him. It is reported that, when the Princess found her attempts unavailing, she said to him, "Sir, you are a great man, and I honour you! You may have an equal in abilities, perhaps, but in character you stand single. The English minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was mistaken, and my sovereign, to her loss, finds one man who has not his price!"

It is recorded of him, that, after the state of his health had induced him to withdraw from the labours of his profession, many persons importuned him from time to time to resume his professional avocations, influenced by a wish to have the advantage of his services in some projects which they had brought forward. But when their entreaties were backed by personal offers of emolument, he used to send for an old woman who took care of his chambers in Gray's Inn, and say, "Her attendance suffices for all my wants!" a reply which conveyed the intimation that a man whose personal wants were so